TWENTY-YEARS IN PERSIA

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TWENTY YEARS IN PERSIA

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA,
SHAH OF PERSIA.

Twenty Years in Persia

A Narrative of Life under the Last Three Shahs

BY

JOHN G. WISHARD, M.A., M.D.

Director of the American Presbyterian Hospital, Teheran

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DEDICATION

To my wife, who, by establishing an American home in that far-away land, greatly added to the charm of our Oriental life, and by her wise counsel and never-failing enthusiasm potently aided every department of our work.

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INTRODUCTION

PERSIA is not on any of the beaten paths familiar to "round the world" travellers, and, consequently, has been visited by comparatively few Americans. We have no way of knowing exactly the number of citizens of the Great Republic who have visited Iran, but, exclusive of children born in Persia of American parentage, the number is under rather than above three hundred. The description of any land visited by less than four out of a million of our citizens cannot be said to be very well known, and ought to present some interesting phases of life from many standpoints. This is especially true of Persia when we remember her long and honourable history, her learning and civilisation, that date back almost to the beginning of time and that have been hidden for centuries from the Western World.

The recent potentially mighty changes in the political, social, and economic life of the nation have served to call the attention of readers anew to that interesting land where some of the sweetest poets have sung; from whence have sprung some of the world's greatest armies—the land of the Fire-Worshipper and the Sun. It is especially inter-

esting to us as the place from which the white race sprang. Its name is known in the Persian language as Iran, pronounced *E-ron,* which is from Arya, hence the Aryan races.

Persia has been hidden largely from the world by her geographical position. Had she been on any of the great highways of travel, she could not have remained in apathy, as she has done for centuries past. Commercially, her northern and eastern boundaries have been jealously guarded by Russia; while the entrance from Trebizond means a long, dangerous caravan journey through one of the wildest parts of eastern Turkey. The route through the Gulf takes one to the southern provinces; but these are separated from the Capital and more important centres by high mountains, and by burning deserts, which can be crossed only by the slow-moving caravan. There are, as yet, but six miles of railroad in the country in operation, running from Teheran to Shah-Abdul-Azim.

The present work is based upon three journeys to the Orient, and, as will be apparent to the reader, might really have been divided into two parts, namely, the first three chapters treating of experiences in the wildest regions of Kurdistan, and the remaining seventeen dealing with Persia as a whole. The reader will easily follow the plan by referring to the map. The notes from which the different chapters have been written have been carefully revised, and, as far as possible, verified. While the

size of the volume is modest, mistakes will doubtless be found, and for these the author begs the readers' indulgence. No attempt has been made to produce a book of literary value, the purpose of the writer being to give an interpretation of the lives of the Persian people, as well as a description of their country. There is no profession that gives the same opportunity to see life in the Orient, as it really is, like that of medicine. The doctor is called into the homes of the rich and the poor alike; into the harem, as well as into the business offices, and the opium dens in the bazaar. If the author has failed to present an interesting study of this kaleidoscopic Oriental life, it has been because the lips of the physician must remain in large measure sealed. Obviously, the writer would much rather present a tame story than divulge information gained through professional confidences.

Quotations will doubtless be found in the book, possibly, from articles by the author in *The Independent,* the *New York Herald, The Interior, Herald and Presbyter, Indianapolis News, Christian Endeavor World,* and other periodicals, that should be acknowledged here, notwithstanding the fact that the quotations are slight, and, in nearly every instance, have been re-written.

No special system of spelling has been followed, though, when possible, the usual one has been chosen. Whenever a Persian word has been used, the equivalent in English has also been given; hence

the spelling and pronunciation do not matter so much after all.

All unnecessary criticism has been avoided, because such things rarely do good, and nearly always do harm. Besides, the author considers it a privilege to say that he counts many friends among the Persians; friends who have stood by him through sunshine and shadow, through sorrow and gladness, and it would have been ungracious in him to make criticisms on their manner of life and thought.

The American Hospital in Teheran, which the author had the honour and privilege of founding and conducting for many years, is considered by the Persians as one of their own institutions, and its philanthropies are of such a character that men of every creed can have a part in it, notwithstanding the fact that it is a distinctively Christian establishment. Last year, the first hospital for women in the Shah's Capital was built by us, the funds being given by a Mohammedan lady of high rank interested in the welfare of her sisters. If some comments on existing systems seem to border on criticism, the author begs to say that they are the faithful reproofs of a friend. He has little patience with the flippant criticisms that are so freely indulged in by some Westerners when discussing Persia and her problems. It is a time for those who love Iran to rally to her support.

The author has to thank several good friends who have been kind enough to look over the present

manuscript, as well as to offer suggestions that have proven helpful. He thanks also the Librarian of the University of Wooster, for kindly permitting free access to the valuable collection of books at the University touching upon travel and life throughout the Orient. The volume has been written during a holiday spent in Wooster—that delightful Ohio town—during 1908.

TWENTY YEARS IN PERSIA

I

THE KURD AND HIS NESTORIAN NEIGHBOUR

ON either side of the Turco-Persian frontier, far removed from the powers that rule at Constantinople and Teheran, there is a vast region, some three hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide, called Kurdistan. Physically, it is one of the roughest countries in the world, and seems a fit abode for the rough, wild, and lawless tribes that prefer a home with liberty and self-government in the barren mountains, to a habitation on the fertile plain within easy reach of the ever-present Turkish and Persian tax-gatherer. The boundary of this vast region is not well defined, except on the west, where the Tigris River separates it from Mesopotamia. On the east and southeast, the towering mountains so gradually grow into foothills that one can hardly tell where the mountains cease and the high plateaux that soon spread out, to become later the fertile plains of that part of Persia, begin. The term "stan," as used by the Oriental, simply means abode or coun-

try. Kurdistan, then, means the abode of the Kurds; Arabistan, the land of the Arabs; and Frankistan, the home of the Franks or Europeans. Kurdistan may well be said to be the home of the Kurd; indeed, he is at home nowhere else. His very character seems to have partaken of the ruggedness of the mountain crag. To him no artist has ever painted the beauty of the mountain as nature has painted it. The palace and fortress of the European are to him only an imitation of what nature has done for his clan in raising the high mountain walls to protect his people, from an invasion by the Turks on the west, and from the Persians on the east. The very word government to him is distasteful, and is the synonym for oppression. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, is the only law that he respects. Anything less than this, in his judgment, is weakness.

The language of the Kurds is a dialect of the Persian, but in writing they use the Arabic, the tongue of the Koran. The difficulty in translating any books into Kurdish has been that the tongues of the different tribes widely differ. However, the Scriptures have been translated into the more common dialects, but until schools are established no one can read them, except the few leaders who are all devout Mohammedans, and naturally are not anxious to have these books gain favour with the people. Another thing that has retarded the circulation of the Scriptures and other books among

them, has been their hatred of their Nestorian neighbours.

The mountain Nestorians number not more than two hundred thousand, while the Kurds, probably, are not less than two millions. The Nestorians are a part of the Apostolic Christian Church, while the Kurds are all Mohammedans. The Kurds were there when Xenophon passed through with his hosts, and we read that they amused themselves casting down large stones upon the heads of the Greeks. After some experiences that I had among these same people, which I shall relate further on in this book, I have always had a good deal of sympathy for the followers of the ambitious Greek. As some writers have pointed out, there is a charm about the rugged character of the Kurd, but it is the sort of charm that one feels when one meets with a lion. If restrained, the Kurd is no doubt greatly to be admired, but the bravest will give him plenty of room when meeting him in the lonely mountain road.

The mountain Nestorians are now little better than the Kurds, except those who have been touched by the influence of the missionaries. Some of these Kurds are men of deep, simple piety, often enduring severe persecution from their less enlightened neighbours. When we remember their history, it is not strange that the mass of the people are slow to recognise the friendly hand of help offered to them by the Christian Church in America and England.

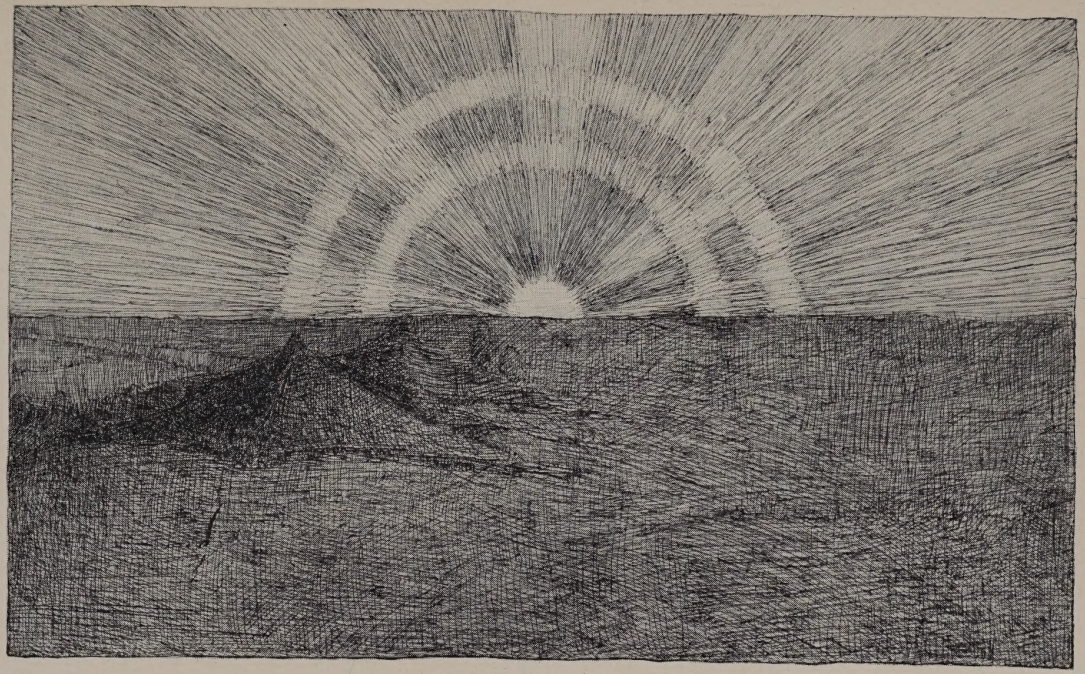
They were a strong, prosperous people before the Mohammedans overran Asia, living on the plains of Assyria, sustaining schools and colleges, whose students carried to China, and throughout India, probably, the first message telling that the Messiah had come. The Rev. Thomas Laurie, in his life of Dr. Asahel Grant, the first American medical missionary labouring in Persia, says, "In China a writer (S. W. Williams, of Canton) thinks the Nestorians were found as early as 505 A.D. Olopun was Bishop of Nanking in 636, and there was a metropolitan in Peking in 714. In earlier times, there were two metropolitan sees in China; one called Chambaluch, or Chanbalek (Peking), and the other Panchet, or Tanghut. But these were united in 1268. In 1625, a Chinese inscription was discovered at Si-ngan-Fu, in one of the western provinces, which had been erected by Nestorians in 781 (some say in 782), giving an account of the Christian religion, and a list of ecclesiastics who had laboured in China. The missionary efforts of the Nestorians in China seem to have ceased about the time of the expulsion of the Moguls, in 1369; and after that time they gradually declined. It has generally been supposed that all traces of their labours have been obliterated in China; but a missionary in Ningpo, which is on the coast, a little south of east from Si-ngan-Fu, writes that 'a respectable stranger from one of the western provinces came to our chapel, and listened with much attention. After

service, he said that he and his ancestors worshipped only one God, the Creator. He knew of Moses and Jesus and Mary; said he was not a Romanist or a Mohammedan, neither had he seen our books; but that the doctrine was handed down from his ancestors for many generations. He said that in his native place thirty families are of the same religion, who had books, but did not circulate them.' "

The decline of these missionary labours of the Nestorians in China at this early date was not due altogether to disturbances in the Celestial Empire, as some writers seem to think, but rather to the Mohammedan hosts which swept across Asia Minor and forced the Assyrians from their homes into the wild recesses of the Kurdish mountains—thus cutting off the very source of Christian civilisation that had entered the Celestial Empire. Nisibis, with its beautiful gardens, fertile plains, and productive vineyards surrounding the college and monastery, the pride of the Nestorian nation, was destroyed. Instead of the Angelus bell was heard the Mullah's cry, " God is God and Mohammed is His prophet." When I visited the place, a few years ago, there was little to indicate its former greatness. A few gardens and tumbled-down houses, a dirty bazaar filled with Arab traders, was about all that could be seen. We came into the town just at noon, and we were glad to find protection from the July sun in a little grove on the river Chebar, just west of the town. The day was terrifically hot, and both our

men and beasts spent much of the afternoon in the stream trying to keep cool.

Along this river had been the home of the Captives at the time of the prophet Ezekiel, and here he had his wonderful vision. I have observed that one may yet occasionally see in that region the natural phenomenon upon which it was based. The intense heat and dust causes the air to fill with small particles of sand until everything takes on a hazy appearance. This increases until the coming of a wind storm, a sort of sirocco that blows for three days, which somewhat clears the atmosphere. Not infrequently there comes with it the "whirlwind," from the "north," that causes these dust clouds to form into semicircles across the sky, through which the sun bursts with wonderful beauty and brightness, giving the exact picture presented by the prophet of "a wheel in the middle of a wheel," a great cloud, and a fire enfolding itself. It is not hard to fancy in these cloud-pictures the forms of "living creatures," "with wings," and with all sorts of curious faces. The colour is all there, as told in the first chapter of Ezekiel; the scene is one of extraordinary grandeur and sublimity, and it is not hard for those who have witnessed it to understand why the prophet chose it as a symbol through which to interpret some of the revelation of his prophecy. Even the stoical Arab stops his caravan to-day to take notice when the heavens are thus overcast. To the Captives, who were of all people



A NATURAL PHENOMENON, OFTEN SEEN IN MESOPOTAMIA.

This may have suggested the prophetic vision of Ezekiel on the Chebar. Besides the "wheel in the middle of the wheel," one may easily see the forms of living creatures and men in the sky. At such times the colouring is beautiful beyond description. (From a sketch made on the ground by one of the missionaries.)

the most religious, this phenomenon was as direct a revelation as the mighty spiritual words of the prophet.

There is no doubt that the Apostolic Church sent missionaries into the region at an early period. Schools of medicine, law, and theology were established, and the doctrines of the early Church were publicly proclaimed in the streets. Commercially, the people were prosperous, and the products of the fertile plain about them found profitable markets in the towns and cities along the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. But it was as a seat of Christian learning and culture that Nisibis was best known. The people were at that time followers of the arts of peace, but circumstances seemed to force them to learn the savage practices of war. They were the followers of the lowly Nazarene, the vanguard of Christianity, even as far as into China, but for these things the world does not seem to have been ready. Had the near East accepted the "Doctrine," as it was called, the seat of learning, power, and finance might have been there to-day, instead of in Europe and the New World.

When the Mohammedans came down on Nisibis and that region, the Christians fled toward the Tigris, some building rafts, on which they sought shelter under the shadow of their co-religionists in Bagdad, while others crossed the river and found safety and freedom in the mountains among the savage Kurds. Later, the then heathen Kurds

accepted the religion of their Arab neighbours, and thus the Nestorian Church was isolated from the West. In Kurdistan, they had found homes in the narrow valleys and deep ravines between high ranges of mountains. At first their one thought was to return again to the plain and re-establish their lost possessions, but after a few generations their former civilisation was largely forgotten and many of the sons preferred the wild life of the mountaineer to the stuffy halls of the monastery. They had now learned the savage art of war, and their history from that period on has been one of warfare, often most cruel and disastrous.

There was left, however, a scholastic remnant that kept alive, to a degree, the traditions and teachings of their once famous ancestors. They built monasteries wherever practicable, and when this was not possible, because of their Kurdish neighbours, they sought for themselves shelter in caves, and in these secluded places they copied their ancient Syriac Scriptures and manuscripts, and taught a limited number of boys to read. As the refugees increased in number, they entered other valleys, and as often as possible did to the Kurds just what the Arabs and Tartars had done for them down on the plain at Nisibis, driving them from their homes and killing as many as possible. It was a struggle for life with numbers and all the odds against the Christians. As new communities sprung up, isolated from all sympathy, surrounded by

hostile, savage tribes, the moral decline of the people was inevitable.

Their proud spirit, however, has never been broken. I remember once coming into one of these little communities and being the guest of the village priest. He told me that he had read every book in the world. I asked him how many books he thought there were in the world. He replied that there were three, and then he proceeded to exhibit his library with great pride. In another village I found only one book, but the priest had made the most of that, for he had three pupils. In teaching these three boys the book was placed on the floor in front of the monk, a boy at the right, another on the left, and one at the top of the book facing the teacher. This latter one had learned to read with the book upside down, and he said that it was with difficulty that he could read the book in any other position.

The lesson of frugality is severely taught from childhood. In some places the resources of a whole village are not more than the amount spent by a family living quite modestly in America. The soil for the small patches of cultivated ground that are terraced up on the side of the mountain, is often brought long distances on the backs of women. Many of the districts have no horses or mules. Indeed, the horse would be quite useless in climbing the steep mountains, and mules are too expensive for them. A mountain Nestorian is too proud to

ride a donkey. My travelling companion once had with him a horse, and on several occasions it was necessary to swing him in ropes in order to get him over some of the narrow and dangerous places.

The fields are given up to rice and tobacco, chiefly, although some millet is grown. There are groves of olives in the warmer valleys. Upon the hills roam the flocks that not only furnish meat, but the wool for their homespun clothing. They make their own gunpowder, and all go heavily armed. Life is cheap and the murderer often goes unpunished. Why should life not be cheap when there is so little to live for? Besides, it is easy to cross the frontier and escape if pursued.

In every village there is a priest to solemnise marriages, bury the dead, and, on Easter and other feasts read the ritual of the Church. I do not think I found many priests that understood the ancient Syriac, the language of their church ritual, at least sufficiently well to make a decent translation into the modern language. Indeed, most of them had no more idea of what they repeated as prayers than they would have had, had it been English. Scattered through the mountains are a number of bishops exercising more or less authority, and, above all, the Patriarch.

We visited the latter once, the father of the present head of that Church, at Kochanes. This village, not far from the Turkish government post of Julamerk, has been the home of the Patriarch for

many years. It consists of a church built on the verge of a precipice, surrounded by a large number of graves, the home of the Patriarch being surrounded by those of his attendants and relatives. A more picturesque and charming spot could not have been chosen by those who had been ordained to be the spiritual head of the Nestorian people. When we were there the waving grain had not yet been harvested. The Kurds, from whom they always fear an attack, were away for the summer with their flocks, in the high meadows of the mountain, and so we were allowed to pitch our tents in the grove near the Patriarchate. We were told that this was not always safe, although the grove was but a few yards from the village.

Life at this ecclesiastical and political Nestorian centre is full of interest. The Patriarch is responsible to the Turkish Government for the conduct of the different tribes, and for this he receives a salary. The chiefs are appointed by him, and this, of itself, is enough to produce all sorts of intrigues and jealousies. There are daily reports from the various districts brought by messengers. These are usually filled with accounts of attacks by the Kurds, besides all sorts of schemings, and an endless tale of savage wretchedness.

Our call upon this Catholicos of the East was full of interest. We found him a man from forty-five to fifty years of age, polite and cordial in his bearing, anxious that our visit should be pleasant, and

he freely discussed the material and spiritual welfare of his people with my companion, the Rev. Dr. Coan. The fact that Dr. Coan's parents were among the early missionaries to this people no doubt gave him an entrée at the Patriarchate, even more cordial than others might expect. This was as it should be, as these early American Christian ambassadors rendered a great service to his people.

II.

AMONG THE BANDITS AND BRIGANDS OF KURDISTAN

THE American Mission to these alien races in West Persia was established in 1835, at the request of the people themselves. Repeated attempts have since been made to do for the tribes in the Kurdish mountains what has been done for the people on the Persian side of the mountains, on the fertile plain around Lake Urumia. Dr. Grant, a medical missionary, established himself in the heart of the mountains as early as 1840, and laboured for several years with a great degree of success. No doubt the mission would have been permanent had not a war between the Nestorians and the Kurds resulted in the forcing of Dr. Grant to withdraw to Mosul, where he contracted fever and died. He had strongly pointed out to the Nestorians that a war with the overwhelming number of Kurds could have but one result—the complete defeat of the Christians. He also laboured with the Kurds and Turks, and tried in every way to save the Nestorian women and children from slaughter, but with no avail. The Kurds, when they came down on the Nestorian villages, showed no mercy,

for it was a religious war, and hundreds of the men were killed, while women were carried away as slaves to the harems. We had pointed out to us one place where even this fate was denied the helpless. A large number of the aged men, women, and children had sought refuge in a cave high up in the mountains overlooking a deep ravine. By some means the Kurds became aware of the presence of those who had scaled the rock, and cast them into the ravine, a thousand feet deep. None escaped, and when I visited the place, fifty years later, the bones of those who had been massacred could be found in this valley of death.

Embittered by having to reap the fruit of their own folly, with their homes and fields destroyed, the people, greatly reduced, returned after the Kurds had gone, to begin life anew. The American Presbyterian Mission in Urumia—ever ready to help them—has continued ever since a more or less close relationship with them. They helped them to establish schools, educated mountain boys for teachers and preachers, treated their wounded and sick in their hospitals, and in times of famine assisted them with grain and money.

Several years ago, at the urgent request of one of the strongest Nestorian chiefs and his people, it was thought best to attempt again the location of a mission station in Tiary, near where Dr. Grant had laboured, one of the wildest and most rugged districts in all Kurdistan. The difficulties of such

an undertaking need only be enumerated to be understood. There was no mail service closer than Mosul, one hundred and twenty-five miles away. There was not a market in the entire district, nor was there money with which to buy anything; in fact, there was nothing to trade or sell except quantities of gall-nuts. The population consumed all the grain and vegetables produced by the little terraced fields on the sides of the mountains. During two winters spent in the region we often had difficulty in procuring food. But this difficulty was of much less moment and caused us much less anxiety than the strife and feudal wars, from which we seemed to be unable to get away.

It seemed almost necessary at that time that a medical man should have a part in this new work, and I, having been asked to assist in the undertaking, proceeded to East Turkey, where I joined the Rev. E. W. McDowell, who had already spent some months looking up a suitable location for the establishment of the mission. This was in the winter of 1888-89, and the journey had been made across Asia Minor on horseback from Alexandretta on the Mediterranean *via* Aleppo, Diabekir, Mardin, to Jezira on the Tigris. Those of my readers who have had the misfortune to have visited Alexandretta will remember it as a miserably dirty Turkish town of perhaps fifteen thousand inhabitants, noted for its fever, and its export of liquorice-root. I shall never forget a remark made by a German

who had been told that this was the traditional place where Jonah was thrown from the whale. This German, after seeing the place, remarked that he was sure nothing could get near the town without the smells making him sick, and he was quite ready to believe that this had been the fate of the whale!

On the steamer coming down from Constantinople I had formed the acquaintance of a Turkish Pasha, who, with his attendants, was on his way to Bagdad, where he had been appointed Governor-General. He was going first to Aleppo, and he graciously asked me to join him. Being new in the country and not knowing the ways of the Oriental, I gladly accepted his hospitable offer and became one of his party. When we were ready to start next morning, the rain of the day before had ceased and the sun was shining bright and warm. He being an official of high rank, the attention shown him at this little port was marked. A number of cavalry were detailed to escort us to the next military post, and a brass band was ordered to play us out of town! You can easily imagine what a striking picture our company formed out on that great military road which leads into the interior; the Governor riding alone in his carriage, then his attending physician and myself on horseback, some scribes and mounted police, all followed by a load of the Governor's wives, who were consigned to a common jolt waggon, with a tight-fitting top buckled snugly down. The distance I was expecting to accompany His

Excellency was about a hundred and twenty-five miles. After starting, we were told that the journey would require ten days ! Notwithstanding the display of attention at each place we entered, and the graciousness of the Governor, I gave myself immediately to devising plans by which I could get away from the retinue without giving offence.

An experience the first night hastened my purpose to get away. We left the coast an hour before noon, and just at sundown we stopped at an inn for the night. Here I was compelled to share a room with a Turkish merchant who had been up to Constantinople to buy goods, and although he was a dealer in drygoods, I soon discovered that he had with him also a good supply of wet goods, in the form of American whiskey and French brandy. After a sleepless night, due to this man's constant speaking in an unknown tongue, he assured me that he would be my friend until death, as well as my travelling companion up to Aleppo. This declaration of his affection was the last straw, and so, at noon that day, I told the Governor that if he would excuse me I would take a man who knew the road and with hired horses push through as quickly as possible. With true Oriental politeness he expressed his regret at this decision, but insisted that I reconsider the matter and remain with them. Through an interpreter, he told me that the road over which I was going was infested with robbers. I might have reconsidered my proposed plan of going on

alone had not visions of another night with the drunken merchant risen up before me; so I motioned for the muleteer to bring up his animals and we bade farewell to our friends and started on alone.

We here left the military road for a much shorter one across the mountain, and had gone but a short distance when the rain came down in torrents, making the already muddy road almost impassable. In an hour and a half the Orontes River was reached and found to be much swollen from the heavy rains and melting snows. We pushed our horses through the deep, swift current, and by the middle of the afternoon the mountains were entered, the storm every moment becoming more severe. In the higher altitude the rain became sleet and snow. As the sun went down, we came to an Arab village and were delighted to find a comfortable room in the village master's home, heated by a great wood-fire. A palatable dinner was served of meat, rice, bread, and coffee. Early the next morning found us again in our saddles pushing on as rapidly as possible. Towards noon we began to meet large numbers of caravans, and I was led to think we were approaching the city. Soon we reached the top of a range of hills, and stretching out before us lay the plain of Aleppo, with its many gardens, and the city with its towering Roman Castle in the distance. At the American mission there, I found my escort for the remainder of the

journey awaiting me. Some days later, the Governor came in amid the firing of cannon and the noise of several brass bands, but the merchant with whom I had shared the room in the inn I never saw again.

A caravan journey across the plains of Asia Minor is much like a voyage at sea; the same duties are performed each day until they become monotonous, and much the same sights are seen. We had delightful visits with friends in Urfa, Diabekir, and Mardin, but at other times we went on and on, day after day, without any special incidents occurring until the Tigris was crossed and we were safely landed with our colleague, the Rev. Mr. McDowell, at a small village on the upper Tigris.

Together we entered the mountains, and my medical work began. My colleague being detained in one of the villages, I pushed on to the bedside of a friendly chief, some sixty miles away, who was seriously ill. The journey was a very hard one, and it was also difficult to find any sort of food. I reached the patient in time to be of service to him, but the fever that I had contracted on the road increased day by day and later developed all the symptoms of cholera. I found the stuffy native houses intolerable, and was carried out into a garden near a cooling stream and left there. I have little recollection of what happened on the following days; all that I desired was to be let alone, and this

seemed to be the one thing that the native people were unwilling to do. The messenger sent to inform my companion of my illness was slow in reaching him, but when he did receive my letter he made all haste in coming to where I was. Under his kind care, I was, in due time, ready to continue our journey into the mountains.

We had not gone far, however, until it became evident that I needed a somewhat prolonged rest, and as Mr. McDowell's home at that time was in Urumia, we decided to cross the mountains and spend the summer, or part of it, there. The distance was about two hundred miles and took us through the wildest and roughest portions of Kurdistan. The scenery is as grand as any in the world perhaps, and much of the way there are no roads, only a foot-path. We made much of the journey on foot, which after my severe illness I naturally found somewhat trying, but we got on very nicely until the end of the first week. I was glad enough, however, when Saturday night found us in a Nestorian village that appeared to me, new to the country, quiet and peaceful, where we were to spend Sunday.

This valley of T'Khoma is more like a ravine or gorge, the mountains rising on either side thousands of feet, like great walls. Although the people are nominally Christians, they are known all over the mountains as brigands and bandits. Two years before, they had stripped a

Colonel Bell of the Indian Army, who was passing through that region, and a little later a French monk had suffered all but torture at their hands. We also learned that caravans went miles out of their way to escape these notorious robbers. As we had arranged to spend Sunday there, not knowing the character of the people, we thought the best thing to do was to carry out our plans and take the consequences. To run away on Sunday morning would have been unwise as well as useless, for we had hardly reached the place until plans had been made to rob us.

All day Sunday we kept open house and many came to see us, including those who were on the following day to rob us. Robbery and plunder were in the air, and it was evident that we were to be the victims. Fortunately, we had with us some trusty men, and to the bravest we gave our watches and most of our money, with the understanding that when we went to bed he was to escape from the valley and make his way on to Urumia, one hundred miles distant. We never knew when he left us, for we did not see him until days after, when our effects were safely returned to us by him.

We put our beds that night out on the roof, and, notwithstanding the impending trouble, we slept well. While the stars were yet shining we ate our breakfast, loaded our belongings on some hired mules, and, threading a crooked, narrow street, at daylight emerged from the town. There was a little

patch of green just outside the village, and gathered there were a number of our callers of the day before, with a lot of as rough-looking savages as I have ever seen.

An Oriental is nearly always dignified, and these men, notwithstanding their rough exteriors, were no exception to the rule. The leader quietly stepped forward and seized the bridle of the first animal in the caravan, while his men unloaded everything and carried it away, then the second, the third, and so on, until everything disappeared. We were told to sit down on some rocks nearby, and we, with an equal amount of dignity, did as we were commanded. There was nothing that day like the war-whoop of the North American Indian. Everything was done decently and in order. We were told that it would be safer for us to go back to our rooms, and again we obeyed. Later, however, we sought the shelter of a cave on the side of the mountain, and there spent the day roasting eggs and mushrooms. Late in the evening, a messenger came and told us that no money had been found in our goods, and that it was money they wanted. The messenger said if we would arrange to pay a large fee, the goods would be returned to us. We had no idea of paying this fee at any time, for we knew that just as soon as they had our money they would again seize our goods. We went, however, with the man who had come to us with their message to the church, where the robbers had

their headquarters. We found most of them more or less under the influence of liquor, and after a prolonged palaver, during which we were told that we were "the best fellows in the world," we returned to the house where we had spent the night before. One or two came to call again and deplored the meanness of their neighbours, and at the same time many of our things were in the possession of these same men. We served them with tea, and, as the photographer would say, looked pleasant. But down deep in our hearts we wondered if we would not be held for ransom.

The road for retreat was securely closed against us; while, in front of us, bands of men slept under the stars awaiting our coming. The question that troubled them was what we had done with our watches that they had seen and the money that they knew we must have had for our travelling expenses. Until that question was settled, they still had business with us. They found it hard to believe that we could have trusted even one of our men with these things. After a sleepless night on the floor in the house in which we had spent the two previous ones, we arose early and started on foot down the same crooked street that we had gone on the previous day. We were again met at the edge of the village by a band of men, this time not the dignified men of the day before, but a crowd of young men and boys. We were commanded to hand over our money and watches, or tell what we

had done with them. When we told them that we had sent them away, and that we had only the clothing that we had on, they became very angry and attacked us with clubs, and no doubt would have done us great bodily harm had there not been two factions in the mob. We soon saw that these two factions were extremely jealous of one another, and, by appealing first to one crowd and then to the other, we succeeded in passing the village. A mile or two above the village is a bridge, and at this bridge we found a band of villains awaiting us, and again we were held up and searched. Finding that we had nothing, we would have been let go had not a few of the men from the village who had followed us come up. They insisted that we had money hid somewhere in our clothing, and they began to fight vigorously, when we called the leader of the gang that had waited for us at the bridge to one side, and told him that if he would give the village men a good thrashing, we would see that he was well paid for it. He accepted the offer and the mêlée began. While this was going on, we made fast time up the valley!

The affair would have ended there had not another gang been waiting to intercept us at the mouth of the gorge. We were then possibly five or six miles from the village. This last band was more determined than the others, and, to our dismay, it was soon joined by some of the more vicious element from the village. They took

my companion up on the mountain side, as we both thought, to murder him. I followed close behind, and seeing a young fellow ready to strike the fatal blow, I could not resist the opportunity to strike one blow in defence of our lives, so taking a good-sized stone, I felled the would-be murderer. Just then, some one struck me a fearful blow on the head, which rendered me unconscious for a few minutes. When I came to myself the robbers were gone, and so was most of my clothing. I was told that when I threw the stone that probably saved the life of my companion, they let him go and attacked me. A native woman, the wife of one of the Protestant pastors, who was there, rushed forward and threw herself between the robbers and me, and thus saved my life. In the struggle that followed, most of my clothing was torn from me. This appeared a mere trifle, however, when we realised that we had escaped from this death-trap with our lives. There is a superstition among these wild tribes that, when a woman appeals in this manner for the life of a victim, the appeal must be heeded. I think, too, that the bandits became convinced that we had told them the truth about our having no money.

The road that day lay over miles of snow and ice, and to keep from succumbing to the severe weather I secured a coat from a shepherd whom we found in the mountains with his flocks. The coat afforded protection from the cold rain that had set in, but it was alive with all manner of creeping things, and it

was with not a little joy that we reached the home of a poor but friendly Kurd, just as the sun went down. For our dinner that night we had a little stale bread and roasted mushrooms. We arose early the next morning and pushed on six miles farther to the home of a pastor of one of the Protestant churches. Under his hospitable roof we spent a week, and I shall never forget the plain, but clean and wholesome, food that his good wife had prepared for us.

Another thing that added cheer to our hearts was the unexpected visit one morning from a young man who had taken an active part in the robbery the first day that we were attacked. He introduced himself by saying that he had spent a short time in the mission school in Urumia, but since his return to the wilds of the mountains he had fallen into bad habits, and had gone on the road robbing caravans. He said that he knew that we were to be robbed, but that he was powerless to prevent it, so he secured the help of his relatives and they had taken many of our things that he would return to us. He said he had not forgotten what the Americans had done for him, and he would make his words good by delivering our effects. The next day our trunks came in, somewhat damaged, but they were most welcome. We sent back to our fighting friend his well-earned present. In due time we reached Urumia, later continuing our journey to Tabriz, stopping for some weeks in Salmas *en route*.

A KURDISH WOMAN.

The women of the hills do not wear veils.

In October, in company with my colleague, the Rev. E. W. McDowell, and a Nestorian medical assistant, we left Urumia for a year in Kurdistan, going *via* Ravandooz and Mosul. After crossing the Turkish frontier, we learned that cholera had appeared in Ravandooz and the region beyond, and that quarantine would soon stop all travel. We therefore hastened on, hoping to reach Mosul before word came from Constantinople to establish the quarantine, for a Turkish quarantine is something to avoid if possible. As we approached the Zab River, one day out from Mosul, we saw on the opposite bank of the river the long line of tents that told us that the roads were closed to travel. We stopped on the east bank of the river and sent a message over to the physician in charge, asking permission to pass the guard, on the ground that I was a physician ready for service in case of an epidemic. This request had to go to Mosul, and before the reply came back, my medical assistant contracted the disease, and, though in a light form, his illness detained us more than two weeks. By the time that he was ready to travel, the epidemic having reached Mosul, all quarantines were removed and we pushed on into the city.

The trip from Urumia to Mosul can be made easily in ten days by caravan, but we were thirty long days on the road. The scenery on a portion of the road, especially after passing Ravandooz, is fine. When we reached Mosul, we found that the

permit for us to pass the quarantine had been issued by the Governor, but with the delay that marks everything in that land it had not been sent. We called, however, on the Governor, who was very gracious and assured me that my services as a physician would be in demand. In this he was not mistaken, for both my assistant and I soon had more than we could do, and we made a good many friends that afterwards proved of value to us. The epidemic was severe enough, but it was nothing compared with the epidemics that I have since seen in Teheran.

Mosul is built on the west bank of the Tigris, just opposite the site of ancient Nineveh. When I was there, it had a population of about seventy thousand, twenty-five thousand being Christians, the remainder being Arabs, Kurds, and Turks. The climate is very hot, and a long row of graves of missionaries, out on a hill overlooking the river, shows clearly that it is no place for Americans to live. I spent a portion of two winters there and found the climate at that season very delightful, but was told that the summers were so unbearably hot that even the natives were compelled to spend the days in the cellars, and the nights on the roofs. The country about the town is very fertile, and grain can be grown without irrigation, as the winters are warm, with an abundance of rain. I remember that we had a reasonable supply of fruit and an abundance of fine vegetables. When the Germans extend their

railroad through the region, the country will, I feel sure, take on new life, while immense quantities of wheat will be grown. Were canals reconstructed and water furnished for agriculture, almost everything could be grown. Europeans living there could spend the hottest part of the summer out in the hills, a few hours away. The city, as it is now, is certainly no place for Europeans in summer. However, if proper houses were built, it would be more healthful than Bagdad, which is perhaps not saying very much.

There is no system of drainage in Mosul, and nearly every little courtyard has a cistern into which the refuse is thrown. The drinking water is taken from the river and rendered potable by an ingenious filter, constructed from clay in the shape of the ordinary wine receptacle. The potter, while the clay is soft, works a little salt into the bottom of the jar and after burning, when the water is put into it, the salt is dissolved, leaving minute holes through which the water percolates. This is the method, no doubt, that was used by the inhabitants of Nineveh. I have seen the vilest water taken from ponds where animals had been standing and rendered beautifully clear by this perfect filter, although, of course, the microbes cannot be removed by any sort of a filter.

The bazaars of Mosul are insignificant when compared with those in Teheran, Tabriz, or Constantinople. Yet a very considerable volume of trade is

carried on between these, as it is the outlet for all trade with lower Turkish Kurdistan and Bagdad. The Tigris might be navigable as far as Mosul if the river could be cleared of a few obstructions. Steamers have come up that far during periods of high water. But the usual communication is by means of curiously constructed rafts, which are made by inflating a hundred goat-skins and lashing these balloons together with willow branches and string. On the top of this are placed poles, which form a sort of a deck, on the top of which is placed a little room made from poles and covered with native cloth. The writer once made this journey in company with Dr. Budge, of the British Museum, who was on his way to Babylonia. The journey down requires only a few days, and is made with great comfort in the winter time. As the river was low when we made the trip, we were obliged to tie up the raft at night. It was necessary to keep a fire on the bank close by because of the jackals which came very near to us, making a strange noise, half that of the human voice and half that of the hyena. Sometimes one felt almost certain that it was a human being in great distress, but a few steps away from the fire would reveal the very eyes of the creature in the darkness. Europeans living throughout the East have learned to bury their dead very deeply, for these hyenas often burrow into graves and devour the remains.

There is also fine duck-shooting during the winter

and spring months, and we were able to bag a good many on the way down. Very little food can be obtained on the river except at Tekrit, the birthplace of the celebrated Saladin. All rafts are compelled to stop here and pay a tax, which often amounts to blackmail. Dr. Budge had been fired upon, on a previous trip, by the Arabs, and we were glad when we were allowed to go with the usual *haj* or tax. The journey on to Bagdad was without incident, while the return was made on post horses *via* Kerkook.

As one looks out on the broad plain of the lower Tigris, it is not hard to understand the great material prosperity that once blest the entire valley, many hundreds of miles long. The Arab farmer has only to scratch the surface of the soil and his seed is returned to him within a few months a hundred-fold. One also can fancy the great cities of Nineveh and Babylon, with a hundred smaller places between, being supported by the toiling peasants and serfs; but it is not so easy to associate the great minds that planned and built these historic places with the present-day inhabitants of the country. But the Orient is full of the unfathomable.

III

CONDITIONS OF LIFE ALONG THE TURCO-PERSIAN FRONTIER

IT was late in December before the cholera had abated sufficiently for me to leave Mosul for the hills. Although the snows had covered the mountains and filled many of the passes I pushed on and joined Mr. McDowell, who had left Mosul a month before. I had with me a large supply of drugs and a good surgical equipment, and I looked forward to a fine winter's work. We sometimes hear in America of an "unopposed" practice, but the one I was entering would have been willingly shared by me with a dozen colleagues, for Kurdistan, with over two million inhabitants, had not then a single medical man.

As we crossed the Tigris on the bridge of boats and rode through Koyunjik, the mounds that mark the site of the palace of Sennacherib in ancient Nineveh, our caravan consisted of a guide, a servant, a dispenser, and the muleteer whose animals we had engaged. Late in the evening of the second day we rode into the village of Elkosh, which once had been the home of the prophet Nahum. I think there can be little doubt that this was the place

where the prophecies of Nahum were written. It is situated some forty or fifty miles from Nineveh, and was, in its early history, no doubt much larger and more important as a social and commercial community. It is not unlikely that the heat of Nineveh drove thousands of its people to the near-by hills, and Elkosh was one of the most convenient points where food and houses could be obtained.

The dwellers on the hot plains to-day find very trying the change between night and day in a high altitude among the snow-fields. Indeed, I have observed many times serious illnesses among the people who suddenly had changed their place of abode from the burning plain to the cold regions in the mountains. And so Elkosh, being in the foothills, was probably to Nineveh what Brighton is to London or Newport is to New York. No doubt this preacher of unpleasant things was stirred by the wickedness which he saw on every hand, and his sermons have made historic the otherwise insignificant native town.

When we were there, we were taken into the little synagogue and there shown a scroll which was said to have been Nahum's. Of course, this was quite impossible, but that it was the same synagogue repaired and rebuilt many times, I consider quite probable. Formerly, the town had been a Turkish governmental post, as near-by was the centre of a large community of Yezidees, or Devil-Worshippers. When I was there, the seat of government

had been transferred to Dihook, while the Yezidees, or Devil-Worshippers, were being looked after by a special commission from Constantinople, whose professed purpose was to convert them to Mohammedanism.

As soon as I joined Mr. McDowell in the district of Supna, we pushed on to Tiary, and there opened a dispensary and hospital. The people we found living as they did centuries ago, many never having been beyond the narrow limits of the valley in which they had been born. And yet they had retained much of the training and character of their ancestors. This was particularly true of the Nestorians, who had an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and for schools, a characteristic of their forefathers of Nisibis, clearly demonstrating the stability of education and civilisation. On the other hand, I saw little indication of any desire on the part of the Kurds for any sort of learning, but they had no Christian ancestry back of them. The homes of the common people are in hamlets, these small villages often being but a short distance apart, the houses being built of roughly cut stones. They are usually two stories in height, the lower story being used in winter for the sheep and cattle as well as for the family, and the upper one, which is generally open on two sides, is occupied in summer by the family. In some places the mosquitoes and fleas are so bad that these open rooms are abandoned for booths erected on a platform supported by tall

poles, the wind having the opportunity to blow the mosquitoes away.

The furnishings of the ordinary home in this remote region are necessarily extremely simple; a few mats, possibly a rug, together with some large pieces of native felt, some earthen cooking vessels and primitive firearms make up the list. I must, however, add a large knife, which is worn by all who can afford one, in their belts. The men wear their hair long and plaited down the back, and amuse themselves as they go about the village knitting stockings and woollen shoes.

A son rarely leaves home permanently for any reason. If he marries, the wife is brought to the common home of his father, and it is not unusual to find a half-dozen families living under one roof, sometimes two or three families in a single room. Marriages are contracted at an early age and the young wife is called a bride until her mother-in-law dies. The lot of the so-called bride is not usually a very happy one, for she must perform the most menial duties of the household. Long before it is light she must rise and go out on the mountain in search of the day's fuel. Upon her return she must prepare the morning meal, and when this is over she cleans the stables, mixing the manure with straw; then moulding it with her hands she places it in the sun to dry, to be burned for fuel in the long winter days when the mountains are covered with heavy snows. She is never

allowed to speak in the presence of her father-in-law. I once remember asking a young boy how many children his parents had and was surprised to be told only one. I then remarked that I had seen several in his home and asked who they were. The reply came very sarcastically, "Oh, they are girls and do not count!" I once saw a man, upon reaching a hill, take a heavy bag off his donkey, give it to his wife to carry up the hill, and mount the burro, riding himself to the top.

Marriages are always arranged by the parents, the father of the groom making a liberal present to the bride's father. Currency being often unknown in the region, gifts of food and other articles in the way of provisions are paid instead. A young student told me that his father, in securing his wife, had had to pay what he considered an exorbitant price, the present consisting of five sheep, two goats, a calf, and ten gallons of cooking oil. Divorce, however, is almost unknown.

A wedding among the Kurds is not devoid of romance and chivalry. The groom's father gathers about him all his warriors and friends, a coat of many colours is brought out and placed on the youth, who heads the procession, and they all, heavily armed, proceed to the village or home of the bride. As they draw near, music begins, guns are fired, and the bride's father with his warriors rushes out to meet the friendly foe. A sham battle is fought, and after numerous repulses the groom,

A KURDISH WEDDING DANCE.

A PERSIAN GROCER.

with his men, is allowed to rush in and steal the bride, carrying her away amid the confusion and roar of musketry. The part of the bride's father now is to rush after his daughter and persuade her to return to his home. She being unwilling to do this, there is nothing left but to invite the groom with all his warriors to the wedding feast. The night is spent in dancing and with music. At midnight, horses are brought by a party of the groom's friends, and the bride, often a young girl hardly in her teens, is taken to her new home.

Western medicine to these simple people is an enigma, and they accredit a physician with unlimited power, for it was not unusual for them to bring to us patients who were supposed to have devils, their friends fully expecting us to be able to cast them out. No sooner was it noised about that there was a Western physician in the region, than we were overrun with patients. From early in the morning until late at night we dispensed drugs, and gave them such advice and counsel as we could. Many came simply, as they said, to "pour their peace" upon us and assure us of a hearty welcome. In entering the room they always follow their usual custom of removing their shoes, but keeping on their hats, and with a salutation, "Peace to you," they would take a seat upon the floor. Frequently they would crowd into our bedrooms to see how we got into our clothing. I have never seen a people so given up to the use

of tobacco, and the pipe is enjoyed by all the men and by many of the women. In these high altitudes it is often an exciting cause of asthma.

There is a class, however, toward whom one sustains quite different relations from what one does to the simple people of the lower classes. I refer to the sheikhs or chiefs of the various clans. Without exception, I found them very suspicious of all foreigners, and they often told me that it was beyond their comprehension to conceive how one could leave his home and native land without hope of some pecuniary gain. They usually closed such conversations by plainly asking us if we were not political agents of our government, and often we had trouble in convincing them that we were not.

The common ground on which we could always meet was that of medicine, and this sometimes seemed strange to me, because they knew that many European drugs are poison. But I think that our surgical work aided more to win favour than anything else. I recall one poor young man who had suffered for fourteen years with a most painful illness that was quickly relieved by a surgical operation. I remember, too, how the poor mother who had nursed him most tenderly all these years was almost overcome with joy when she realised that her son was to be well and strong again.

My colleague and I were at once sent for by a chief of an adjoining district, to pay him an official

visit. Guests thus sent for by these chiefs are usually quite safe, and are not infrequently shown special honour and favour. This man lived in a rather large building, it might be called a castle, high up on the mountain, and was known far and near as a man of influence and power among the tribesmen. Almost within a day's notice he could raise an army, lock every mountain pass in the district, stop all travel, and hold complete control. Although his district was in Turkish territory, the Turkish government exercised but a loose and nominal control throughout the region. Indeed, throughout all Kurdistan the Turks are treated largely as guests. As long as they behave themselves, they are shown considerable respect, but they are only able to exercise authority through the chiefs, such, for example, as our host. The authority of the Turks is even less in the valleys of the mountain Nestorians. The story was told us once of a tax-gatherer who visited the chief man in a Nestorian village in Tiary for the purpose of making a new assessment for the governor of Amidia. The district had been reported to him as one of the most lawless in East Turkey. He was hardly prepared to be cordially received, and after having stated to the village master the purpose of his visit, he was invited to stay for the midday meal, and with delight accepted. After luncheon the coffee was served, which contained an opiate. While asleep, he was sewed up in a large piece

of felt, upon which he was sleeping, and cast into the river.

As my colleague and I approached the castle of the chief of Berwer, he came out with a large escort to greet us. Drawing near, he being on foot, we dismounted from our horses and received a very cordial greeting and were escorted immediately into the guest chamber, which was also used as a general reception room. At the further end of this large room glowed a warm and cheery fire, made of logs and wood in a great fireplace, with a tremendously large chimney. These chimneys are sometimes used as a means of escape, when the castle is attacked. The doors were ponderous things, with great heavy locks and hinges, while the walls and ceilings were covered with a yellow-coloured plaster. On the walls hung rifles, made in New England, also swords and daggers, which bore an Oriental stamp. The evening meal was at once served by the attendants, although the son, in honour of his father's guests, assisted. There were no chairs in the place, and we sat on the floor in two rows, the dinner being served also on the floor, the tablecloth being a piece of coarse native muslin. The meal, which consisted largely of rice and mutton cooked in various ways, dried fruits such as apricots, peaches, and raisins, together with the products of the dairy, was eaten by us with much relish after our all-day march through the snow, notwithstanding the fact that the servant had

stepped many times upon the tablecloth with his shoeless feet, while bringing in the food.

After our evening meal, the chief gave us a bit of his history, while we told him something of America. He belonged to a family which had established its authority by defeating some of the more powerful chiefs and deposing them. His father was one of the most cruel men the region has ever produced. His son, our host, told us of a raid made by him upon a neighbouring tribe, in one of the villages of which he either drove away or killed every inhabitant save a young woman whom he captured and was taking home for his harem. The road back to his castle lay across a deep, swift river on which was built a narrow foot-bridge. When in the middle of the bridge, the girl cried, "My friends and people are dead, and I shall die, too," and with one great leap she alighted far out in the stream, where she was soon drowned or killed by being dashed against the rocks with which the stream was filled.

Our host had sent word to different parts of his district that a *hakim* or medical man would be there on that date, and the following day his castle was thronged with patients and so continued for three days, when we were compelled to leave. He has ever since remained a staunch friend, and later desired his son to enter our school and prepare for the study of medicine.

The friendliness of this chief toward us was in

striking contrast to that of the Agha or chief of Sharnooch. This gentleman had the distinction of living on one of the many mountains that, tradition says, marked the resting-place of the Ark. So he called his hamlet Sharnooch, or City of Noah. We were spending the heated months of summer at the little village of Hasanna, in Bohtan, not very far from this man's castle. Desiring to keep on terms with him, I paid him a visit after several invitations. On the day appointed for my journey up the hill to his place, a distance of perhaps twenty miles, through groves of scrub oak, he sent horses to take me there. My reception was not less cordial than at the castle of Berwer, and the days swiftly passed. I had brought with me my tent and was furnished a guard as a sign to indicate to roving bands on the mountain that I was under the Agha's protection. Here, as in other places, great crowds came from all the neighbouring villages to consult the *Hakim Sahib,* or doctor.

After having spent more than two weeks there as the Agha's guest, I asked for permission to go. He replied that his horses had all been sent down on the plain to bring up grain for his animals. I waited patiently for a few days and again went to him, only to be met with another excuse for not letting me go. I then learned that he was debating the question of holding me as hostage, hoping for a large sum as ransom! Realising this, I at once took active measures to impress upon him what

vengeance would be dealt out to him ultimately in case he did not let me depart. He took the matter under consideration, and, toward evening, one of his men came to the tent and told me that horses would be ready the next morning for my transport back to Hasanna. This friendly Kurd said that the Agha found it difficult to keep me after having invited me as his guest, without violating an Oriental unwritten law that makes a guest always safe, and also that the people had been favourably influenced by the medical work I had done for them. The treatment given to certain of his advisers had been successful, and these men had objected to holding me as hostage, although they had urged me to locate there permanently.

When I went that evening to call on the Agha and say good-bye, I found him in a very bad humour, and it was evident that my going was not to his liking. It struck me that he was like a cat that had to give up a mouse before he had had the pleasure of killing it, and I was not quite sure what the morrow would bring forth. But we were not disappointed, and before noon the next day we were safe in the camp of our friends in the gardens near Hasanna. But our troubles were not all ended, for a few days later there came a message from the Agha warning us to leave the village. As the village was not in his jurisdiction, but under the Turkish governmental post at Jezerah, and as our rights as American citizens were defined by treaty

with Turkey, we decided to stick to our post of duty and take the consequences.

Mrs. McDowell bravely went with her children into the village, where her husband found shelter for her in the home of a Protestant pastor. We gathered about us the most trusty men we could, with which to guard our camp and belongings; at the same time we wrote a letter to him politely but firmly pointing out our rights as American citizens to reside and travel throughout the domain of the Sultan. The messenger who carried our letter to the Agha reported that the latter was determined to drive us from the country, since his plans for a large ransom had failed. Indeed, he said that when the Agha read the letter from us he was furious, and with an oath declared that within twenty-four hours he would be down upon us and destroy our camp. But having been committed to the plan of "standing pat," we concluded not to change our programme, although I must confess for my part that I was not a little apprehensive as to the result. All night long we kept vigil, some trusty men watching the gorge, a mile or two above the camp, ready to give the alarm in case the sound of horsemen was heard. But no one came from Shernooch until towards noon, when a peasant reported that everything had been ready for the attack, but the same friendly advice that had saved me from being held as hostage had prevented the raid upon us. But these same Kurds, in later years, have destroyed nearly

all the Nestorian villages in Bohtan, not sparing even Hasanna with her gardens, the most picturesque and fertile of them all.

To a Kurd, the killing of a Nestorian, or for that matter the destruction of a whole Nestorian community, is a matter of little importance, and I regret to say that in some instances the Nestorian holds the same opinion about a Kurd and his belongings. Our remaining at Hasanna during that summer, and our refusal to be driven out by the Agha, saved the people for a long time from destruction. They were a good people, and had never given their government any trouble, although their taxes often mounted to half the product of their fields and flocks.

Although the village is gone, its influence continues, for one of the boys who carried a gun on the night of our expected attack is now an honoured doctor, treating and curing these same Kurds who inflicted such terrible and undeserved punishment upon the village of his boyhood. Even among this wild people the matchless parable of the good Samaritan has served to interpret the true meaning of the Golden Rule. Several others have also gained a knowledge of Western medicine and have returned to become a blessing to their people. Not a few teachers trained in the American school at Urumia are rendering a service of incalculable value in the Kurdish mountains, where, under the most trying circumstances, they are teaching not

only spelling and arithmetic, but the value of honesty and truth, and that "Peace hath her victories as well as War."

After matters had quieted down at Hasanna, I left my American friends there, returning to Urumia *via* Mosul and Ravandooz, to meet my cousin, Mr. Luther D. Wishard, and his wife, and Mr. W. H. Grant, all of New York, who were making a tour of inspection of the missions in Asia, the former in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Associations in colleges. On the road between Mosul and Ravandooz our *chavador* lost the road and took us miles out of the way. Being early in September, the sun was frightfully hot on that great plain. Fearing a sunstroke, we stopped at a miserable mud village for the remainder of the day, where we secured a guide who piloted us back to the right road. Near Ravandooz, the road enters a great gorge of unsurpassed beauty. It may have been that after our experience of the day before, that caused us such a weary and useless march in the desert, this cool and green gorge, with its towering walls which shielded us from the burning rays of the sun, seemed more like Eden than it otherwise would have done. On the top of the hill, just before we got into the town, we met a man with a score or more of donkeys loaded with the most luscious grapes and bought enough for a good feast.

Ravandooz, an old Kurdish fortress and town, is now held by the Turks and used by them to collect

customs from caravans coming from Persia on that road. It was not my first visit there, for, a couple of years before, the Turkish officers had attempted to collect blackmail from us, thinking that we were strangers in the land. When they found that I had been properly licensed to practise medicine in Turkey, their whole attitude changed, and we were treated with the usual Oriental courtesy.

We found the Turkish officers throughout this district as cruel and heartless as are their neighbours the Kurds. With a few notable exceptions, they were men who had been sent into the region as exiles, it having been deemed wise for political reasons to get them as far from the large centres in Turkey as possible. During a summer spent in Kurdistan, in company with the Rev. Dr. Coan, we had several unpleasant encounters with these officers, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Coan was born in the country and knew the language perfectly. At one place, I remember, we were asked to show our passports, which we did, the man refusing to return them without a present for himself over and above the usual tax. Instead of paying the blackmail, we overpowered the man, threw him to the ground, and took our papers from him. He then apologised for his conduct. A foreigner in East Turkey without a passport would be like a ship at sea without a compass.

The attitude toward all Americans residing or travelling in Asiatic Turkey on the part of the gov-

ernment, would seem to be one of suspicion and distrust. I do not know that Americans travelling through the country are treated with less courtesy than other foreigners, although such a charge is not infrequently heard. But I do know by experience that much more can be done by cultivating the friendship of local governors and influential personages throughout the country than through our diplomatic and consular officers. Of course, extreme cases, such for instance as the unprovoked attack upon an American lady in Amidia, must be called to the attention of our representatives in Turkey, but it was our policy whenever possible never to call upon the consular officers for help. A friendly and worthy consul or diplomatic officer may be of immense assistance to his countrymen sojourning in the East, and with one or two exceptions the men we had in Turkey, when I was there, were both competent and friendly. Nor were the Turks all unspeakable. I usually found the governors in the larger places cordial and appreciative. Those on the outposts of civilisation along the frontier are, as I have pointed out, another class of men.

In Urumia, I met my cousin and his party and accompanied them on horseback to Kharput *via* Salmas, Van, and Bitlis. This route took us through the heart of Armenia just before the massacres; indeed, the troubles had then begun, and many villages had been pillaged. While at Moosh

we heard many stories of oppression, murder, arson, and crimes that are unmentionable. The storm clouds were then dark and rapidly gathering, and, a year later, we were not surprised to hear that this whole region had been visited by one of the foulest and cruelest wars upon an innocent and simple people the world has known since the days of Rome. It is not enough to plead, in defence of the Turkish government, that there was a revolutionary party among the young Armenians. These were in the cities, and not among the simple farmers, with their wives, living in Moosh and Sassoon. A year later, I had a letter from one of the friends we made there which closed as follows: "At Derkevank I saw three women, refugees from Semal. One of them, with quivering lips, and, quietly weeping, said: 'I had two brothers and a son-in-law and other relatives killed.' All the women said that 'the black soldiers' (alluding to the dark uniform of the regular soldiers) attacked and slew by bayonet a large number of people. They added that protection was offered the women and children on condition that they would adopt the Moslem faith, but they said, 'rather than do this we risked our lives and fled.' After hiding in the shelter of rocks for a number of days, they were able to make their escape. At Havodoric, a man, by the name of Toros, also from Semal, told me that his son, a brother, a niece and sister, were killed in the massacre. He stated that after five

days of dire conflict he fled and hid for ten days among trees, subsisting in the meanwhile on the fruit of a kind of thistle. He stated that he helped to open a pit or trench, and removed and buried five bodies, one of which was the body of the priest Hohannas, who he said had met his death after severe and prolonged torture at the hands of the soldiers. He said: 'We wished to remove more bodies and bury them, but the stench of the decaying bodies was so great that we could not do it.' He added: 'At the time I buried my sister, I cut off her hair, and it is now in my mother's possession.' Also, that when his brother was seized and hurried off by the soldiers, he took off his cap and threw it back to his mother with the words, 'They are going to kill me, keep this as a last remembrance.' The man was cruelly murdered. A woman by the name of Rahan, formerly of Dalorig, now staying at Havodoric, said, 'Our family numbered twelve, of whom five were killed. My husband, brother, and his son were hacked in pieces, my husband received a terrible wound and is now at St. Aghperig monastery. I saw them kill my brother's wife. A soldier took up a large stone and struck her head so violently that her brains were scattered and she fell down dead. When I saw this, and the others killed by the bayonet, I wept sorely and beat my head so that I am now blind.' The story of the Sassoon massacre can never be written; the fragments that we have heard, portions

only of which are given in this imperfect narrative, are a true sample of what has taken place. Some of the most harrowing of the statements have come to us, having been told by the soldiers themselves, the narrators claiming to have been unwilling actors in the awful massacre, and aver that they now suffer intense mental torture at the memory of those deeds."

The Turks, having begun this war upon the Christians, extended their pillage and arson into the larger places; even the homes and schools of our American hosts in Kharput were not spared, being burned before the eyes of their owners. It was a repetition of the scene at Nisibis, more than a thousand years before, and yet it was during the closing days of the nineteenth century!

At Kharput, after bidding my friends good-bye, I engaged animals and came to Diabekir, a place then of perhaps sixty thousand inhabitants, surrounded by a magnificent stone wall, well situated on a bluff on the Tigris. My host and hostess there were Mr. and Mrs. Boiajian. I spent several delightful days with them, he being the acting English Vice-Consul at that time. When the massacres were extended to the West and South and the hordes of rabble from all over that part of Kurdistan attacked the city, the fact of the British flag flying over his gate did not save him. We heard upon our return to America that he had met with a cruel death at the hands of the Kurds.

The following year the American Hospital in Teheran, having been partially finished, the writer was asked by his Board to become its director, and, after a short furlough in America, he proceeded to Teheran to take up his new duties. The work in Kurdistan has gone steadily forward, with some slight interruptions, under the able and self-sacrificing direction of Mr. McDowell, assisted by a staff of native doctors and teachers.

Last year a letter from him to the Mission contained an account of the following unique experience, which I am sure will interest every reader. The letter is as follows: "I left T'Khoma, Friday, Jan. 4, with an escort of over thirty men. I dismissed as many as possible on the mountain-side above Khani, a number, however, of their own accord going on with me, as they had business of their own in Julamerk. At two in the afternoon, we reached the top of the mountain overlooking Tal, and in a few minutes began the descent. Nineteen of us had just started, when there was an avalanche and the nineteen of us were hurled to the bottom of the mountain. One man was lost. Three others were buried, but were dug out uninjured. One man had a shoulder dislocated. Aside from these casualties, there were no serious injuries to any of the party. My own injuries were confined to a bruised and sprained knee and the fracture of two ribs.

"It was a terrible experience, and not easily de-

scribed. With Kasha Yukhanan, Rabi Nisan, and the Shada I was following the men who had opened the road. At the top, the mountain is so steep that I was unable to keep on my feet and had fallen and was still on my back, when there was a crash as the field of snow broke loose from its moorings. I had a flash-like glimpse of the whole side of the mountain in motion. Rabi Nisan cried out: '*Sahib tliklan*' (we are lost). There was a sensation as though falling through space, a gale of wind struck us in the face, and a cloud of snow shut out the world. There was a succession of rapid wave-like motions, and then the snow began to break up. In spite of all my efforts to keep on the surface, I was drawn under, and the snow, like a torrent of water, surged over and around me. As helpless as a pebble in a flood, I was rolled and tumbled along inside the avalanche. I can recall several heavy jolts as though from falls. Once my body was bent forward on my legs until I thought my back was about to break. But finally all other sensations were lost in a struggle for breath, as my mouth filled up with snow. At what seemed to be the point of suffocation, there was a sudden slowing up of the motion of the avalanche, and I found myself lying on the surface of the snow.

"Frantically, but with difficulty, I emptied my mouth of snow and recovered my breath. I think that I was on my feet before I did this, in instinctive desire to escape from peril. As I stood there, I looked

up the mountain along the track of the avalanche, and I can describe my feeling only as one of fear and amazement as I saw the men who but a moment before we had left standing on the top of the mountain still standing there against the clear sky but scarcely discernible as men, so great was the distance: and I had come that distance in less than two minutes. Kasha Yukhanan, on a previous trip, had timed himself by watch, and he said that it was two hours' fast walking from the point where I landed to the top of the avalanche. It was the opinion of all, including those who remained at the top, that the time occupied in our descent was not more than two minutes. I had come the farthest of the whole party. How it was that no more lives were lost, and especially that no bones were broken, was marvellous. The villagers regarded it simply as a miracle, as the proportion, according to all precedent, should have been the other way. As it is, with humble gratitude I acknowledge God's hand in our remarkable preservation.

"When I arose to my feet I was swathed with snow from head to foot. The snow had been forced into my pockets and inside all my clothing. I was hatless, and my hair was matted with ice. The sun had set behind the mountain, and the icy wind raised by the avalanche was congealing me, when God's care was again manifest, for lying on the snow, not ten feet away, was my heavy overcoat. Shada had been carrying it, and he came out a long way above,

but the overcoat had been brought down to me. I threw that over my head and got my blood into circulation and looked around for the others. There were two or three men near me, and, in answer to my inquiries, they said that all the others were lost. I then saw Rabi Nasan some distance above still shaking himself free from the snow, and I called to him with reference to the rest of the party and he answered to the same effect. Soon, however, others came down from above and brought more reassuring word. Kasha Yukhanan, Shada, and others had come out half a mile or more further up, and, under the direction of Kasha, they were busy rescuing those that were partly buried. The only sign of one man was his hand; only the elbow of a second man appeared, and a third man was found with just his foot sticking out. These were all dug out with some difficulty, and as it was thought that all were accounted for, they came down to the village. There on calling the roll it was found that one of the party was missing.

There of the six men at the top of the mountain were porters. They were terrified and without waiting to learn the extent of the catastrophe had fled to T'Khoma, to report, we presumed, the loss of the whole party. The others, as soon as the air cleared, came down and joined the rescue party. All our loads were left on the mountain top, and along with the others I slept that night on the floor under the kursi, which was a blessing to be devoutly grateful

for. Aside from drying our clothes, which were wet through, the heat, I presume, was the best possible treatment for our bruised and sprained bodies. There was not much sleeping that night, though the villagers did all in their power to make us comfortable.

"The next morning we were able to limp around, though with many a groan, and as soon as possible a party of men from Rabbat, under the direction again of Kasha Yukhanan, who did splendid service, was sent up to search for the missing man. Not a trace was found, though the snow was carefully probed. He will probably not be found until spring. A man was sent to T'Khoma to tell the truth and prevent a panic. Our loads were brought down, some of them having been dug out from under the snow, and on the evening of the same day, Saturday, we went down to Be Kuri. I hobbled part of the way, and part of the way was carried pickaback by two strong young fellows, whom I hired to help me through to Julamerk."

The reader's attention is called to the interesting fact that T'Khoma is the district where we were robbed some years before, as narrated in the previous chapter. While there is much yet to be desired in the lives of the people, it is worthy of notice here that the missionary is a welcome guest among them. Also that the boy who returned our stolen possessions has since become the village schoolmaster.

And stranger still is the news from Constantinople that has come while these pages are being written, telling that the Sultan has granted a constitution and that a Parliament will be inaugurated. One thing is sure, and that is that no people can understand the meaning of liberty until it is disciplined by education and training. A half-barbaric land like Kurdistan is hardly the place for popular government, notwithstanding the progress made. On the other hand, it is a great step forward when Turkey as a whole declares in favour of even nominal constitutionalism.

The American missionaries in Turkey have taken no part in politics, their mission being strictly along social, philanthropic, and spiritual lines; but it is pretty safe to say that when that government is ready for competent men with honest purposes, the students of the mission schools will give a good account of themselves, just as the men from Robert College did in Bulgaria, when that government came into existence.

IV

ON TO TEHERAN

IT is a great step toward civilisation from the wilds of Kurdistan and the mountains of Armenia, in Eastern Turkey, to any of the better Persian cities, especially to the Capital. Our life of three and a half years in that remote region had been under the Star and Crescent of the Sultan, but henceforth it was to be "Under the Shadow of the Shah," as the Persians love to say *zeer-e siyay-Shahinshah.* Our rest and furlough in America had made us anxious to get back to the free and interesting life of the Orient. I have frequently noticed that those who have spent years in the East are never quite satisfied at home. To a medical man, the field of usefulness is only limited by his strength to meet the many demands that are made upon him.

The usual route taken by Americans going to Teheran is *via* Vienna or Berlin, then to Baku, the great Russian oil-centre on the Caspian, from which point steamers cross over to the Persian ports. Steamers usually take about thirty hours for the trip, but ten of them are consumed at Astara, the town at the Persian frontier, where the health and

AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL, TEHERAN.

custom officials come on board; the former to inspect the crowds of pilgrims coming from Mecca, Meshed, or other of the Mohammedan shrines, and the latter to examine the luggage and passports. When cholera is raging in the region, as is sometimes the case, a quarantine detains the traveller several days. Food may be obtained on shipboard, but no bedding is furnished, and it is well for the winter traveller to be well-supplied with rugs. On many of the boats the first-class passengers find the benches in the dining saloon far more comfortable than the stuffy little staterooms.

The journey cannot be called comfortable at best, but it does make a great difference whether one is fresh from the comforts of home, or is returning, hardened by his Asiatic life. On one of several journeys made by the writer, he found his stateroom swarming with silkworms. It seems that the person who had occupied the room on the previous trip had taken over with him some special breed of worms and some had escaped. At another time, the night was made hideous by a frightened horse, which insisted in sticking his head through the porthole into the stateroom. These annoyances come as a shock to those fresh from home, but to those who have accustomed themselves to Oriental overland travel, they are treated as mere instances of travel, good only to tell on long winter evenings to one's people gathered about the family hearth.

It was a fine May afternoon when our steamer

stood off the port of Enzeli and gave us our first glimpse of the Shah's domain from her northern gateway. It is always fine on the Caspian in May, and the green hills, heavily wooded, were in pleasing and striking contrast to Russia, still showing signs of winter, through which we had just passed. The Caspian Sea is lower than the Black Sea, and its shores are covered with the semi-tropical growth of vegetation, beautiful to look upon, but forming a jungle filled with malaria and fever.

The whole district was at that time, and is yet, commercially and politically, under Russian influence. The Shah has a high pavilion near the mouth of the harbour, from which the Persian flag flies, and which is used in entertaining the various ministers and diplomatic officers *en route* to Teheran. There is a little hotel where the unofficial may find a resting-place, if such are willing to pay official prices. At nearly all the hotels and inns in Persia there is no regular tariff, guests being charged according to their ability to pay. At another time when I was passing that way, I found a part of the hotel given over to the health officers as a quarantine for cholera suspects.

Persia, with the exception of the provinces that border on the sea, is a highland, with many fertile valleys, but more often an endless desert, too hot and dry in the summer to support life, and in the winter frightfully cold. Wherever sufficient water can be found to furnish irrigation the desert is

quickly transformed into gardens, vineyards, and fields of grain. The climate is not an unhealthful one, except in the provinces around the Caspian, but these must needs be crossed by all travellers to the Shah's capital, unless the longer route, *via* Tiflis and Tabriz, is chosen. Travellers for Tabriz and the western provinces, instead of leaving the railway at Baku, continue their journey by rail to Julfa, on the Aras.

But the jungle is worth seeing. From Enzeli we were taken across the *Mord-ob* or Deadwater, for a distance of perhaps ten miles, then up a small creek in rowboats, more often pulled by half-clad coolies who ran along the shore. Nothing could be more enchanting than this ride of four or five miles up this stream to Pera Bazaar on a moonlight night in May. The bright light of the southern moon, so bright that numerous nightingales filled the night air with their song, and the stillness only disturbed by the splash of the crude gondola as it suddenly turned a sharp curve in the tortuous stream, made us forget the great throbbing world left far behind, and afforded a fitting entrance into the sombre, unfathomable, and poetic Iran.

Pera Bazaar, at the head of the canal or creek, is about four miles from Resht, the chief town in the Caspian valley, and the journey between the two places can be made over a well-built carriage road, save during the winter months, when the rains render the highway almost impassable. The city of

Resht is an important place, of some 60,000 people, having a considerable trade with Russia. It is the residence of a Governor-General, has a bazaar filled with Russian goods, some well-built houses, and a Mohammedan population, which, while nominally Persian, is largely pro-Russian in political sentiment. Just outside of the town are the fine and spacious grounds of the Russian Consulate, and those who have filled this consular post have been men especially chosen from St. Petersburg. There is also an English Vice-Consul stationed there, who is always most kind to American as well as to English travellers.

The American Presbyterians have a mission school and a dispensary in the centre of the city. Most of the other foreigners residing in Resht are engaged in the silk culture, hundreds of acres about the place being given up to the mulberry groves. The climate is very trying, and but few Europeans or Americans have found it possible to remain there long without a change. Not infrequently for a fortnight it rains continuously until great stagnant green ponds of water flood the streets, and the twilight hours are filled with the noise of thousands of croaking frogs.

The land throughout the region is held in large tracts by landlords and is cultivated by peasants. A more sorry-looking lot of people would be hard to find than are the peasants of the jungle. Small of stature, pale and anæmic from malaria and lack of

sunshine, senility is stamped on their faces at thirty years of age from starvation and hardships, while they are practically doomed from childhood to a life of serfdom in the rice-fields. Their life, therefore, strikes the Westerner as being utterly hopeless.

From Resht to Teheran is about two hundred miles, and the journey can be made over a well-built Russian waggon road. The company operating the road agrees to take passengers through in forty-eight hours, if they wish to travel day and night. The traveller is furnished a carriage with four horses, which are changed every sixteen miles, there being eighteen changes on the route.

One feels a sense of exhilaration as he leaves Resht, hears the crack of the Tartar driver's whip, and gets well started on the way. The first twenty-five miles are through the jungle, and then the foot-hills of the Elburz Mountains are entered. The air now becomes much lighter, the sun takes the place of the shadow, and the horses speed along with a quicker step. The forest is hardly left behind when the road enters the great groves of olive trees at Rûd Bar. On the left is the river, Safid Rûd, a stream as large as the Ohio at Cincinnati, too rapid and rocky to be navigable. The scenery grows more rugged and grand as the mountains are entered and the forest disappears. Up, up, up the road winds, horses are frequently changed, the reckless Tartar driver, at breakneck speed, puts the carriage so near the edge of the cliff that rocks

and gravel are sent whirling to the bottom of the gaping ravine. When urged to drive slowly, he answers with a grin, lights another cigarette, and with a fatalistic placidness observes, that "We are at all times in the hand of the Lord." Later, however, when a waggon containing the effects of one of my English friends was turned over an embankment, a servant killed, and the company compelled to pay blood-money, strict orders were given to drive more carefully. But the Tartar driver, although himself badly injured in the fall, never doubted that it was the Divine purpose to kill that servant at that time in that way. The company, after paying the money, seemed to take another view of the matter.

When the top of the Elburz Mountains is reached, the beautiful panorama of the Persian Highlands presents itself. It is a great plain, flanked on three sides by high, snow-capped mountains, and dotted with villages. The character of the architecture now changes, and the thatched roof gives way to earth, and the cane walls to adobe. But the greatest change is in the people. One sees fewer pale faces, for the men are strong and rugged, independent, and often insolent in their bearing toward Westerners.

At Kasvin, ninety-six miles from Teheran, a stop of several hours is usually made, giving time to overhaul the carriage. There is an hotel, where food may be obtained and resting rooms are avail-

able. The town is one of the oldest in modern Persia, and has a population of perhaps 50,000. With the exception of two or three avenues, its streets are narrow, crooked, and often choked with filth. The climate, however, is excellent, as the mountains are near-by, and there is an abundance of sunshine. It is the headquarters of the Russian Road Company, which has now built a waggon road from there to Hamadan, to connect with their Resht-Teheran route. They also maintain an hospital for their employés.

When the writer first went over this road the journey had to be made by caravan and required eight or nine days. Very little of it at that time was suitable for a carriage, and parts of it could only be traversed by the sure-footed mule. As the old caravan road led over the Kharzan pass, which was often impassable on account of snow, the posts were frequently greatly delayed in reaching Teheran. On one occasion, I remember that we were without home letters for six weeks, due to storms on the Caspian and heavy snows on the Kharzan. Whatever objection may be raised to the Russian occupation of Persia, it must be admitted that she has already rendered a great service in the construction of these military and commercial roads, that make the use of carriages and waggons possible. It may be that before many years go by, the trolley will supersede the expensive and antiquated methods of transport now in use. Were

they to inaugurate a modern system of railways in Persia, it would go far toward relieving the deep-seated distrust that unquestionably exists in the minds of the Persians against their northern neighbours.

The home and dispensary of the American missionaries in Kasvin are in the heart of the town, some distance from the hotel and post-house. Near the hotel there is an office of the Indo-European Telegraph Company, where messages are accepted for Teheran or for Europe. For several miles about the city the farmers are engaged in the grape culture, and during the autumn months most luscious grapes can be purchased. The bazaars are not important, and the traveller is usually glad when the city gate is passed and he finds himself on the great open highway that stretches out for ninety-six miles, before the domes and spires of Teheran are seen. The road follows the Elburz Mountains all the way, skirting the southern foothills of that range. Sometimes the road leads through green fields, but more often over stony wastes, where the only signs of life are the shepherd boys with their flocks. Frequently upon seeing the sun-helmet of the Westerner these boys run with a lamb in their arms and offer it as a present, not expecting it to be accepted, but hoping that a small gift of money will be paid for the courtesy of the offer.

The journey from Teheran to Kasvin usually takes about sixteen hours, unless prolonged stops

are made at the rest-houses when the horses are changed. Some twenty miles out from the Capital, the Karaj River is crossed and the plain of Teheran is entered. Just at the bridge is one of the royal gardens, but rarely visited by the Shah. After leaving Shahabad, the last post-house on the road, sixteen miles from the Capital, a fine view of Demavend may be obtained. This gigantic peak is over eighteen thousand feet high, and, although sixty miles away, seems less than half the distance.

As one nears the city, the road widens and long rows of camels and pack animals, and an occasional carriage of a grandee with his retinue, are passed; gardens are more frequently seen and better kept than those about Kasvin; but, with these exceptions, there is little to tell the stranger that he is nearing an Imperial city.

Just before reaching the city-gate, and about a mile to the left, is a small, well-kept cemetery, where rest the European and American Protestants who have died in Persia. East of the city are the Roman Catholic and Russian burial-grounds. Sir Walter Scott's son, once a Secretary of the British Legation, is buried in an old Armenian church near the Shah-Abdul-Azim gate. Without exception, they were brave men and women, who, whether diplomatist, merchant, or missionary, died at their post of duty. If you had known them, you might not have agreed with their politics, not with their religion, or with their purposes in being in the Orient;

but when you had known them to have been brave in times when men's lives were tried as by fire, by cholera and pestilence, you would have generously forgotten all save their bravery. But we are now at the city-gate; let us go in.

V

THE SHAH'S CAPITAL

TEHERAN, the capital and largest city in Persia, has a population of perhaps 275,000 Mohammedans and some 25,000 Armenians, Parsees, and Jews. The European colony, while small, has always been a potent factor in the social, business, and at times political life, of the place. As time is counted in Persia, it is a modern city, not being much older than Washington. Yet for many centuries there has been a town of more or less importance in the vicinity, the most interesting and important having been Rhe (the Rhages of Scripture), which was probably contemporary with Ecbatana and Nineveh, and which it is claimed had a million or more of inhabitants. But fable and obscurity have so clothed the history of the Parthian Kings that we will leave the history of their capital to those endowed by nature with a lucid imagination, and confine ourselves to the more prosaic subject, *viz.*, the Shah's Capital.

It was a small town, with houses built of mud, when Shah Aga Mohammed Khan, founder of the Kajar dynasty, established his capital there. This special locality was chosen because the Elburz

Mountains on the north afforded a wall of defence against a Russian invasion, and at the same time afforded shelter against the fierce north winds that sweep across the highlands in winter. It was intended only as a winter capital, the summers of the Court being spent at Sultaneah and in the mountains. Indeed, the Court now leaves the city about the beginning of June and remains away until October. The Persian has always been a nomad, and lives as much as possible out-of-doors.

But Teheran to-day is a very different place from what it must have been a hundred years ago. From a small mud village on a stony plain, it has grown until now it is over four miles in diameter. The circular wall which surrounds it is pierced by thirteen gates, covered with gaudy tile, through which great crowds constantly pass and repass. Extensive gardens have been recently laid out for several miles about the city, many containing large and palatial suburban homes.

There are twenty miles of bazaars, filled with all sorts of goods, brought from the four corners of the earth. Many of these bazaars are covered streets, on either side of which are small shops. The modern arcade of Western architecture is taken from these Oriental bazaars. Nothing could be of more interest to the Westerner, and I might at the same time say more exasperating, than a visit to these centres of trade. Most of the shops are small, but one cannot judge in Persia by exteriors, and some of

these shops that appear mean and small represent a surprisingly large investment of capital. Almost any article desired can be found in this subterranean mart, if one knows where to look for it. This is not always easy, because a hardware merchant not infrequently carries, as a side line, English shoes, while I have been told by a shoe merchant that his best profits were made on opium and liquor. No one is ever expected to pay the first price asked by the shopkeeper. Not infrequently many times the true value is demanded, and those who are simple enough to pay it are at once branded as easy victims for the future. Often servants, and others acting as interpreters for the newcomer, insist on a fabulous price being charged and later drop around and divide the profit. Of course, these things take place largely in the petty transactions with the small shopkeeper, although the man dealing in sums requiring six and more figures is not proof against *madokhal* or graft. Indeed, ten per cent. is always claimed by the servant who buys the simplest article for the household.

Even the professions are tinged with this idea of questionable gain. Some years ago a true son of Iran, a well-known *hakim* or doctor of good reputation, appeared at the door of my office to ask me to go in consultation with other physicians, the patient being a well-known prince living on the west side. I being new in dealing with these bland but clever rogues, did not sus-

pect at that time that there was anything wrong. He said that the patient had been ill for a long time and had been greatly reduced financially by reverses. With a profound bow he asked me to accept a little more than half the usual fee, all the poor man was able to pay, he said, and took his departure.

The consultation was held, but instead of finding a poor man we were taken to the home of a prince living in luxury and elegance. Several of my European colleagues were present, and the prince desired us to see him from time to time. When he settled his account he mentioned fifty krans which he had sent in advance by the above-mentioned Persian doctor. I told him only thirty krans had reached me, and it afterwards came out that the Persian had made twenty krans from each consultant! Indeed, he had insisted upon the consultation for this purpose, and not for help in the case! As the Persian doctor was a man of much influence among his people, and I was quite new, I did not know how to go about getting the twenty krans without giving offence. But upon reaching home I sat down and wrote him a delicate epistle in Persian, a translation being as follows:

"To the most learned and exalted head of all medical knowledge and pillar of our most blessed profession, Mirza Agha Khan, physician, surgeon, and philosopher, peace be to you and to your house (I felt like saying to your ashes)! After inquiring

concerning the condition of your blessed constitution and calling to mind your many noble deeds of philanthropy, I beg to trouble you with a little matter. You will remember that on a certain day thirty krans were paid to me by a certain celebrated physician (may his shadow never grow smaller!), it being the amount sent by a certain prince for consultation. It now appears that the prince sent fifty krans, instead of thirty, and it is also well known that the twenty krans must still exist in the universe. As physicians frequently carry in their pockets medicine of a mucilaginous character, it had occurred to me that by mistake twenty krans of the above amount may possibly have stuck in your pocket. If you will kindly take the trouble and do me the great favour to turn your pockets inside out and carefully see if I am right in my surmise, you will greatly oblige not only the writer, but His Excellency the Prince." Without any evidence of shame or embarrassment, a few days later he called and said I was right in my surmise, and paid the remaining twenty krans. I never knew whether or not he refunded the same amount to the other consultants.

Much of the business in Persia is transacted outside of the bazaars. Street vendors, with their loaded donkeys, may be seen everywhere selling any and all sorts of goods. There is the man who peddles boiled beets, the ice-cream man, the lemonade man, the fruit man, the bread man, and others

selling every sort of eatable. The cry of *ju-jeh,* by the chicken seller, is a familiar one to all. An analysis of the ice-cream sold on the street showed more microbes than the contents of the open sewer. It is generally well flavoured with rosewater, quince juice, or melon. Many ladies of rank have the merchant bring their goods to the house, and this branch of the dry goods trade is always important. Much of this trade is in the hands of Jews.

Time in Persia is marked according to the Oriental standard, twelve o'clock being always at sunset. Noon is announced by the firing of a cannon in the great drill-ground. There is frequently a difference of a quarter to a half hour on two successive days. But there are no trains to catch in Persia, and men count time of less value than we do in the New World. "*Fairdeh Inshallah,* to-morrow, if God wills, we shall do so and so," is the favourite expression of many.

Westerners residing in the dry highlands of central Asia usually become very nervous, and in a few years must return to a lower altitude and a climate more humid. Not so, however, with the Persian, who always keeps his nerve and usually his good humour, so long as he is not hurried. About the only thing that is done quickly in Persia is a funeral! Some years ago, a mason working on a stable near our hospital fell from the wall and was killed shortly after ten o'clock, and at noon he had been buried and the men were back at work.

In one of the towers in Teheran is a clock which must be wound every eight days, and a special man is employed to perform this arduous task; on Monday he winds the clock, and patiently smoking his pipe for a week, watches it run down. He is said to be the most contented servant in the town, and is the envy of many whose lines have not fallen in such pleasant places.

But we must not think that there are no serious and busy men in Iran. A great many examples might be given of men who valued time and converted it into money. The Arbab-Jamshid, the leading Parsee merchant in Teheran, only a few years ago was in the employ of others at a nominal salary as a scribe. To-day he is counted one of the richest and most influential men in Persia. Not only is he considered capable in financial matters, but in political as well, having been elected a member of the first parliament. Simple and democratic in his tastes, he is known as the friend of the poor and the benefactor of his own people. On more than one occasion has the writer in his professional capacity known of the generosity of this gentleman to the poor and needy. Others might be named among the Armenian and Mohammedan merchants for their unostentatious acts of benevolence, and their evident ability to deal with large business questions.

Nearly all the native business men have their offices in large caravansaries in the bazaar. There

is less form and ceremony in these places of business than one finds at home. No matter how weighty the matters may be that are under consideration there is always time for a cup of tea and the ever-present *kalyan* or water-pipe. And who can say but that many an American business man would be a more agreeable husband and citizen if, when crowded and pressed by momentous and overwhelming financial matters, he would stop long enough for the blood to cool a little and the nerve cell, that is crying out for rest, to regain its poise, and take a cup of tea.

There are no saloons in Persia, although liquor is sold in many of the shops and stores. The common people drink the ordinary arak, a distillation from raisins, containing from thirty to fifty per cent. of alcohol. A good deal of native wine is also drunk. It is needless for me to remark here that the effects of alcoholic drinks is not less deleterious and pernicious in the East than in America. Indeed, it is in some ways more harmful than the eating of opium, although it cannot in any way be compared with the evils of the opium-pipe. The use of alcoholic drinks has been growing for some years among the Mohammedans, who, when the habit is once established, rarely quit it. There are, however, those, indeed, I might say many, who solemnly abjure the use of spirituous drinks of all kinds and deplore their sale in the open market. Unfortunately, many of those who realize the mis-

chievous effects of alcohol see little harm in the use of opium. The difference in their minds is largely a religious one, because the Koran condemns the use of alcohol, but says nothing about opium. It is unfortunate that among the Armenians the same religious prejudice does not exist, as alcohol has always been a curse to that clever people, although it may be said to their credit that the use of opium is practically unknown amongst them. The Oriental who does not smoke is the exception. Snuff is also used by many, but the habit of chewing the weed is unknown. No house is considered furnished without a number of water-pipes and cigarette cases. The tea-house, found on almost any corner, is the rendezvous for all who are idle. At these places food, alcohol, opium, and tobacco are dispensed as well as tea.

In Teheran, there is a system of horse-cars that is largely patronised by the common people. It is the opinion of those who ought to know that a trolley system could be set up, the power being furnished from Paskulleh, a splendid waterfall some fifteen miles from the city. Several large factories have been attempted in Teheran, but have been doomed to disappointment, because the price of coal is prohibitory, it often selling as high as fifteen dollars per ton. The city of Teheran is well suited for a trolley system, many of the streets being wide and level. At present all who can afford it patronise public carriages, of which

there are said to be more than five hundred at the public stands.

The only two things that are cheap in Teheran seem to be human life and horses. The price of the life of the ordinary peasant has been determined at the low figure of thirty-five dollars, and a good horse can be bought for less than twice that sum. And yet living for both man and beast is not less expensive in Teheran than in many parts of our own country. Indeed, many communities throughout the Orient could be supported upon what the farmers of a single county in America annually waste. Unquestionably many perish in Teheran each year from starvation, and it is no unusual sight to see a half-starved invalid lying by the wayside. During the bitter cold months of winter we often found these cases at our hospital gate. These instances became so frequent that we had a special room built, where we could offer them shelter and food.

There is no middle class in Persia, as we understand the term, the people being either rich or poor. The wealth of the upper classes consists largely in agricultural lands worked by the peasants. There is no system of direct taxation, as villages and farming districts are sold for a term of years to the highest bidder, who is responsible to the government for a lump sum. The landlord appoints a steward to manage the village or estate, and collects a heavy tax from the toiler. The result is that the peasant remains poor while the landlord becomes rich.

To the ordinary Persian, Teheran represents all that Paris does to the Frenchman. It is his ambition to have a town house as well as a country seat. Because this plan has been followed by many, the city has constantly grown at the expense of the country, but the unjust steward is wise in his generation, and while he spends thousands of tomans upon an elegant home, surrounded by gardens of roses and tall *chinars,* he surrounds the whole with the most shocking mud wall imaginable. In a land where no citizen is exempt from oppression, it is not always safe to display one's wealth, and hence the mud wall. But this is not the only reason, for the Persian is poetic in his very nature, loving the trees often planted with his own hands, the rosebushes that bloom all the year, all watered by the rushing little irrigating ditch that hurries swiftly along, bringing refreshment and verdure wherever it goes. It rarely rains in Teheran from June until late in November, and the gardens which have transformed the dry and weary land into a mighty oasis are nourished by a system of subterranean aqueducts called *kanats.* These conduits draw their water supply from the Elburz Mountains, twelve to fifteen miles away. The city is fairly well-supplied with water, most of the better streets being regularly irrigated. Some of the gardens are beautiful. The soil everywhere is very fertile, and, when well-watered, will grow all the fruits and vegetables found in our Southern States.

Nearly all the better houses in Teheran consist of a beroon and anderoon. The beroon, from which women are excluded, is used by the master of the house for the reception of his guests and the transaction of most of his private business. It is usually elegantly furnished, with European fixtures from Vienna or Paris, and consists of several large rooms which may be utilised, if occasion demands, for giving parties. In case an official dinner is given in the beroon, none of the ladies of the anderoon are ever present. It frequently happens that European ladies with their husbands attend these functions, and, after the dinner is over, are invited into the anderoon to meet the ladies of the household. Men are never allowed in the harems or anderoons unless they be physicians or priests, in which case they are accompanied by the trusted chamberlain.

Polygamy, which formerly was universal, has in a large measure been given up by the better classes, and the wives and families are constantly being given more liberty and freedom. This is especially the case in the larger places, and it is the opinion of those in a position to know that the emancipation of women from the restricted life of the harem is coming in Persia as fast as the women themselves are ready for it. A great work of education must first be done before they will be able to discern the difference between license and liberty. One bold spirit, a sort of suffragist, published a bitter article in a Persian newspaper recently, in which she calls to

mind the sad state of her sisters in Persia. It is a hopeful sign when these bold spirits arise and demand the commonest rights which have so long been denied them. A few years ago, one of the daughters of Nâsr-ed-Din Shah threw aside her veil and *chuddar* and went to Europe "to learn something," as I heard it. The veil and chuddar of the Persian women are not only very disagreeable to the eye but more so to the wearer. It affords little protection to the head from the burning sun, with the result that the wearer is often subject to severe attacks of headache. The short skirt and trousers worn in the home are about the limit of all that is disgraceful.

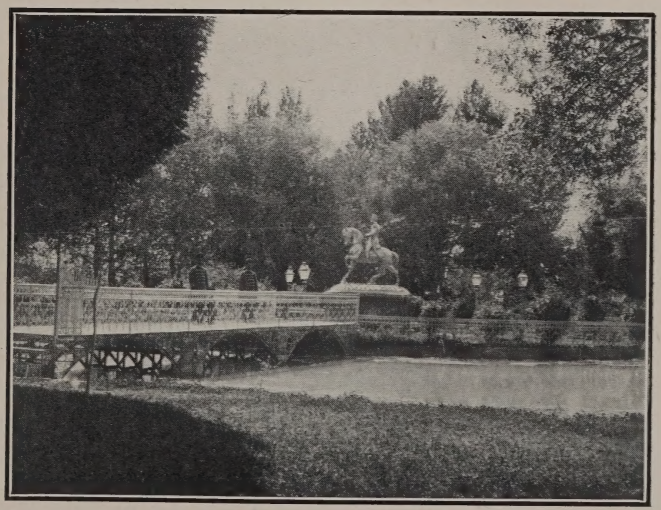
It has been well written that "Out of the heart are the issues of life;" hence, the great reforms that are to come to Persia must centre about the home, and it is hard for us to conceive of a home without the enlightened mother and wife. Not a few of the Persian women realise this truth, and are making every endeavour to obtain education and knowledge. In every country women are great factors in the social, political, and even business life, and in this regard the history of Persia shows that it is not to be an exception, although there is a mighty need of advancement.

The citadel in Teheran, in which are located the Palace and public offices, was, when first built, on the upper side of the town; but now the city has grown until it is quite in the centre. It contains probably fifteen or twenty acres, and is surrounded

by a double wall. In this enclosure, called "The Ark," lives the king with his numerous household. Like other Persian houses, the Palace contains a beroon room and anderoon or harem. The beroon consists of a dozen or more large reception rooms and a number of smaller ones, all built around a large court. A great deal of money has been spent to bring furnishings from Europe and yet the choicest pieces in the Palace are some Persian rugs. The rooms are all lighted by electricity from the Shah's electrical plant. In one of the rooms there are more than four hundred incandescent burners. It is worthy of remark here that the man who manages this plant is an Armenian. Not only are the buildings and the grounds of the citadel lighted by electricity, but His Majesty's meals are often prepared on an electrical range in one of the large drawing-rooms. I remember once being present when Muzaffar-ed-Din Shah ordered his evening meal, which was cooked in his presence by a celebrated Persian *chef*. At that time lights were kept burning all night in the garden, as it was the custom of the king to arise frequently in the middle of the night for a short walk.

The Museum, or large reception room, has been so frequently described that it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it here. It is in this room that the Diplomatic Corps is received, and it is the most pretentious room in the Palace. The floor is laid with glazed tile, the arched ceiling and

ROYAL GARDENS, TEHERAN.
Palace in the distance.



BAGH-E-SHAH.
A favorite retreat of the late Shah near Teheran. The statue, representing Nasr-ed-Din, Shah, on horseback, is the work of a Persian sculptor.

pillars are in harmony, and the windows are of plate glass. It is filled with all sorts of curios, including advertisements familiar to all magazine readers. Some of the articles are of great value, such as the famous "Peacock Throne," covered with all kinds of precious stones, and said to be valued in the millions. There is also a famous globe covered with precious gems, the various continents being inlaid with different coloured stones. But to the mind of most visitors there is nothing in the Palace so pleasing as the rich rugs of Iran. The late Shah added a music and billiard room, where he spent many of his evenings.

The anderoon is just north of the beroon, and has accommodations for a dozen families, including their servants and attendants. It is built around a square, much like ordinary two-story flats in our American cities. In the centre of the square the king has a fine and substantial residence. Around this separate enclosure is a high wall, the doors being always guarded by a trusty chamberlain, usually an African slave.

The Shah's college, attended by a large number of students, is also within the citadel. This college has a good building and a fair equipment, but there has always been difficulty in the management and discipline of the school. Still a great deal of good work has been done. Recently the medical department has been reorganised, under the direction of some able French

physicians. There is also a military department, another of music and drawing, engineering, mining, and possibly others. The agricultural school is at the garden of Negaristan. The library has a good many European books; the only American article that I saw in the room was a large missionary map of the world, made in New York in 1856. On the face of this map were the words, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations," etc.

Adjoining the school are the buildings of the English Telegraph Co. Messages for India and Australia, sent by the Indo-European, are re-sent from Teheran. This requires a rather large force of clerks. The European Colony are under many obligations to the various officials of this department for news of the outside world, the *Public News,* a little sheet, being published daily in English and French. These items of news of course cannot be printed in Teheran until after they have been published in India, but we generally got American news within twenty-four hours.

Above the telegraph offices is the public square, called the Tope-Maidan, which has become the centre of the city. From it, streets diverge in all directions, and it is the centre for horse-cars and carriages to any part of the city. The only business house opening into the square is the Imperial Bank of Persia, occupying large and spacious grounds to the east. Near-by is the Post Office and a department of the Custom House, in the Rue Lalah Zar,

the principal street for European shops. A block west, leading north into the European quarter, is the Khaiban Ala Dovleh, sometimes given the name of *Le Boulevard des Ambassadeurs* by our French friends. Several of the legations at the Turkish Embassy are on this street. The English legation, at the head of the street, occupies a large compound, one of the most pleasing and attractive gardens in the city, in which live the Minister and the various attachés. The homes in this legation are most comfortable, and afford the sojourner in Persia, weary of Oriental scenes, a glimpse of home. Our own country has never owned a home for its Minister, and the Stars and Stripes have always had to float, in Teheran, over a hired house.

The American Mission is on the edge of the European Colony, and in its compound is the American Chapel, where the Protestants of the city worship. It contains three acres, and the trees have grown until it has become a pleasing garden. Besides the chapel, there are the schools for boys, another for girls, and several residences. The American Hospital occupies a compound of its own, some two miles away, in another part of the city. The Roman Catholics have a neat chapel just off the Rue Lalah Zar, where the Europeans holding that faith worship. The Greek Catholics meet for prayer at their own Russian chapel.

The government of Teheran is carried on by a governor or mayor, appointed by the Crown. Under

him are the various city offices, the most important perhaps being the police department. Much of the revenue of the city passes through the governor's hands, and the office has been in years past a very lucrative one; at one time it was reported to be worth almost as much as the salary of the President. The police are assisted in their work by the night watchmen, who go about pounding the wall with their clubs and singing at the top of their voices. A small tax or present is paid by each household to this disturber of their sleep. Should they by chance make an arrest, the thief must be held until morning, as there is no patrol waggon. Punishment is often inflicted by public whipping, usually by the bastinado. This is sometimes used to obtain evidence. Many of the punishments are most cruel, and the prisons are intolerable to even the most hardened.

Often the prisoners are offered such a poor quality of food that they are unable to eat it, and even were they to partake of it their weakened digestive systems could not assimilate it. On more than one occasion were patients sent to our hospital who had been almost starved in the prison. Usually, the friends of the prisoners bring food to them. In view of these conditions it becomes more human to resort to the whipping-post, for while the punishment is severe there is no permanent damage done the culprit. Besides, in Persia, it is no disgrace to be sent to prison, as many of the best men in the community

have at some time in their life been arrested on some charge or other, often of no importance whatever. For many years past, life in Teheran has been just as safe as in most cities of its size in Europe or America. It would seem that murders were less frequent in Teheran than in many other places of equal size and importance. It may be, however, that we do not hear of many crimes that take place, because these things are not published in the daily papers.

VI

THE ENVIRONS OF TEHERAN

THE winter climate in the Persian capital is always fine until after Christmas, when there is some cold weather. Indeed, January and February have many sunny days and would be most agreeable were it not for the muddy streets that prevent one from getting out-of-doors. Some one who has kept an account has stated that there are usually more than three hundred cloudless days in Teheran during the year. From the beginning of June until the end of November there is no rain. In January and February, there is always ice and snow, although the thermometer rarely reaches ten degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. By building high walls on the south side of the ponds and ditches, which protect them from the rays of the sun, sufficient ice is obtained for the summer. It is often of a very poor quality, and cannot be used in drinking water, as the ponds from which it is obtained are often filled with dirt, and it necessarily becomes a source of all sorts of illnesses. Few Europeans are brave enough to risk the tempting sherbet and other delicious drinks made from unboiled water and ice from these ponds. Fatalism

has so taken hold of the Mohammedan servant that it is hard to make him think otherwise than that the health of us all depends much more upon Allah than upon boiled water.

The summers in Teheran, on account of the long, dry, hot season, are very trying, and as a result most of the Europeans go to the near-by hills, where in villages of gardens they find cool retreats. This cooler region is rendered so by its proximity to the Elburz range of mountains, which at this point are about eleven thousand feet high, and covered most of the year with snow. The Shimran region, which begins only six miles from the city, covers almost as much territory as an ordinary county in America, has many villages in it, most of which have an abundance of pure water, fresh from the snow-fields, and also plenty of shade. Some years ago, the Shah gave the village of Gulhac to the British Government for the use of their legation, and for the English subjects residing in Teheran. At the same time, just across the road from Gulhac, the fine village of Zergendie was assigned for the use of the Russians. Recently, the German Government has secured a large place nearer the hills; while the Turks for many years have owned one of the choicest places in the whole Shimran region. With a few other exceptions, all the European Colony must rent a place for summer. As the stay in the country is often for a third of a year, many move up their entire household, with all their furni-

ture. One of the most pleasant retreats is found in the village of Gulhac, where there is an English sanitary officer, and where the government of the place is in the hands of the Legation. The writer, with his family, has spent several delightful summers there. There is some social life, which the younger members of a family always greatly enjoy, as will be shown by the following incident, which I quote from a letter written by our son, then a lad in Gulhac:

"When I left the United States, now nearly a year ago, I was wondering what fun an American boy and girl could have in Persia. On Thanksgiving we had a turkey, on Christmas we had a tree and Santa Claus, but for the Fourth of July they told us we could not fly an American flag unless we got special permission to do so. I thought the Fourth would not be much good without 'Old Glory.'

"In June, the weather became so hot in Teheran that we moved out to a village six miles away. This village is called Gulhac, which means a little flower. It looks like a flower, because it has so many trees, and is stuck in between the mountains like a bouquet in a vase. Some years ago, the Shah gave it to the British legation for their summer home, and so the government of the village is English. We are the only Americans living here, all the other people being English and Persian. The 'Union Jack' flies on a high flagstaff all the time. Now the question

of the Fourth seemed harder than ever, because to celebrate with fireworks and 'Old Glory' without permission, when all our neighbours were English, might get a fellow into trouble. Well, I thought about the question a great deal, and finally my sister and I decided to send a petition to the British Minister and tell him our difficulties. It happened just at that time that we were invited to a tea-party at which the Minister was to be present. We wrote the following petition, and in the presence of our hostess and her guests, my sister presented it to the Minister on June 25, 1904.

"'*To His Excellency,* SIR ARTHUR HARDINGE,
H. B. M. Minister.

"'SIR: We are an American boy and girl living in your village, and desire to celebrate the Fourth of July by flying our American flag and having fireworks. We think Gulhac a nice place, and like to live here very much. We think all it lacks is 'a Fourth of July.' We are, therefore, asking to fly the Stars and Stripes on that day. This seems fair, because your proud flag flies all the time here in the village. Do you not think it would be nice to have both flags on that day? So we are asking to fly our flag in our garden, as we did in America. We are sure you will grant this petition.

"'Your American friends,

"'FRED B. WISHARD,

"'BERTHA ALICE WISHARD.'

"When the Minister read the petition he looked very solemn and said it was a very important matter, but he would telegraph to London and later on would send us the answer. He said there would be no objection to the fireworks, but the question of the flag was different. Late in the evening a messenger came with a large envelope with the word 'urgent' on it. It also said:

"'*On His Britannic Majesty's Service,*
BRITISH LEGATION, TEHERAN.
June 25, 1904.

"'SIR AND MADAM: With reference to your petition dated to-day, I had the honour to explain to you at Mrs. Odling's tea party that there would be no difficulty about the proposed fireworks, but that I was not so sure about the flag. I now find that an act of Parliament is necessary, and that a British Minister who gave similar permission without authority, during the reign of Queen Anne, was condemned on his return to England to be beheaded for high treason and to have his own head stuck on a flagstaff.

"'We cannot, I fear, pass an act through Parliament between now and the Fourth of July, but, in order to oblige you, and show my sympathy for America, I am willing to take this serious risk and sanction the flying of the Star-Spangled Banner as proposed by you. I hope, under these circum-

stances, you will invite me to witness the fireworks. I am, sir and madam, your obedient servant,

"'ARTHUR HARDINGE.'

"I cannot tell you how happy we were when this permission came, for we had bought in Indianapolis, before starting for Persia, a large, fine flag. Now that we had permission to fly it, we hung it to one of the great trees in our garden. How beautiful it looked in the bright Persian sunshine! We also sent to Teheran for a lot of fireworks, and as all the roofs in Persia are flat and made of earth, and there is no danger from fire, we took them upon the housetop and made them ready to shoot off in the evening.

"At nine P.M. Sir Arthur, with nearly all the ladies and gentlemen of the Legation, and a number of other English friends, came to our garden, and we had a *real* Fourth of July celebration. The Persians make fine fireworks, and these were splendid. After the fireworks, we had some funny songs, and then all sang 'America' and 'God Save the King,' and ate ice-cream. I hope the Minister will not have his head put on a flagstaff when he returns to England, for I think he is a pretty fine gentleman. Don't you? F. B. W."

As these summer homes in the hills have doors that are rarely ever closed, there are many petty robberies. The writer, while living in the village of

Tajrish, lost some things once under somewhat peculiar and humorous circumstances. Hearing the noise at night, the household was awakened and all went on the search of the thief, but none could be found. After another hour the noise was again heard, but the search for the thief was in vain. The third time when the noise was heard no attention was paid to it, as there seemed to be some strange dogs in the yard. In the morning we found that the house had been entered and a considerable quantity of clothing taken. It seems that the thieves who did the robbing belonged to a band of roving professional robbers, who were sharing their plunder with certain ones able to give them protection. This fact having been shown, our Minister, the Hon. Arthur S. Hardy, collected the value of the stolen articles. The thieves carried with them a ladder, and, when they found us awake, they ran to the mud roof, pulling the ladder up after them. We naturally had looked everywhere but on top of the house for the culprits.

During the hottest weeks of summer there are perhaps fifty thousand people from Teheran in the hills. The road from town, upon which nearly all must travel for the first four miles, is a narrow highway between two rows of trees across the desert. There being no rain, and as the road is very infrequently sprinkled, the dust is frightful, as those of us whose work makes it necessary to make frequent trips into town can testify. It is said that during the

busy season not less than twenty thousand horses pass along this route. Often the dust is so bad that the driver can see but a few yards ahead of his team.

On the right of the road, some two miles from the city gate, is the Kajar Castle, occupying a splendid site overlooking the plain and city. It was the favourite country seat of one of the earlier Shahs who died there, and since that time it has been allowed to go somewhat into ruin. Besides, the fine gardens with their palaces at Neaveran and Sultanettabad have become much more attractive, being supplied with more water and being much cooler. Although the Shah has more than a half dozen charming retreats, in and about the capital, he deserts them all in August, and moves his court to the Lar Valley, or to the slopes of Mt. Demavend, where the nomadic life is followed until the frosts of autumn make it impossible comfortably to remain longer in tents. A considerable number of Europeans also resort to the Lar in midsummer for the splendid trout-fishing found there.

The fruit grown in the hills, consisting of apples, peaches, pears, apricots, and plums, is all of good quality and usually sufficient for the markets. At the village of Paskulleh are grown some excellent varieties of cherries. There are also many kinds of vegetables. Next to the fruits, the cucumber is most highly prized, and is eaten as an apple with a little salt. They seem quite harmless, so long as they are not made into salads

and eaten with vinegar. They are, too, grown very quickly in the strong sun and seem much lighter and more brittle than the same vegetable at home. The strawberries, owing to the bright light, soon lose their colour, although the flavour is retained. There are also blackberries, and a few raspberries and currants, grown. The grape region is to the southwest of Teheran. Here enormous quantities of all kinds of fruit are grown. Tropical fruits are seen only in the hot-houses in central Persia.

Throughout all the Shimran region there are fairly well-built highways, where carriages may be driven, but the most pleasing rides and walks of all are found in the shady lanes which lead through these orchards of fruit-trees. From any of the villages there may be found abundant opportunity for ascending the mountain. Some of these excursions cannot be beaten in Switzerland. Very few Europeans have been to the top of Mt. Demavend, although I have been told by those who have made the ascent, that, notwithstanding its height, the excursion is not especially difficult.

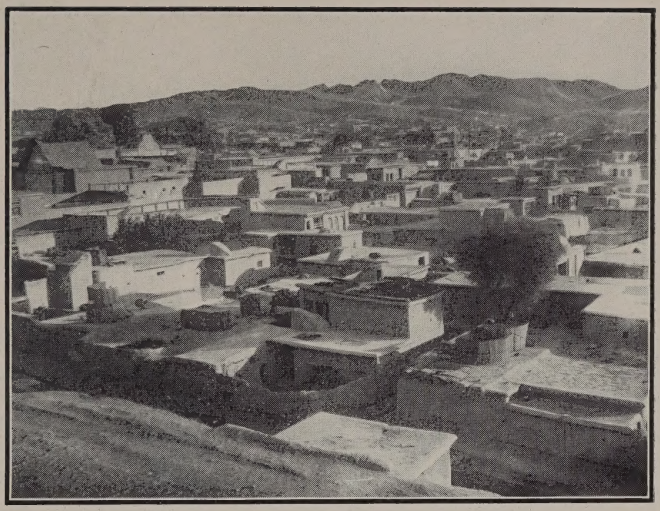
One of the landmarks in Shimran is the Persian mint, which is situated to the right of the road, about five miles from the city. Here is coined all the Persian silver currency, the bullion being brought from America, largely. Near the mint is the powder factory, and it should be said to the credit of those in charge of these explosive works that there have been few accidents.

To the east of the city are the gardens of Dochin Tapeh, a favourite resort in the days of Nâsr-ed-Din Shah, who converted a portion of the place into a zoölogical garden. The place was in part abandoned by his successor, who a mile farther up the road erected a palace after his own ideas. Near here is the race-course where have been held the autumn races, once an event of much importance in social circles in Teheran. For the last few years, however, the season in the hills has been closed by the field-sports at Gulhac.

We have spoken already of the west, north, and east suburbs of the city; now let us consider for a little while what is, in many ways, the most interesting of them all—the southern or Shah-Abdul-Azim region. The section is interesting, because it contains all that is left of ancient Rhei, the celebrated Moslem shrine of Shah-Abdul-Azim, and the only Tower of Silence remaining in central Persia, all about six miles from town. To reach these places one may take the tramway to near the city gate, and then the little railway which leads to the shrine. The street-cars all start from the Tope-Maidan, near the post office, and wind in and out through the crooked streets until the station is reached. The cars are divided, the open compartments being for men and the closed ones for women. The cars sometimes stop at a café long enough for the passengers to have some refreshments, usually a smoke, for both men and women are patrons of the long-stem water-pipe.

As one passes down the street, one wonders what is behind the high mud walls. Sometimes tall sycamore trees, filled with thousands of singing birds, overhang the wall, and we know that it is the home of a grandee. Again, a substantial brick house lifts its head high above the surrounding buildings, and we recognise it as the home of a Persian or European gentleman. Farther down the street, a door opens and a veiled figure steps out and enters the car. Whether she is old or young, pretty or otherwise, is not for us to know, for she is encased from head to foot in a black sheet or chuddar. It is not unusual, when the car stops, for a camel from a passing caravan to stick his long, stretchy neck in amongst the passengers, as if wondering what sort of a moving creature the car is anyway. The station is a well-built brick building, after the Russian style, and the station master is treated with almost as much awe and consideration by his countrymen as we in America show the conductor on the "New York Flyer." It is strange, but true, that, all the world over, the brass button is the emblem of authority.

On the railroad in Persia, there are three classes, first, second, and third, the difference in the price being seven cents. It is interesting to see what a social difference seven cents can make, for between the first and third classes there is a great gulf. It does not seem right to blame one for becoming an aristocrat when he can do it for seven cents. The



A TYPICAL PERSIAN TOWN OF THE HIGHLANDS.

A PERSIAN TRAIN.

Persia has but six miles of railroad.

first class is more comfortable, and, besides having a separate compartment, one has a cup of tea offered him. Just think of becoming one of the privileged class for seven cents! Perhaps, in this case, it is all it is worth, after all.

Four or five miles out from Teheran the little toy railroad winds in and out among what appear to be the foot-hills of the great Elburz range that flanks the Teheran plain on three sides. These hills are really artificial mounds, all that remain of the ancient city of Rhages, the capital of the Parthian dynasty, that is said to have once had a million population. No colonnades remain to mark the hopes of this mighty people that have long since passed out of historic memory, and also from that of the occasional traveller. Where once were fine avenues, lined with the splendid homes of the proud Parthians, now live the small farmers who grow vegetables for the Teheran market. Nothing remains of the city's greatness, and nothing to mark its site, save the eternal foot-hills, on one of which we found the remains of an old watch-tower, overlooking the road to ancient Ecbatana. It was not hard for one to picture the lonely sentinel who had once lived in the tower, and whose duty was to keep an alert eye on the road that wound around like a serpent across the treeless plain. It was important in those days to know whether the traveller was friend or foe. To-day, it is different, and all about are the gardens and orchards, and not far away is

the sacred Mohammedan shrine of Shah-Abdul-Azim, the Mecca for thousands of pilgrims.

In one of the near-by gardens lives a doctor, whose two sons are students in our hospital. This good-natured and prosperous successor of Avicenna did us the honour one day to invite us out to his country place for dinner, which was served at noon. Although there were several American and English ladies in the party, none of the women of the household appeared. He explained that "his wife" was ill, but said nothing about the other two. The dinner was served in picnic fashion on a long table and most of us stood while eating. The dessert was served first, and the menu was something like this:

Rose Water Tea Lemonade
Candy Ice Cream Walnuts
Sour Milk,
with cucumbers sliced in it Soup and Fish
Chicken with Rice Mutton Chops
Stewed Beets
Curry with Rice Stewed Lamb
Partridges Lettuce Spinach
Oranges, Apples Melons six months old
(melons are kept for many months)
Bread and Cheese Tea Tea Tea

After dinner we walked down to the Tower of Silence, the burial-place of the Parsees, or Fire-Worshippers. We climbed a near-by hill, where we could look down into this tomb, and saw some fresh bodies exposed to the vultures, of which there

seemed to be thousands among the rocks of the mountain. The tower is about forty feet high, in the centre of which is a great pit. Near the top, there are rafters that cross the tower and on these the dead are exposed and abandoned. The pall-bearers are hardly gone when the vultures begin their work. When the flesh is removed the disarticulated skeleton drops into the pit underneath.

On our way back we passed a field where a man was ploughing. He was assisted by three boys, and his plough was drawn by six large oxen. A lad of fifteen in America would do more in a half day than all this force could do in a whole day with their primitive methods. But wages are cheap, for the boys hardly receive more than five cents a day, and a man twice that sum. The soil is very fertile, and the farmers grow nearly everything that is grown in a climate like Arizona and New Mexico. It is fortunate that the soil yields such abundant crops, otherwise the question of supplying Teheran with food would be even more difficult than it is now. In a country where there are no railways there may be abundant crops in one province, while there is famine in another, owing to the expensiveness of transport. The lack of cheap transport also favours those having means who desire to buy up all the grain and corner it. This is often done, and large sums are made thereby.

No maize is grown in Persia, to speak of, but large quantities of wheat and barley are pro-

duced. Many people subsist upon bread, together with a few grains, grapes, native cheese, and tea. The bread is usually baked in long sheets, somewhat on the order of an extended pan-cake, and looks more like the shoemakers' sole leather than anything else. When fresh, it is very palatable and nutritious, being made from the whole wheat. In Teheran, there are some Greeks who furnish a very good quality of European white bread. Owing to the Mohammedan prejudice against pork, no swine are permitted to be killed. Indeed, there are none in the country. The cattle are of a poor quality, and are deemed by many not fit for food. Beef is always much cheaper than mutton, because the demand for it is very light. All sorts of stories are told about the age and condition of health of the cattle killed. One is that a European matron, hearing that a beef was to be killed in the neighbourhood, sent her servant over to the place to bring her some steak for luncheon. Noon came but no servant, tea-time passed and yet no word from the man. Late in the evening he returned with an empty basket, explaining his long delayed return by the remark "Cow got well already."

The mutton in Persia is very fine, being more like our beef than what we know here at home as mutton. The difference between the American sheep and the Persian is in the ability of the latter to make a storehouse for fat out of their tails. All

the sheep in Persia have enormous deposits of fat in their tails during the winter and spring months, the size of the tail indicating the condition of the animal, and determining to a large degree its value. As the dry season comes on, and pasture becomes scarce, this deposit of fat is drawn upon to sustain life, otherwise the flocks would perish during the heated season.

The fowls of Persia are not very good, because there is so little green for them to feed upon. In recent years, turkeys are being grown in large numbers, and are usually of excellent quality. The price of turkey-meat is not much more than that of mutton, and is getting more and more into general use. A very good quality of cheese is made by the peasants in the environs. The large fertile district of Verameen, south of the city, furnishes a large portion of the food for man and beast that is consumed in Teheran. Especially is this true of provender, and the price of barley depends largely upon the crop in that region.

Owing to the presence of the Court, and the large number of horses required for the army, the question of provender is often an important one. I think that those who have dwelt long in Persia have reached the opinion that the armies of the ancient empire have been largely over-estimated, as regards number, for the reason that the country could not have furnished these mighty hosts with food for the men and provender for their animals. It is not enough

to ask if the country at that time was not more prosperous, for there has been always a great scarcity of water in the highlands, due to the lack of rainfall.

West of the city is the beautiful garden called Bagh-e-Shah. It was first laid out as a race-course, but later abandoned as such. The beauty of the place consists in its abundance of water and fine trees. There is also a statue of the late Nâsr-ed-Din Shah in bronze, done by a Persian. The figure represents the king on horseback, and is pleasingly set on a little island in the park, reached by a foot-bridge.

VII

TABRIZ AND THE WESTERN PROVINCES

TABRIZ is the centre of social, commercial, and business life in the west of Persia, and, because it is the home of the Crown Prince, it is the second city in political influence. Its population is but slightly less than that of the capital, and it is a close rival to it in all branches of trade. The name in Persian means the place of fever, but this seems to be a misnomer, because its situation on the highlands is one of the most salubrious in Persia. It is the only place in the country away from the Capital where an American consul is located.

The town covers an immense area, and has large gardens, in which are the usual adobe or brick houses. It lacks the appearance of a city, as we understand the meaning of the term, but it has been for centuries past a place of more or less importance. Earthquakes on several occasions have almost destroyed the city, but each time it has been rebuilt, until now it is probably larger than it has ever been. From time to time earthquakes are felt, but no great damage has been done for fifty years past. One hears fabulous stories about the great

number of inhabitants that once lived in Persia; the different cities that had populations like Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places of that class, have to-day, but the writer must confess that he finds it hard to believe that Persia ever had a great population, and he is inclined to the view that the cities of Teheran and Tabriz are as large and important to-day as they have ever been, notwithstanding the stories about ancient Rhages and similar ones about Tabriz.

The language one hears in the streets of Tabriz is the Turkish that is spoken throughout the western provinces. It is quite different from that of Constantinople, and yet it is readily understood by residents of Turkey. Very little Persian is spoken, except at the court of the Prince, and in the upper circles of Persian society. It is considered by many an accomplishment, being a second language. Some of the leading business men are Armenians, and that tongue is not infrequently heard in the bazaar. Being near to the Nestorian settlements of Salmas and Urumia, a goodly number of Syrians find employment in Tabriz and use the Syriac tongue. Of the European languages, Russian and French lead, but in the banks, commercial houses, and telegraph offices, English is heard, the native clerks having been trained in the American schools for boys.

Probably the most interesting sight to the visitor at Tabriz is the bazaars. One cannot help being

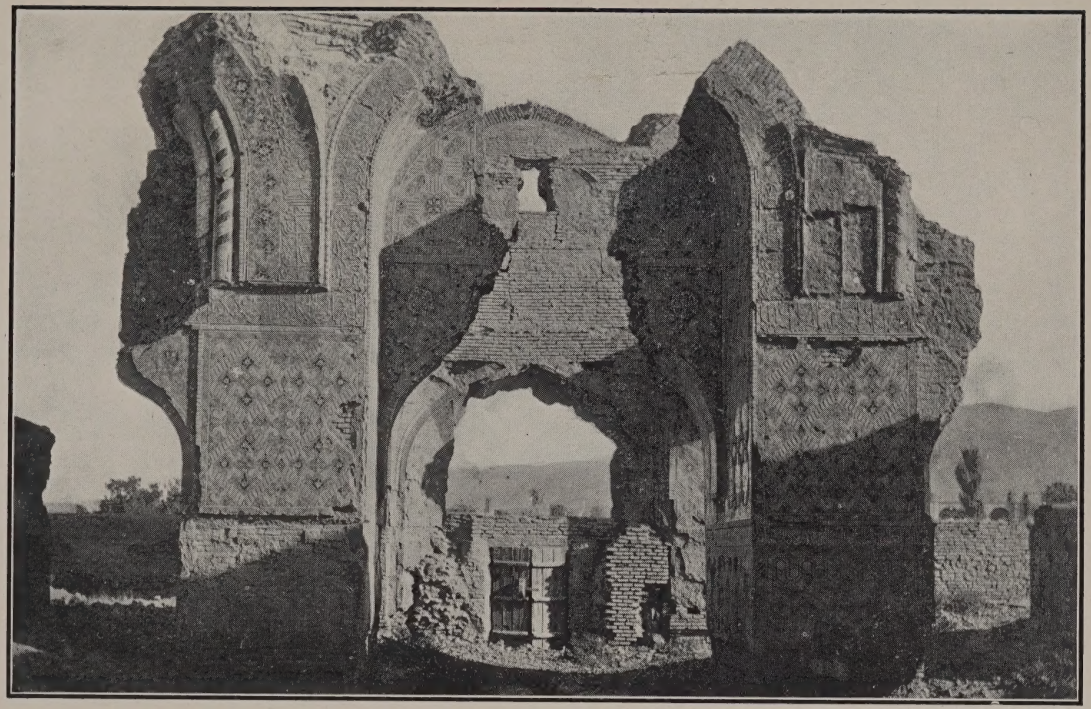
impressed by the construction of the arches, the substantial character of the shops, and the general air of prosperity. When the writer was there, the streets were crowded with throngs of people from the surrounding country, mountaineers from Caucasia, with their coats of skin, the peasant from the region of Mt. Ararat, merchants from Tiflis and other towns in ancient Georgia, a few Europeans with pith helmets, and the townspeople, whose dress, accent, and general bearing marked them out as a distinct class. At night these people were all careful about venturing in the streets, but, when they did, they carried immense lanterns of the Chinese variety. Here, as elsewhere in Persia, the size of the lantern carried indicates the rank of the owner. The climate is so fine that, notwithstanding the unsanitary conditions surrounding life in Tabriz, the death rate is not excessively high, and the Europeans find it unnecessary in summer to leave the city on account of the heat.

As a place of interest, Tabriz cannot be said to equal Teheran. It is not, however, without some fine mosques, and the buildings of the government for the use of the Heir Apparent in the Northern Gardens, which are south of the city, are worth a visit. Here, as elsewhere in Persia, Christians are not allowed to enter the mosques. Indeed, they are more carefully guarded than in many other places in Persia. One of these mosques, called the Blue Mosque, remains a ruin, telling a

story of the violent earthquakes that have at different times shaken the very foundations of the city. It yet remains an imposing pile, covered with glazed tiles, which protect the walls and prevent them from disintegrating rapidly. The structure is said to have been built four hundred years ago, but, like everything else in Persia as regards time, this is only an approximation.

The social life of the Europeans here centres around the various consulates (of which the English and Russian are the most important), the Mission, and the European business interests which control the banks and other commercial enterprises. There are always a number of Europeans, who are employed by the government as drill-masters, in the customs, posts, and other official departments of government.

The establishment of the consulate by the United States was a crying need for many years, and was only considered by the Washington authorities after one of its citizens had been murdered and the lives of all Americans in the province were in jeopardy. It is an important post, and American interests are made much more secure by it. Mr. Doty, the consul entrusted with its establishment, has inaugurated it with great tact and wisdom, and the Stars and Stripes bid a hearty welcome to all citizens of the Great Republic who may visit Tabriz. There are about thirty Americans, besides a number of children, permanently sojourn-



RUINS OF THE BLUE MOSQUE AT TABRIZ.

ing in the western provinces that fall under the jurisdiction of this consulate.

The whole province of Azerbijan, of which Tabriz is the centre, has been for several years past greatly disturbed. The caravan route to Urumia, and the towns west of the lake, have been for weeks at a time cut off by roving bands of brigands and robbers. The Rev. Benj. Labaree, one of the American missionaries, was ruthlessly murdered on one of these highways, while returning from escorting to the frontier a party of American ladies on their way back to the United States. The distance from any part of this province to Teheran is so great, often requiring a month to get a reply to letters, that our Legation found great difficulty in dealing with the questions arising out of this attack upon one of its citizens; and this led to the establishment of the consulate at Tabriz. Then there is a growing demand throughout Persia for certain American articles, especially our hardware, stoves, shoes, and carriages, and this fact may have served to call the attention of the Washington authorities to the need of a consul there.

Travellers for Tabriz, Khoi, Salmas, and Urumia, the leading places in Azerbijan, leave the main branch of the Transcaucasian Railway at Tiflis and reach the Russo-Persian frontier at a place called Julfa, on the Aras River, by a branch line. The river is crossed by a crude ferry.

The road down from Tiflis leads by Mt. Ararat,

which now marks the corner of the three great divisions of the nearer East—Persia, Russia, and Turkey. The mountain is a magnificent peak, standing boldly out from the surrounding ones; it is snow-covered most of the year, and it is not hard to understand how this place has been considered by many as the Ararat of the Scriptures. All sorts of legendary narratives bearing upon the flood are told by the native people. The mountain may be seen for many miles; the writer remembers a gorgeous view he once got just at sunset from the high ranges on the road near Van.

The journey from the frontier formerly required four days to Tabriz, three to Salmas, and five to Urumia. By the introduction of carriages on parts of the road, the building of some grades and the repair of bridges, the time has been reduced considerably. The journey from Tabriz to Urumia, that once took five days, is now made in half the time by boats on the lake. This great sheet of water might be of immense service to every interest in West Persia if navigation were permitted without taxation. The lake is ninety miles long and nearly thirty miles wide, surrounded much of the way by a fertile plain, dotted with villages. One strikes the lake in going to Urumia from the frontier at Salmas, and follows its west shore all the way to Urumia. Having no outlet, it is too salt for any life to be found in it. Indeed, no vegetation grows very near to its shores, except a little

sage-brush. One bathing in the lake finds it almost impossible, owing to the density of the water, to sink. It is so loaded with various salts and charged with sulphur that the natives frequently bathe in the water just before retiring for the night, claiming that no sandfly or mosquito will come near them.

As one approaches the town of Urumia, the road leads through one of the pleasantest parts of Persia. The villages are numerous; there are acres of all kinds of fruit-trees; fields that year after year yield abundant harvest of wheat and barley; while the hills looking out upon the blue waters of the lake are covered with flocks. The road winds in and out among the villages, which seem always to be watered by an abundance of pure streams from the melting snows.

Many of the villages, both in the region of Salmas and Urumia, are Nestorian. The American Mission has been established in Urumia since 1835, and has many primary schools in these villages, several high schools, a college, an excellent hospital, and a printing establishment. There is also an English mission, founded some twenty years ago, and a Roman Catholic mission conducted by French priests. Nearly all the Christian villages have a church, and there has been great improvement in the people along social lines.

Farther around the lake is the town of Suj Bulak, where there has been for some years a small colony

of Germans engaged in philanthropic and other missionary work. A few years ago, a German citizen, sojourning there for the study of the language, was murdered by robbers who broke into his house at night. To the east of the lake is the town of Maragha, an important centre of trade.

This whole region falls under Russian influence, by the terms of the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907. It is one of the best parts of Persia, and is capable of being greatly developed commercially. The markets of the various towns are filled with Russian goods, and the people look to Russia largely as the power having in great measure control over their interests. Indeed, the geographical location of the province of Azerbijan would seem to make Russian influence paramount. Turkey has been the only power that apparently has questioned Russia's right. In 1906-07, she advanced her troops well over the frontier and took possession of a large slice of Persian territory. The whole question is now in the hands of a commission, and it is not likely, for several years to come, that the commission will be able to agree. In the meantime, the people will welcome any power that will come in and restore order, render the highways safe, stay the hands of the Kurds from pillage, arson, and plunder, and save their beautiful country from utter destruction.

VIII

KUM, SULTANABAD, AND HAMADAN

EARLY one September, the heat having somewhat abated, I returned with my family to Teheran from the little village in the Shimran where we had spent the hottest part of the summer. Having business in Hamadan, our first duty upon reaching home was to prepare for the overland journey, of some two hundred miles or more. In America a journey of two hundred miles is a very simple affair—an afternoon's outing, a dream—but, in Persia, because of the lack of any modern means of transportation, it at once becomes a serious undertaking. The roads are hardly worthy of the name, and there are no hotels, and in many places no food, to be found on these overland routes through the country. The traveller must therefore provide himself with all necessary things before he starts. In short, a complete camping outfit must be provided, and, across many of the small deserts, water as well as food must be carried. Then a sufficient number of men must accompany the caravan, for it is no unusual happening for a few armed men to relieve the travellers of their loads, baggage, and other effects.

On this journey to Hamadan we chose the southern route *via* the towns of Kum and Sultanabad. From Teheran to Kum there is a well-made carriage road, over which pass, annually, many thousands of pilgrims. The latter place is one of the most sacred cities in the Shiah world. The great mosque, with its gilded dome, is a landmark for travellers approaching the town from every direction. The architecture, as seen from the outside, is very pleasing. All about, covering many acres, are the graves of those brought there for burial. Along the road we passed hundreds of these corpses, being carried on the backs of animals to Kum for burial, for the Moslem believes that those buried near this famous shrine will be among the first to enter Paradise at the Resurrection. It was a ghastly scene, the carrying of these dried bodies wrapped in a thick blanket, lashed on two poles thrown over the backs of two horses, and then at night to have a dozen of them piled just below one's window at the inn could hardly be called pleasant. One day we passed an old man, quite seventy years of age, carrying the body of his wife on the back of an old horse that he was leading. As he trudged through the dust, one could not help being touched by his faithfulness to the companion of his life, to the last carrying out of her wishes as to burial. When we met him, I stopped and engaged him in conversation, and with tears streaming down his face he told me that he had come from Demavend,

a town fifty miles beyond the capital, quite alone, with his faithful horse, bringing the body of his wife to Kum for burial. Although quite seventy years of age, he had walked the hundred and fifty miles to comply with the dying request. The great desolation on every hand—miles and miles without a house, village, or sign of habitation, everywhere a hush and stillness, broken only by the sound of a passing caravan,—certainly makes it a fit road for the last journey of the dead.

In all my journeyings in the Orient, I have rarely seen a more desolate and dreary region than between Teheran and Kum. At one of the great inns or shelters, after the sun had gone down, we went out on the roof to have our dinner and get a breath of fresh air. In this we were disappointed, for the heated hills near-by all night threw off their reflected heat, and at three in the morning we were glad to load our animals and push on to the next station, where we found cooler weather. It was at this last station that I went across the road to a little grocer's and asked him what he had to eat. He replied, "Everything; what would you like?" Again I replied by asking what he had to sell. "Oh," he answered, "Everything." I then asked him to be specific, and name anything that would allay the pangs of hunger in his honourable establishment. "Well, your excellency, I have a most excellent quality of both watermelon and pumpkin seeds, roasted less than a year and a half ago, and, in

fact, everything you want." I told him that no doubt his honourable pumpkin seeds were far superior to the filthy lucre, the root of all evil, an article that could not be mentioned in his honourable presence without an apology, but it was not conducive to the repose of the blessed constitution of the Frangee or Occidental to feast upon such delicacies. I then asked him if he had such ordinary food as bread, meat, or eggs. Again the reply came, "I have everything except these articles named by you." I then called for cheese, milk, or fruit. Again he shook his honourable head, with the remark that some men have queer tastes. I then tried to suggest to him that he ought to keep some of these queer articles of food such as bread, meat, etc. He replied with a puzzled expression on his face, "Sahib, every man knows his own business best; but this road is only intended for the dead, and they require little food!"

After we left Kum, however, the scene changed and we were in a cooler region. Instead of salt deserts and scorching sandhills, the road entered the mountains, where dashing streams came rushing down from the snow-fields at the summit, through groves of trees, irrigating fertile fields in the valley below. As surely as the first part of our journey was representative of death, the latter was indicative of life. We stopped over Sunday in a large village, high on the mountain-side, where the scene reminded one not a little of some portions of the

Alps. It was in this village that one of our party was awakened in the middle of the night by what he thought was a robber bending over the bed, ready to strike the fatal blow. Calling to his room-mate quickly to light a lamp, they found that the supposed robber and murderer was only a harmless donkey that had wandered into the room and insisted upon getting his face up against the sleeping traveller.

The next day we entered the province of Irak, where many of the Persian carpets and rugs are made. In every village where we stopped we found a number of looms. These were worked mostly by women and girls, receiving not more than ten cents a day each, and yet the beauty and design of many of these rugs showed that theirs was an art equal to that of the painter who receives his thousands for a single picture. Grapes are also grown throughout the region and are wonderfully cheap. At one place we saw them being fed to a favourite horse, in order quickly to fatten him. In many of the villages we saw them making syrup and grape sugar. Also, not a little wine is made. But the chief industry is the carpet manufactures, and on a thousand hills may be seen the flocks that supply the wool for this great industry.

At Sultanabad, the capital of the province, we had the pleasure of a visit to the home of Mr. Strauss, manager of the Ziegler Agency of Manchester, England, the largest exporters of carpets in Persia,

having agencies at a half-dozen different points in various parts of the country. Their compound is filled with trees, has an abundance of water, and their hospitable home is always open to the weary traveller. We had the pleasure of visiting their storerooms, and looking over a large number of excellent carpets and rugs. They handle nothing but first-quality goods, dyeing their own wool and giving it out to the villagers who do the weaving, during the long winter days, in their homes. This industry furnishes employment to many people, and is a splendid example of what similar institutions might do, in an industrial way, for other provinces. We were in perhaps a dozen villages, and in all of these we heard only words of praise for this company's fairness and generosity. Mr. Strauss, the local manager, and one of the stockholders in the company, is also British Vice-Consul, the "Union Jack" flying over his gateway.

Since I was there, another company, composed largely of Americans, has sent out agents to be located in the region. It is the greatest carpet district in all Persia. It is unfortunate that European and American tastes have to be met by all these concerns, for they have destroyed many of the more beautiful patterns that were formerly seen in abundance. This Occidental taste in the colour and figure of these rugs is paradoxical. For instance, the same person who professes to admire the old rugs, mild in colour, and having a small figure,

will frequently, at the same time, demand of the dealer a bright red solid carpet, in every particular contrary to the tastes professed. Many of the rugs sent to America and sold at high prices are trash. I once saw a large rug put upon the ground in order to have it used constantly by frequenters of an inn, and so as to give it the appearance of age. It is frequently the case that these old rugs are bought in homes where patients have died from tuberculosis, smallpox, or other contagious diseases. Indeed, not infrequently patients have died on these rugs, they having been used as beds. The old rugs are often the most beautiful and pleasing, but one ought to be very careful to have them thoroughly disinfected before taking them into the home. Following the great epidemics of cholera, many of these rugs were put on the market, the owners having died. Of course, the rugs furnished by the American and European firms operating in Persia are generally new, and have not been exposed to any of these things.

It is about eighty miles from Sultanabad to Hamadan. It can be made, by taking post horses and a carriage, in twenty-four hours. With a travelling caravan, or with one's own horses, it usually requires three days. Travellers for Kermanshah may go *via* Hamadan, but they usually leave the road at a place a little more than half-way between these two points. At one of the inns we were awakened by a wedding party, coming at midnight

to claim the bride. At another point we met a band of wandering musicians who had been for several days at a wedding in the home of a feudal lord. They had been well paid for their entertainment, but had gone but one stage on their return to Teheran when a band of robbers had suddenly come down upon them and taken everything from them. They appealed to us, in their helplessness, to assist them in recovering their money and goods, but no one knew where the brigands had gone.

Some nine farsakhs out from Hamadan we met a large landowner and were taken to his home for noon luncheon. His welcome was so cordial and his entertainment so agreeable, that upon his urging it was decided to spend the night at his place. It was just at the grape season, and the afternoon was spent in a lodge in a large vineyard eating grapes and partaking of delicious sherbets, brought to us by one of his many attendants. The upper-class Persians, of whom this man was a sample, are nearly always kind and hospitable to travellers and strangers. There is a Persian motto that says, "If you want to know a man, travel with him, or seek lodgings at his house." As well as being hospitable, the Persians are often very agreeable travelling companions. It is the sort of thing that appeals to their nomadic natures, and they are at their best out in the open air, mounted on a good horse, making a journey.

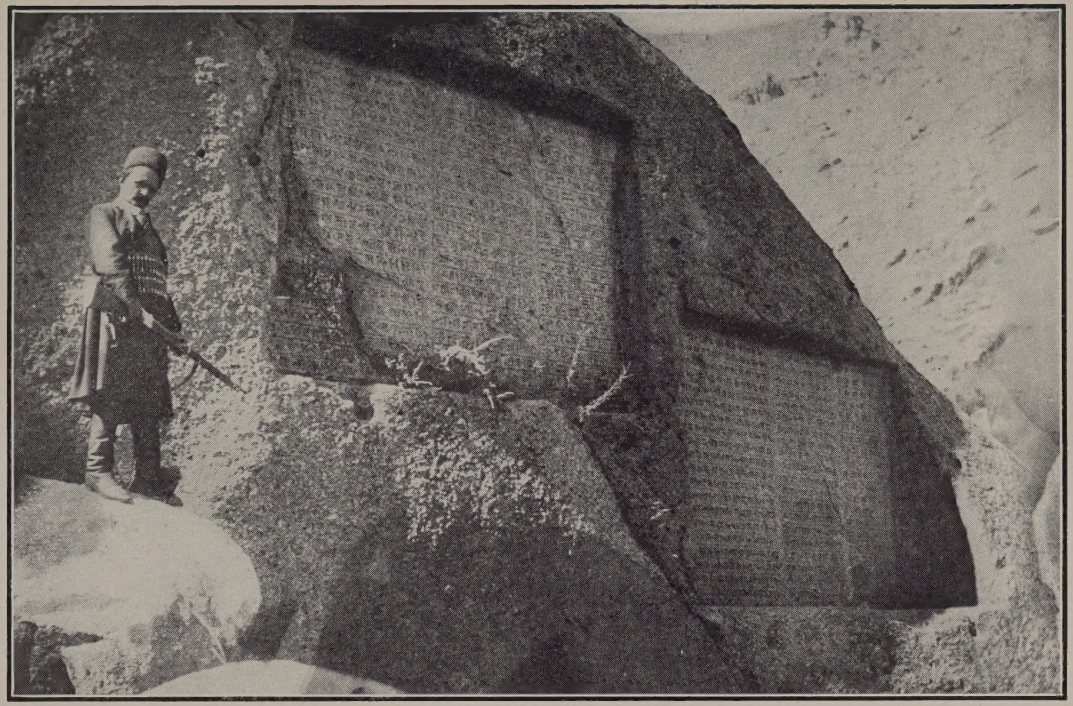
There is a general ascent all the way to Ham-

adan. The city lies on the north side of the mountain, and has during the summer months a most agreeable climate, but the winters are severely cold. The altitude being over six thousand feet, many foreigners find it difficult to reside there. There is no wall about the city, but different quarters of the town have large gates, which close the streets after nine o'clock in the evening. It is an important business town, being a distributing point for merchandise for all that part of Kurdistan lying to the west and south. It is also the chief emporium for the wild tribes of Luristan. One often sees in the market-place an odd mixture of these people from the hills, who have come in touch with the fringe of civilisation for the first time. Near the city is a large mound, upon which stood the palace wherein were enacted those scenes recorded in the Book of Esther. This mound may or may not have been the site of Shushan, the Palace; it would seem more likely to have been a summer palace rather than a winter one. At any rate, the tomb of Esther is there, in which the lights are ever kept burning by faithful Jews.

The population of the town is probably fifty thousand, largely Mohammedan, although there are influential colonies of Armenians and Jews. Like all Oriental historic places, this town is wrapped in much obscure tradition. It was unquestionably the Ecbatana, the Median capital, and the Acmetha spoken of in Ezra. Near the city, in a gorge on

the side of the mountain, is an inscription in cuneiform, placed there by Darius and Xerxes. The interesting feature of this inscription does not consist in the fact that it was written on the rock by these renowned kings, nor in the fact that it was written in the languages of the Persians, Medians, and Babylonians, for these inscriptions are found at a half-dozen other points in Persia. The unique feature of this inscription rests in the fact that it supplied certain letters of these alphabets which made the great discoveries at Nineveh of use to the world. The modern name of the place is Ganj-Nomeh, *ganj* meaning treasure and *nomeh* writing. In all these historic points more or less jewels and coins are continually found, and this has led to the belief that some great treasure lies hidden near this lonely point in the mountain, on the direct highway between Ecbatana and Babylon. From an archæological standpoint it has proven a great treasure-house, having furnished, as I have hinted, the key to the rich inscriptions at Nineveh and throughout Assyria.

Another show-place, or as the Persians say, *tamashah,* is the tomb of Avicenna, a celebrated Persian physician and philosopher, author of many books. History says that this now famous doctor was born in a mud village somewhere in Turkestan, that he was self-educated, that his learning and reputation became so great that it had a remarkable influence upon his profession, even among the



THE INSCRIPTIONS IN PERSIAN, MEDIAN AND BABYLONIAN AT THE GANJ-NOMEH, NEAR HAMADAN.

learned Greeks. But we might remark here that the art of surgery and the science of medicine have advanced until the students of the American medical mission in Hamadan are doing work that neither Avicenna nor his learned Greek confrères ever dreamed of.

The American Presbyterian Hospital is a memorial to a lady once deeply interested in the welfare of the people touched by the Mission. After her death her friends gave the money that erected the well-built brick building at the edge of the town, that supplies relief to thousands, who otherwise would have to go through life as sufferers. The Mission also carries forward at this point an excellent school for girls and another for boys. The work done by the different agencies is the great hope of this community. The Mission, besides raising up teachers and preachers, has educated and launched into professional life a number of excellent doctors and surgeons. One of these is a skilled oculist.

I must confess that it is hard for me to fancy Hamadan as once being the glorious capital of ancient Media. The people are given up to the manufacture of leather and certain coarse native cloth. The tanning of hides is always an insanitary industry, and especially so under the conditions in which one finds it done in Hamadan. About these tanneries there may be found pools of the foulest water, and the odours of the place are most ob-

noxious. Some of the people living near these tanneries claimed that the smells kept their clocks from keeping the correct time! While we know this to be an exaggeration, one would be almost willing to believe it.

The Russians have constructed a fine modern carriage road from here to Kasvin, on the Teheran-Caspian route. The toll charged cannot more than keep the route in repair; but such a road makes the import of goods very easy, and one finds the bazaars filled with goods having the mark of Moscow upon them. The business of the place is largely in the hands of Armenians, and it is through them that Russia has her hold upon the trade. The manager of the English bank, however, is an Armenian, and a most excellent and worthy citizen.

Our return was by a circuitous route, and upon reaching home we found that we had travelled six hundred miles or more. It is in some respects an ideal way to travel—up and on the road at the first peep of day, reaching the *manzil* or inn about noon, a good dinner, early to bed, and ready for the next day's stage of thirty miles.

The life of the country people is always full of interest. At one place the village women, upon seeing gold in the teeth of one of the ladies, expressed the judgment that she must be a favourite wife or had a very silly husband, for who would be stupid enough to put gold in the teeth when as an ornament it could be worn in a much more

striking place? Most of the women wear their jewels in the shape of gold coins around the neck, strung on a string, like beads. But, alas! very few can afford anything more than a few small silver coins, interspersed with a few blue glass beads.

In some ways it is a peculiarly hard life, and yet these village people are the most contented of any in Persia. Every one that can afford it has his little garden, with its flowers, fruit, and birds, and in the evening, after the day's work is over, friends gather in the garden around the hospitable samovar, and while the hot tea, flavoured with lemon and citron from the garden, is being served in abundance with all the fruits of the season, one of the party reads from the poets, Hafiz or Saadi. I once asked a man if, after his day's work, he was not too tired for this sort of thing. He replied, "Sahib, in our country, when we are tired, we rest." Such a doctrine, in these days when we hear the strenuous life preached to us on all sides, will be considered by some as rank heresy; but it strikes the writer as containing a good deal of hard sense and no unwise philosophy. A little more day-dreaming and poetry instilled into our American life might save a lot of doctor's bills. If it were tried on the American farm, it might keep the sons from being so thoroughly inoculated with the delusions of city life. It is at least worth trying.

IX

PERSIAN TOPOGRAPHY AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE PEOPLE

I THINK that it is pretty generally recognised that the topography of a country has a direct bearing upon the lives of the people in a social, philosophical, and even religious way. In the chapters on the Kurds, we have seen how the rugged character has been developed by the side of the rugged mountain. Climate is also an important element in forming the lives of the people, but climate is often dependent upon the physical features of a country. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world can one find greater changes of climate, in a short distance, than in parts of Persia.

I can illustrate this in no better way, perhaps, than by telling the story of a little journey that I once took, in company with the Reverend Dr. Esselstyn of the American Mission, across the Elburz Mountains, on to the Caspian, and returning by the way of Feruz Kûh. The journey occupied one month, and gave us ample time to study the lives and character of the people of the districts through which we passed.

It was getting pretty hot in May when we crossed

the Teheran plain and entered the foothills of the mountains at Surkh Hizar, where the Shah has a pavilion and large and spacious grounds. It is a custom of the Court to go once a year to this place, for a few days, to a sort of gathering like the barbecues known in America. Instead, however, of roasting large beasts, as is done in the United States at these gatherings, the attendants of the Court make a sort of soup, into which they put every kind of green that is thought to have any virtue as a food or medicine. To this mixture is added a sufficient quantity of some acid, to make it palatable. Sometimes this dish must be prepared for at least five thousand people. All about this place are the hunting preserves of the royal family.

The peasants of the Teheran highlands and the mountains are intelligent and clever, when we consider what their opportunities in life have been. Physically, they are a hardy race, making long marches on foot, subsisting on dry bread and a few raisins, with a little tea, when necessary. The higher one gets into the mountains the more rugged becomes the character of the people. On this journey we stopped for several days at the town of Demavend, a place of more than fifteen thousand people, in the beautiful valley that bears the same name. The weather here is cool, as we found out by remaining in our tents, which we pitched near the town. The people of the place we found cordial, and during the days we were there we were overrun with call-

ers, many of whom were in sad need of proper medical attention. We gave out medicine to many, did several surgical operations, and gave cards of admittance to our hospital in Teheran to not a few. The people are industrious all through the region, and the waving grain gave promise of an abundant harvest. There were, too, acres of orchards in bloom, largely a variety of plum, called *alloo-casy,* a cross between the apricot and plum. This fruit is dried and shipped to Russia in large quantities, so large that the money required for payment to these fruit-growers has been known to affect the rate of exchange.

Passing from this agricultural region, the road, I should say more properly the bridle-path, winds over high peaks until suddenly one is brought face to face with the great splendour of Mt. Demavend, which rises nearly four miles high, and seems to block every chance of farther travel in its direction. But the road creeps slowly, like a snake, in and out between great ravines and mighty rocks until one reaches the hot springs, *Ob-e-gairm,* some twenty-five miles from the town. These springs are visited by hundreds of invalids during the summer months. The water is strongly sulphur, and almost boiling hot. At this altitude water boils at a low temperature, and we found it very difficult to boil eggs or cook potatoes, without doing it under pressure. In our hospital work, even in Teheran, we had to use pressure in sterilising our surgical instru-

ments and surgical dressings. But the intense heat of this water, surcharged with sulphur, disinfects the bathing pools, otherwise they would become a great source of all kinds of foul diseases, for hundreds with skin diseases and unmentionable ailments flock here for the baths. Many find the altitude very trying; there is always more or less rain; the snow-fields are near, and while the nights are almost freezing, the noon-day sun is terrifically hot. These sudden changes produce serious liver disturbances, and in one case, that of an Englishman, a few years before, had caused his death. Here the marks of the climate may be seen upon the people, in their yellow and pinched faces. Those desiring to ascend Mt. Demavend usually find guides here, and start from this point. Not far below the sulphur or hot springs, in a deep ravine, are the mercurial springs of Ask. Those diseases requiring mercury, which unfortunately are found in such large numbers in all Persia, are greatly benefited by treatment at these springs.

After leaving these regions, the road strikes boldly toward the Caspian, taking one through magnificent scenes of splendid mountains, built up by a mighty upheaval of solid rock. As the road winds through one of the gorges, the traveller is brought face to face with a modern inscription or rather a figure of Nâsr-ed-Din Shah, carved in the rock. Farther down the road, the mountains are perceptibly lower and covered with shrubs, which increase

as one approaches the region of more rainfall, until, without hardly realising it, one finds himself in the great forest or jungle of the Caspian basin.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of the people, especially the peasant classes, in this great inundated region given over to rice-growing. The people are short of stature, the colour of clay, speaking a dialect of their own, living upon boiled rice and sour milk, many from one year's end to another never tasting bread or meat, with no definite ideas on religion or any other subject, except those pertaining to the securing of sufficient food for themselves. The climate, being warm, much of the year they require little clothing. Women as well as men work in the fields, transplanting the rice from the warm bed, where it is first sown, stalk by stalk, into the great fields of mud. The moral condition of the people is naturally about as bad as it can be.

The town of Amol, sixteen miles from the sea, had a railway when we were there, and, as it was not in operation, we made our headquarters in one of the rooms of the station. The man in charge kindly offered to send a man on foot on the hunt for an engine with which to take us a ride, but the track did not seem safe for any heavy engine to pass over it, to say nothing of the bridges. It seems that the engine had been sent down the track towards the sea, some days before, but as they had no telegraph or other means of communication, they

depended upon a messenger, who was said to be swift enough to overtake a train!

This railroad was begun by a rich Persian merchant in Teheran, and might have been continued on to the Capital, had not the muleteers combined and petitioned the king to stop it at Amol, on the ground that it would throw thousands out of employment. Unfortunately for the country, this view was sustained.

From Amol we made our way slowly for some eight or ten hours through roads that seemed to have no bottom, to Barfurush, the largest place in the province, having a population of about fifty thousand people. It has a large trade with Russia, and the Germans who control the drug trade in Persia have a chemist here. It ought to be a good place for the sale of drugs, if we may judge by the large number of people who applied to us for treatment.

One of the most interesting places in the town is an artificial island, on which is located a pavilion, surrounded by orange and lemon trees, the park being reached by a long brick bridge of many arches. The water surrounding the island was filled with the finest bunches of pond lilies I ever saw. This park and pavilion were built by Shah Abbass, and were used by him for a short time as a winter palace. It had gone down, and needed repairs badly; but we found it very pleasant headquarters during our stay in Barfurush. Before leaving Teheran, we had been favoured with letters from

the Prime Minister and the governor of the province, which greatly added to our comfort. Here, as elsewhere, upon arriving at a town, we went immediately to call upon the governor and presented our letters of introduction. These visits were always returned promptly, and we were invariably treated with much courtesy.

Nor did we confine our visits to officials, for we also paid our respects to the high Mohammedan ecclesiastics. I especially remember our call on the High Priest, *Sheikh-ul-Islam,* at Barfurush. We were taken there by the Prince-Governor, who wished me to see him, as he was then blind from cataract. The subject of our conversation turned upon the work of the Christian Church throughout the world to-day. He said he had read with much interest the history of the Apostolic Church, but he knew almost nothing of modern Christianity, except as he had observed it among the Armenians and the other nominal Christian bodies in Persia. He seemed greatly interested in all we had to say, for he was a man naturally of large ideas and purposes, although a devout Mohammedan. Finally, the governor touched upon the question of an operation on his eyes. His reply was filled with fatalism and was as follows: "I am an old man with but a year or two to live, and, while my heart yearns for the light of day, I think the Lord has sent this affliction upon me. If He will remove it, my heart will be filled with praise and thanksgiving,

but, if He chooses to leave me in darkness, I must bear it. It may be that the few years of darkness will make my Heavenly vision clearer and brighter." This is the only case of cataract, during my nearly twenty years in Persia, that refused an operation.

The mosquitoes made heavy nets necessary at night. We found it very pleasant with our beds out on the bridge, but it is not a safe place, on account of malaria. The people were gathering the pond-lilies to be sent to Russia to be made into perfume. When gathered and dried, they were stacked like hay and seemed to be sufficient to perfume the world.

It only takes about two hours to go from Barfurush to Meshed-e-Sair, one of the principal ports on the Persian coast. We hired a sailboat and went out a mile or two, in order to get a view of Mt. Demavend. Although this peak is forty miles away, one gets the best view out at sea, where its full height of twenty thousand feet may be seen. At this port are located some large fisheries, much of the Russian caviare being prepared here. We got some very nice cans of it to take back with us to Teheran. The large number of boxes containing Russian goods being unloaded here, clearly showed where the north of Persia was doing its trading.

From Meshed-e-Sair we went to Saree, the road for some miles being along the sandy shore of the sea. Sometimes we were compelled to ride a considerable distance out in the water, to get around

the mouth of some creek or mountain torrent. Towards noon the guide left the sea and we followed him through a track in the forest until almost dark, when we emerged into a clearing about the city. Here we made our *manzil,* in the Public Garden, in an upper room over the gate. The days passed quickly, being filled with visits and professional and social calls. There is a long drive leading up to the pavilion in this public garden, lined on either side by orange and lemon trees. The home of the governor-general of the province of Mazanderan is here. While it is not so important as Barfurush, from a commercial standpoint, the climate is much better.

The next stage to Feruz Kûh required the greater part of three days, owing to the frightful condition of the road. For some distance we followed an old Persian highway that had been paved, but the pavement had given away, and the loose stones on top of a metre of mud made it very difficult for the horses to pick their way along. We spent Sunday in camp at the Place of the Lion, *Shirgah,* in bed most of the day with umbrellas over us! The rain came down in torrents until our Indian tents refused longer to turn water. But our faithful cook, by some mysterious means, prepared us a splendid evening meal of chicken, pilau, and curry. The town of Feruz Kûh takes its name from a little mountain near-by, which has the shape of a *feruz,* the Persian for turquoise. The summer climate is

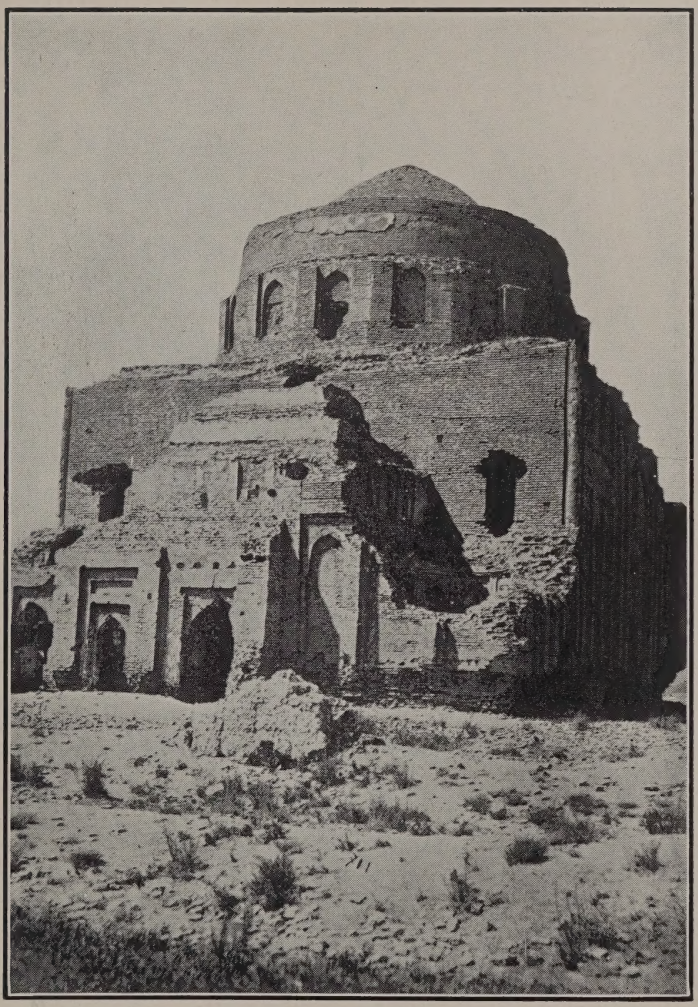
fine; there are broad meadows, an abundance of water, and it is a splendid place for a large camp, which, indeed, has frequently been made use of by the Court.

It is twenty-four farsakhs from here to Teheran, or, in other words, about ninety miles, the *farsakh* being a little less than four English miles. The first half of the road we travelled by daylight. Finding a little inn we thought a desirable place to spend the night, we secured grass and barley for our horses, and spread our blankets in a wayside tea-house, expecting to get a fairly good night's rest. But in this we were greatly disappointed, for in an hour or so the opium fumes were so offensive that we had to leave the place. Towards morning we mounted our horses and pushed on towards home. The waning moon was in our faces, and it so blinded us that we lost the road. We were suddenly awakened to this fact by our horses starting down a steep precipice near the Bomahain River. Once down the embankment it was quite impossible to get our horses back, and so we crossed over to a little island, there patiently to await daylight. Twice we heard caravans at the ford of the river just below us, but when we called to them to show us the road, they became afraid and hurried on, thinking that we were a band of robbers. When daylight came, we had no trouble to find the road, and we were safe at home for noon luncheon.

It is a great contrast to turn from these people in

the forest to the province of Fars, of which Shiraz is the capital. Here it is claimed that the purest Persian is spoken, although the language of the Court at Teheran is considered equally good. The writer has never visited this region, but it has been his pleasure to know many people who had lived there, and, without exception, they were full of its praises. It was the home of the sweetest poets who ever sang in the Persian tongue. The climate is mild, never too hot or too cold for an outdoor life, and this, with the natural beauty of the place, has had a distinct bearing upon the people. Shiraz is known to all Protestants as the place where the Rev. Henry Martyn lived in 1811, for ten months, and during that time completed the first translation of the New Testament into the Persian language. Although he was in Persia for only a year, dying at Tokat in Armenia, in 1812, his name will be forever inseparable from Persia. For nearly seventy-five years his translation of the Scriptures was circulated and read by thousands.

At Meshed, the most sacred city in Persia, the people are dependent upon travellers and have developed a commercial spirit. The country round about Meshed is barren, and, were it not a place for pilgrimages, it would be of no importance. The country and conditions have had a marked effect upon the people there, for amongst them no poet has risen to sing the praises of this sacred city of the Shiahs.



TOMB OF THE POET OMAR KHAYYAM.

Ispahan is never referred to by the Persians without a sense of pride. Situated near the centre of the country, with an almost ideal climate, surrounded by orchards and fertile fields and an abundance of water, it would have seemed to be the place, of all others, for the capital of the country. It has been, and doubtless will continue to be, one of the most important towns in Persia. Across the river is the large and flourishing Armenian community of Julfa. There are two of these towns by the same name in Persia, one on the Aras and the other at Ispahan. At the latter place most of the Europeans who have business in Ispahan reside. In the city is the large and new hospital of the Church Missionary Society, with a capacity for nearly two hundred patients. Both England and Russia have consulates there, and those who have lived in the place always speak enthusiastically of its location. Under the Anglo-Russian agreement it falls in Russia's sphere of influence. It has considerable trade with Yezd, Kerman, Bander Abbas, Bushire, and other towns in the south of Persia. Nearly all the roads from the Gulf to the Capital pass through Ispahan. A new caravan route, which utilises for some distance the only navigable river in Persia, the Karun, has been constructed from Ahwaz to Ispahan. This road greatly shortens the time for all importers who depend upon the southern route to get their goods into Teheran.

The new road crosses the Bakhtiari hills, which

lie to the south and west of Ispahan. By dealing wisely and prudently with the tribes, this route has been made quite safe. Formerly, it was not considered possible to cross these hills with any degree of safety. In Luristan, a few years ago, two English officers were attacked in their tent and both shot, though fortunately not fatally. Like the Kurds, these hill people, instead of being given up to the study of philosophies and mysticisms, are men of action. It makes all the difference in the world to men socially, mentally, physically, and often religiously, whether they are dwellers on the hot plains or have their abodes in the mountains, where the climate is colder and the blood flows freer.

X

CONCERNING THE LANGUAGES, RELIGIONS, AND PHILOSOPHIES OF PERSIA

IN the sense that English is the national tongue in America, Persia cannot be said to have a language. While most of the books are written in Persian, and that is the tongue at the Capital and throughout the eastern and southern half of the country, it has a close rival in the Tartar Turkish, spoken throughout the western provinces. In Kurdistan, one hears little else but the Kurdish, while in the Armenian and Nestorian districts those tongues are used almost exclusively. The Parsees use, amongst themselves, a dialect of the ancient Persian, while the Jews use what they call modern Hebrew. In Mazanderan, Ghilan, Luristan, and the Bakhtiari country different dialects of the Persian are spoken. In writing these languages, the Arabic character is used now by all, except the Armenians, Nestorians, and Jews. The Jews, in writing to one another, commonly use the Persian language, but with the Hebrew character. As most of the Persians who find their way to the United States are from the western provinces, very few of them know the Persian well enough to speak it.

The Persian language has been called the French of the East. It is rich in polite and poetic phrases, lends itself readily to diplomatic use, and is not unpleasant to the ear of a Westerner. Many of the idioms, so pleasing to the Persian, cannot be readily translated into English. For instance, a servant sent on an errand to the home of a neighbour, would not ask, "Is Mr. X. at home?" but would politely inquire "if Mr. X. has his dignity or honour." If he were told that such a condition existed, before stating his errand, he would say, "My master sends great peace to him, and commands your servant to present the following petition." In addressing a servant, one does not use the same terms that are used in addressing one's equal or superior. For instance, one can ask a servant if "his nose is fat," meaning is he well, and be considered quite polite. On the other hand, if he were calling on a high official it would be considered much better form to say, "If the Lord wills, the blessed constitution of your excellency is reposing in a serene condition." The reply would at once be given, "Since seeing you, such is the case."

Rich as the Persian is in diplomatic and poetic words and phrases, it is almost sterile in phrases and words common to all forms of Christian worship. It does not lend itself readily to Christian prayer. In this respect, it is very different from the Armenian, Nestorian, and Hebrew. The Armenian, and modern Syriac, the languages of the

Nestorians, are wonderfully rich in words expressing praise, thanksgiving, confession, adoration, and worship. In these languages is now found a fairly good literature of religious, scientific, and other works.

Mohammedanism was hardly inaugurated until there arose divisions that have continued until the present day. The first great division was not along theological lines, but over the question of the successor to Mohammed, and resulted in a grand division of the Mohammedan world into two great branches, known as Sunnee and Shiah. The Sunnees are the Mohammedans under the Sultan of Turkey, while a branch of the Shiahs make up very largely the population of modern Persia. Between these two branches of Mohammedanism there is little in common, and often marked hatred and rivalry. As the Sultan exercises authority over their sacred cities of Mecca, Medina, and Kerbela, the Persians are forced to use not a little diplomacy in making their pilgrimages to these places. Besides these cities, so sacred to all branches of Islam, there is little to bind the Turk and Persian together.

The vitality of Mohammedanism in Persia seems much less strong than in Turkey. On the surface, it might appear that the Persians are more fanatical than the Turks, but such is not the case. While the Turk will allow a Christian to visit his mosque, the fact that the Persian does not allow this only means that he has come in contact with fewer Christians

from the Western world. As time goes on, this right will not only be accorded Christians, but may be urged upon them.

Before touching upon some of the theological questions that have divided the Shiah world, let us consider for a little while certain duties and practices that are in a general way accepted by all. These rites centre about the months of Moharram, Safar, and Ramazan. As the Mohammedan calendar is based upon the lunar month, the time of these religious festivals changes.

Moharram, the month of mourning, is universally kept by all classes, in memory of the martyrs Hosein and Hassan. Every one, from the king down to the poorest, puts on black. Not the simple crape on the sleeve, but, regardless of the heat, all who can afford it put on a full suit of black. Even little children employed in the street to chant the names of Hassan and Hosein are enveloped in sombre colours. Little black flags over many doorways serve as an invitation to the passer-by, that "daily readings," a sort of cottage prayer-meeting, is being held for the public. At these meetings, the priest reads from the Koran, recites poems touching upon the life and character of their martyrs, and follows these with an exhortation that generally meets with a response on the part of the audience, of tears and amens.

The religious leaders are supplemented in their endeavours to keep the tragic death of these early

A PERSIAN THEATRE.

leaders fresh in the minds of the people by the theatre. The *Taziyeh,* or theatre, in Persia, is used exclusively for the presentation of the religious drama. The first ten days of the month of Moharram are given up to the serious presentation of scenes of the early days of Mohammedanism, touching upon the life of the two great martyrs. After the tenth day, the play takes on a lighter character, and often drifts into comedy. Nearly every village has one of these theatres, often used at other times as a market-place, where, for four weeks of the year, daily performances are given. One of the landmarks of Teheran is the Imperial Theatre, where, at great expense, these plays are produced. It is in this theatre that the late Shah was temporarily buried. The sacred character of the place is rendered secure by the enactment of such scenes as are portrayed by the story of Adam and Eve, Cain and Abel, Joseph and his Brethren, and Hagar and Ishmael, as well as those later ones told only in Mohammedan histories.

Although these plays are very ambitious, they are often most crude. However, the horses with their rich caparisons, the sound of the bugle, the great crowds of people, often covering the neighbouring housetops, give a striking and spectacular air to it all. But, more than this, it appeals mightily to the religious sentiments of the people and prepares them for the tenth, to them the most important day of the month. On this day, the anniversary of

the death of the martyrs, every place of business in all Persia is closed. The morning is given up to great processions moving through the streets, composed of men and boys dressed in white, carrying swords, with which they inflict deep gashes into their shaven heads. Others, with bare chests, strike themselves with pieces of chain or with their hands, calling in unison the names of the martyrs. Other bands, made up of boys and some men, are content to carry banners and cry the names of Hosein and Hassan. As a rule, Europeans find it pleasanter and safer to remain indoors on the day of this religious celebration. The writer has witnessed these scenes in various places throughout the country, but nowhere were they equal in fanaticism and severity to Tabriz. Everywhere these celebrations are becoming less popular, and as education and enlightenment come, we may expect their disappearance.

The month of Safar follows Moharram, and is a favourite month for pilgrimages to Kum, Meshed, and Kerbela. These journeys to the nearer shrines are often extended to Mecca and Medina. As the system of Islam is based in a large measure upon what the Persian calls *savob,* which may be translated to mean "merit," these sacrifices made by long pilgrimages to the tomb of the saints are supposed to be especially efficacious. Often the savings of years are spent on one of these journeys, the pilgrim returning home to spend his declining days in poverty.

One old woman was treated by doctors from the hospital, who sold all her household goods at the age of seventy, made a pilgrimage to one of the shrines, and, when found, she said she had returned penniless and ill. This frequently happens.

The Sayids, a class claiming to be the direct descendants of Mohammed, often act as substitutes for business men and others who cannot conveniently make such a journey. By paying the expenses of one of this special class, their merit is greater than it would have been had they made the journey themselves. Not infrequently one of these men will marry a sayid temporarily and send her on one of these pilgrimages, to be divorced upon her return. If this is done, the woman is almost always well along in years, often quite old. Sometimes the larger part of the male population of a village will go on one of the pilgrimages, leaving their fields untilled, and sometimes their families not provided for.

But this idea of merit, which permeates almost every sect in Persia, prompts many acts of charity. It is only a question of time when the spirit that now exhibits itself by making long pilgrimages and other useless expenditures of strength and money, will be turned towards the establishment of hospitals or other eleemosynary institutions, just as the Christian world has largely given up pilgrimages to Jerusalem.

From the month of Safar to the month of fast-

ing, Ramazan, is half a year. No heavier duty is imposed by Mohammedanism upon its followers than keeping this fast from sun up till sun down for a whole month. Upon the rich, who can turn night into day and day into night, it is not a severe ordeal. If the month falls in the winter time, when the days are short, it is not especially trying for the labouring man. But if it falls during the long hot summer days, it is very hard on those who must labour in the sun from early morning until late in the evening, without food or drink. Those who are given over to the use of tobacco claim that their hardest trial is to abstain from the use of that weed. Many of these labourers find a stimulant in the use of a dozen cups of tea during the day, and this, too, is a sore deprivation.

At other times during the Mohammedan year, there are numerous festivals and celebrations. I shall only mention one, called the Sacrificial Festival, *Kurban Beiram*. The best place to witness this is in the public square just in front of the Parliament House in Teheran. The sacrifice is said to have been of Hebrew origin, dating back to the offering of Ishmael by Abraham, the Mohammedans claiming that Ishmael, and not Isaac, was the one offered.

Great crowds assemble long before the hour when the camel, intended for the sacrifice, is brought forth. The trappings of the camel are always of the finest, and the poor beast walks into the square proudly, little suspecting what awaits him. It is an

unwritten law that the one who kills the beast shall have his request complied with, and that attracts many to the place, having some request or grievance to bring to the attention of the authorities. When the signal is given, these men fly at the throat of the camel, and he is soon finished. It is a bloody and savage scene, and yet it attracts not only a Persian crowd, but also many gentlemen and ladies from the European colony.

The ecclesiastical body governing the Mohammedans in Persia is a well-organized band of men whose discipline is not to be questioned by the faithful. From the chief mujtehid, whose abode is at Kerbala, down to the lowest order of the mollahs, the people are called upon for support. This income must often be supplemented by writing legal documents or teaching, and in the villages a glebe is furnished. There is also a tax upon legacies and the transfer of real estate, called the *khums,* that is devoted to religious purposes.

The wandering dervishes, or religious mendicants, whom one sees in the streets and about the cafés, all belong to a mysterious organisation having, it is said, its headquarters in Ispahan. Their dress, consisting often of skins, their dishevelled hair, their great clubs, and their unique receptacle for alms, make them striking figures. They may be often seen asleep on the doorstep when the weather is severely cold, oblivious to all the elements, having taken a heavy dose of opium or Indian

hemp. Some writers have thought that they were the religious leaders of the people, but such is not the case. They are the religious tramps and wanderers of the Orient, with little or no influence.

While there are a number of theological schools where the religious leaders may be trained along Mohammedan lines, throughout the country, most of the teaching is done at the mosques, and very naturally partakes very largely of the views of the instructors. One of these priests will write out his views and have his students copy them for future reference. If the views are strikingly different from what are considered orthodox, the result is a new sect. Some of these have grown until their adherents number a host of followers; but most of these new sects die in infancy.

The one belief in which all unite is that a great prophet is yet to come and unite the Mohammedans. Some claim that it will be the return of Mohammed, while others hold different views concerning this event that is confidently expected throughout the Mohammedan world. They agree, however, that his name will be El Mahdé.

Just as the Christian world has been looking for the second coming of Jesus Christ to have absolute power over the world, so the Persians have been looking for the Mahdé. From time to time various ones have proclaimed themselves the true prophet that the people were expecting. It remained, however, for one Mirza Ali Mohammed, a son of a

shopkeeper in Shiraz, from 1820 to 1851, to convince any large portion of the population that his claim to this high office could be established beyond a doubt. He gave himself the name of the Bab, pronounced *Bob*, and in the Arabic meaning "door" or "gate," and called himself a dervish. He clothed himself in sheep-skins at first, and went about the country with the modest claim that he was only the forerunner of the true prophet. His earnestness seems to have convinced some of the religious leaders of the genuineness of his claim, and this appears to have had a mighty influence upon the opinions of the common people concerning him. Before the government was aware of it, the new doctrine had taken hold upon a large number of people who were enthused with it. Then followed years of persecution, often most bitter, and as is frequently the case when any sect is persecuted, the scattering of those who believed was but the sending of missionaries into every corner of the country. The tension between the followers of the Bab and the authorities became so marked that an attempt was made by them upon the life of the Shah.

This was a year after the Bab had been put to death at Tabriz, in 1850. It is said that at the execution a rope was placed about his neck and was drawn tightly by soldiers behind the wall over which the rope had been thrown. As he was drawn against the wall, soldiers were ordered to fire, and, instead of killing him, the rope was cut and he fell

to the ground unharmed. Had he had the presence of mind to declare himself proof against attacks upon his life, he might have been saved, for the people are often superstitious, and none of them more so than the soldiers. However, his nerve after three years of imprisonment had left him, and he, greatly frightened, was unable to speak. The execution was then carried out.

Among the followers of this man was one Mirza Hosein Ali, whose home had been in Mazanderan, where some of the fiercest and cruelest persecutions had been inflicted. He left the country, but was later arrested in Constantinople and taken to a fortress in northern Syria. He pointed out that his predecessor, who had been executed in Tabriz, had during his early years only claimed to be the forerunner of the true prophet, and that he was the expected one. This profession seems to have been largely accepted by many who visited him and over whom he exercised a strange hypnotic influence. In his prison home he received the homage, and no small amount of money, from his followers, who ostensibly went on pilgrimages to Mecca, but in fact visited Akka.

This movement has extended itself all over Persia, and even into the New World, a propaganda being in Washington. In 1906, a band of American converts appeared in Teheran and later went on to Ispahan to study and direct the movement. It is hard to see how any American could accept certain

of its doctrines or many of its practices. These Americans soon took this view, and, after a few months, withdrew from the country. Like many of these Oriental philosophies, Babism had been painted quite rose coloured, and did not seem unsuited to Americans—when presented in a drawing-room around the teacups.

After having had many conversations with followers of the Bab in Persia, the writer must confess that he has found it rather difficult to understand any very definite principles or teachings for which they stand. It seems to be a strange mixture of Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Judaism, flavoured with the philosophies and vague ideas of the poetic mind of the Persian. It is an ethical teaching, and not a religion. The very fact that it receives members holding almost any sort of views has made it popular, and accounts in a large measure for its growth. Its converts from Islam and Judaism still practise polygamy, while its few converts from Christianity do not. And so it is, in almost everything connected with it, that men believe as they like and do as they please.

Many of its followers are from the better classes of society, and the movement has broken the hold Islam has had for centuries upon the people. Many of the leaders in the reform movement which ended in the establishment of the constitution, have been tinged with this faith. It is a conservative estimate to say that there are five hundred thousand Babees

in all Persia. Of course, it is quite impossible to know just how many there are, for, like all things Oriental, the number has been greatly exaggerated.

A very good story is told by one of the missionaries who had been taken for an English business man. The Babee missionary approached him, desiring to discuss "the faith," and after a good deal of talk he declared that the earth was filled with "the doctrine." "Why," he said, "Mr. S., the American missionary, is doing the doctrine." "Does he not preach as usual?" was asked. "Oh, yes," came the reply; "our religion does not interfere with a man's regular duties in life." "Are you sure Mr. S. holds to your faith?" was asked. "I am quite sure of it," came the reply. "Well, I am not," said the gentleman, "for I happen to be none other than Mr. S., and I certainly hold views very different from those accepted by you!"

The Babists, or *Babees,* as they are called in Persia, being a sect of purely Mohammedan origin, have found it difficult to get any sort of recognition at the hands of the government. Their meetings are held in secret, and their propaganda is carried forward so quietly that it is difficult to know who belongs to the movement. One of the leaders, however, has expressed the hope that the liberal reform movement in Persia will give them an opportunity to establish places for public worship. It is a question, however, whether or not such a move would strengthen them, since persecution, secret meetings,

and mysterious rites have attracted many of those dissatisfied with the old order of things.

The sect known as *Ali Allahees,* a considerable number of whom are found throughout the Turkish-speaking villages, deny any connection with modern Mohammedanism. They hold that Ali was divine in nature. Their forms and ceremonies partake largely of the ancient Parsees' ideas concerning the sacredness of fire as a symbol of worship. Many of the nomadic tribes throughout Persia hold to this faith, and, being a people whose life is spent in the open air, they are often found to be among the most noble in character in the country. They have been confused by some writers with certain gipsy tribes in Persia, but they are a totally different people.

The Persian literalists, known as the *Mutasharahees,* claim to adhere to the letter of the Koran. Both physically and mentally, they differ from other sects, having their origin in Mohammedanism. As a rule, they are given up to the study of works on theology and mythology, and present an interesting psychological study.

Another sect found scattered throughout the country are the *Sheikees,* who exclude every form of reason as having any direct bearing upon their faith. Everything accepted by them is by direct revelation. They even carry this into their explanations for all the usual physical phenomena. The writer was once asked by a doctor, while crossing

the bay at Enzeli, to explain the rainfall, which is always very heavy there. After the usual explanation concerning this question had been given, one of the gentlemen on the boat, who had listened attentively, resented very warmly the acceptance of such a theory. He said rain is only one of many of God's mercies, and, being a revelation of His graciousness to men, any attempt to explain it from a physical standpoint was wrong. The fact that some regions in Persia have an abundance of rain while others have almost none, did not seem to trouble him. When his attention was called to this fact, he simply said it could not be explained.

There are other interesting sects having their origin in the Shiah faith, but enough has been said to give the reader a general idea of the religious life of the Persian Mohammedan. It only remains to speak of his attitude toward his non-Moslem neighbour. The fact that they consider him a defiled creature, and food touched by him is not to be eaten by them, are mere incidents in the great struggle that had its origin in Abraham's household, when Sarah, in her wrath, cast out the bondwoman and her son. From this time forward, we find two distinct Abrahamic nationalities, the sons of Isaac, on the one hand, and those of Ishmael, on the other. From Abraham's household sprang the two great systems of monotheistic religion, Christianity and Mohammedanism. The head of the former is Jesus Christ, the son of Abraham and of Isaac, the

founder of the other was Mohammed, the son of Abraham and Ishmael. These two opposing personages and nationalities have continued to grow apart, until the last century, each believing that they shall conquer the world. Never in the history of the world has there been a family quarrel so far-reaching in its influence and effect upon the nations of the earth. Those who have made a close study of the great underlying principles of Mohammedanism are not inclined to think that its strong hold upon the people is due to its form of government and general attitude towards morals, but rather to the better principles in the system, nearly all of which they have borrowed from Christianity and Judaism. They claim Abraham as their father, and through him the special favour of God, and hope for a dwelling with him in the world to come. They profess, and unquestionably have, a firm belief in the only true God. They believe in the Judgment Day, when the rewards and punishments for deeds done in this life will be bestowed. They deny that the Christians have the Word of God, claiming that the true records of Christ are not now available. They further deny the divinity of Jesus Christ, although they are willing to consider Him one of their holy men.

The simple forms of religion, inaugurated by the founder of this faith, have been supplemented by tradition and special interpretations until it has worked out an elaborate system of ritual and cere-

mony. But the practices of the faith are: 1. Confession of faith in God, and that Mohammed is His apostle; 2. Prayer, usually five times a day; 3. Fasting during the month of Ramazan and at other stated times; 4. Pilgrimages to Mecca and other sacred shrines; 5. The acceptance of the Koran, together with meritorious works. They do not accept the atonement of Christ, and, consequently, often resort to the sacrifices of lambs, and sometimes of bullocks.

That there is a great evolution taking place, that is destined ultimately to bring the East to know the West, cannot, I think, be denied. The attitude of the Persians toward Europeans has been quite as polite as that of many Europeans towards them; but, notwithstanding unpleasant incidents that are bound to arise, for many years to come, the deep-rooted prejudice against the Christian is certainly becoming less. When we remember that it is four thousand years old, the progress made during the last fifty years is little less than marvellous. This statement is supported by the history of the nominal Christian colonies of Armenians and Nestorians under Persia's rule. When we remember that it is less than fifty years since a Nestorian was safe in riding a horse (they were expected to go on foot by their Moslem neighbours) and then recall the many well-to-do and substantial Nestorian citizens in and about Urumia to-day, we can understand better how palpable has been this progress.

The Armenian communities throughout Persia are generally allowed complete liberty of conscience, and are as secure as their Moslem neighbours as regards property rights. Of course, toleration is always humiliating to a proud people, always uncertain, and may become a stumbling block. It is not free from danger, because an imprudent act, such as a rash word spoken against the Moslem's religion, may result in great persecution to an entire colony. It should be said to the Persians' credit that they have never permitted such scenes as the Armenian massacres that took place in Turkey a few years ago.

In all the larger places, the Armenian merchants are an important element in all business affairs. They support schools for their children, sustain churches, and are frequently very substantial and prudent citizens. Unfortunately, they are often the wine-sellers of the community, and, in a Mohammedan land, a few of this class will bring opprobrium upon all. Not a few of them are under Russian protection, and much of their trade is with that country.

There are supposed to be twenty-five thousand Jews in all Persia, and upon them has been visited, as upon no others, the hatred of Hagar's descendants. Much of the persecution that has fallen upon them is of their own making. They are experts in all work connected with precious metals and stones, excellent business men, and in many other lines of

trade they could succeed. Unfortunately, they are the makers of much wine and arrak, the pedlers of much medicine, that does little good and much harm, the sellers of spurious ancient coins and rugs of little value, while many of the women are midwives who practise in many ways that are questionable.

The dead are not allowed burial near a Moslem graveyard, and in most places they have their own forlorn burial-place, in many of which they are not allowed to mark their graves. They are compelled to live in a separate quarter of the town, under the official care of some Mohammedan, responsible to the government for their taxes and incidentally for their conduct. This officer pays a sum into the public treasury and collects what he can from the people. We can be sure he collects plenty, although he is not always able to afford them protection.

A few years ago, there arose a persecution against the Jews throughout Persia, resulting in an order compelling them to wear a patch of red on their sleeves, so that others might not be defiled by touching them. Of course, such an order could not be carried out fully, but for some time the lowly ones found this humiliation easier to bear than the persecution that was showered upon them when they went without the patch.

They are not allowed to use water from the tanks of the Mohammedans, and in the Jewish quarter in Teheran there is a great cistern which is filled for

them every three or four months. It so happened that this cistern was filled just before the great outbreak of cholera, in 1904. As this water was clean, and they were not permitted to drink from other places, their quarter of the city, although the filthiest, was almost free from the scourge. Indeed, no cholera would have appeared in the quarter had not they gone out and bought some cheap carpets, which had been used as beds by cholera patients.

While they are despised, beaten without cause by any one who chooses to do so, downtrodden and oppressed, I have yet to see a stupid Jew in Persia. Among them are not a few of as honourable and upright men as one finds anywhere. They are especially clever in medicine, and one of them assisted me for eleven years in my surgical work at the hospital. This gentleman had the esteem and confidence of the entire community, regardless of religious affiliation, and deservedly so. The hope of the Jewish communities in Persia rests with such men. The social changes must begin in the homes of the people. A higher standard of life must be theirs, before they can command the respect of any class of citizens. At present, they are the most needy people in Persia, and at the same time are the least conscious of their needs.

The representatives of the most ancient religion in Persia, the religion to which one of the Wise Men who went to visit the Christ probably belonged; the

religion whose history can be traced back into the times when no records were kept except by the everlasting ash-hills upon which they kept their fires burning for ages, number but a few thousand to-day in Persia. I refer to the sect that is usually called "Fire Worshippers," but more properly Parsees or *Guebers*. They are not regarded by their Mohammedan neighbours with hatred. Of course, there have been outbreaks against them, especially in Yezd and other places, but these had their origin in the desire for loot and gain. Communities of Parsees are found at Teheran, Ispahan, Kashan, Yezd, Kerman, and at other points.

They dislike very much to be called "Fire Worshippers," although they still have such reverence for fire that few of them are cooks, and many will not smoke a pipe. In appearance, they are not unlike the Persians, but their speech always betrays them, as it seems next to impossible for them to speak the modern Persian without accent. A good many of them have become Mohammedans, but, unlike the Jews, very few seem to have gone with the Babee movement. A considerable number are engaged in trade, while the labourers make most excellent gardeners. Very few of the fine gardens in Teheran are without some Gueber.

It is very difficult for those who have studied their system most to form very definite ideas of their belief. In this, there is a marked contrast when compared with Mohammedanism. The founder of

the sect is supposed to have been Zardosht; but when and where he lived does not seem to be clear. Its mysterious rites and lack of definite principles have made it impossible to withstand the aggressive advances of Islam. As one travels through the country he will see those great mounds of ashes that were once their altars for worship. The great oil-wells at Baku, on the Caspian, are still held in reverence by many of the peasantry, and formerly were visited by many of the more religious of this sect.

This sect is known everywhere for its benevolence, and as being the most truthful of any of Persia's ancient peoples. Although the most exclusive, they are at the same time the most liberal, in many ways, of any people the writer has met in Asia. Not infrequently have they contributed to philanthropic movements without being asked, and are known as the friends of hospitals and schools.

In Teheran, they support a primary and intermediate school. In this school, it is understood that the belief in the existence of one supreme God, the immortality of the soul, and the merits of good works, are taught.

There is unquestionably amongst them a reverential regard for the natural elements, and this is probably why they prefer to expose the bodies of their dead on the towers of silence, to the usual custom of burial. The large and influential body of

Parsees in Bombay keeps a delegate in Teheran to look after the welfare of their people. Being an English subject, he is in a position often to render help, counsel, and, when required, protection to his people.

XI

LIFE AMONG THE UPPER AND BETTER CLASSES

THERE is nothing in Persia that counts for more than *shan,* and is at the same time quite so cheap. This word, which is intended to designate one's standing in the community, seems to embody dignity, honour, grace, culture, and wealth. Moral worth may or may not enter into the question of a man's *shan,* and the same may possibly be said of culture, although Persian etiquette is proverbial.

Nearly everybody in Persia has a prefix to his name. Very few have surnames, for there are no family names to hand down from one generation to another where polygamy exists. I think it is quite safe to say that ten per cent. of all the male population in Persia bear the name of Ali, and an equal number probably have the name of Hosein and of Hassan. They are very fond of combining these names, and one frequently hears, for example, Hosein Ali and other combinations.

This, however, is not sufficient to satisfy the *shan* of the individual, and so other higher and more noble titles are sought. The man or woman who makes a

pilgrimage to the shrine of the Mohammedan Saint, Imam Riza, at Meshed, is forever afterwards to be known as *Meshedi.* If his name happens to be Ali, woe unto the man who calls him anything after his pilgrimage but Meshedi Ali. The same is true of the greater shrine at Kerbela, for pilgrims who have made that journey are forever after entitled to the title of *Kerbeli,* which they place before their name. The highest religious title is that of the *Hadji,* which adheres to those who have been to the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina.

The title of Khan is one conferred by the government, and is one of the commonest in the country. It was formerly given only to those high in authority, but being hereditary for a generation or two, the country is full of men claiming this title. Often servants, sons or grandsons of some one who had the title, must be addressed as Khan. In this case, if Ali happens to be the Khan, the name would precede the title, and he would be known as Ali Khan. His *shan* would be a trifle higher than the other servants', although his duties might be menial. This is one of the few titles that may be conferred by the provincial governors. Some of the higher of these officials sometimes give the title of "Excellency," and the favoured one is forever after known as *Genobby Awlee,* So and So. Governors are also not infrequently called upon to certify to a doctor's ability as a practitioner, and they have been known to give the title of M.D.

to some favourite follower of the healing art. Such a certificate would probably say that the bearer is entitled to be forever afterwards classed, because of his wisdom, skill, and cleverness, with Avicenna, Plato, and Hippocrates. Young doctors going into a community immediately seek an endorsement by the governor.

The usual name for a medical man is *hakim,* although the French title of *docteur* is now preferred by many. By the true Persian, one of the better class of practitioners is known as the *hakim bashi,* while the European or American doctor is usually addressed as *hakim sahib.* Among the medical profession are many having titles, indicating usually their *shan,* and we may say, too, not infrequently their financial standing.

The two great titles in Persia centre about the word *Molk* and *Dovleh,* the former meaning "Kingdom," and the latter "Government." For instance, the title *Emin-ul-Molk* would mean, "The Faithful of the Kingdom," while *Emin-e-Dovleh* would mean, "The Faithful of the Government." As a rule, the title of *Dovleh* is considered higher than that of *Molk.*

The decorations and medals conferred are in a separate class, and can only be given by the Crown. The order of the Lion and the Sun is the one conferred upon foreigners, and consists of four degrees, first, second, third, and fourth. The first is rarely conferred upon any but high diplomatic offi-

cers, exceptions to this rule having been rare. The well-known American missionary, Dr. George W. Holmes, was one of these exceptions. The second degree is the one usually given to doctors or other scientific men, in recognition of special service, and to certain classes of governmental officers. The third class is given more frequently to the heads of departments in the Persian service; while the fourth and lowest is reserved as a convenient way of showing appreciation for any and all kinds of service rendered by foreigners.

The granting of these decorations is becoming more and more guarded, especially since the inauguration of the National Assembly.

With all these titles it naturally follows that there must be much ceremony and etiquette from the Court down to the humblest citizen. No matter what hour of the day the caller appears, he must be offered a cup of tea. This is the national drink, and is served usually in small glasses, with sugar, no milk or cream, often with a slice of lemon, and if not the fresh fruit a dash of juice from a bottle is offered the guest. In making formal calls, three cups of tea are served, and then a small cup of Turkish coffee, which means that the ceremonies are finished. Before leaving, the guest must ask, "May we now be excused?" The answer is often, "The house is yours, exercise your own will."

The difficulty in writing letters is in getting the title high enough. No one ever complains or feels

hurt at any extravagance in high-sounding names and titles. They may be meaningless, and yet they have their place in the Persian social world. So common are they in the commercial and political world that they are passed over without reading, while the Westerner looks upon them as childish flattery. It is not unusual for a letter to begin, "His Exalted Highness, the learned One and Pillar of all Knowledge whose mentality is greater than that of *Aflatoon* (Plato); the Incomparable whose virtues have filled the earth and whose *shan* is more brilliant than the stars that adorn the firmament, may God prolong his life and give him peace! After presenting my greetings in this brief and humble way to your exalted Excellency, I have a little petition to present, etc., etc." These letters generally close with such an expression as, "Having no further petition, your humble slave, Hosein the son of Ali." The letter then is sealed on the opposite page from the writing. If the letter is an official one, the seal bearing the title of the writer is used; if, however, it is a personal one, the seal bearing his name is chosen. The writing is a sort of shorthand, very difficult to read, save by those who know the language well, and is written from right to left.

The writing of Persian letters, besides taking much time, requires one thoroughly versed in etiquette, ceremonies, and with more than the usual education. This gives employment to a large num-

ber of scribes that are usually known as *mirza.* That is to say, if the word *mirza* is placed before the name it indicates one of these scribes or teachers. If it follows the name, it denotes the rank of a prince. For instance, Mirza Hassan Ali is a scribe, but Hassan Ali Mirza is a prince. These men usually sit on the floor, hold the paper in their left hand, and write with a reed pen. They make their own ink, use their hair as a penwiper, and carry a pair of funny-looking scissors with which they trim the paper. For such service they receive from six to sixteen dollars per month without perquisites. Many of them are from excellent families, and are intelligent and delightful conversationalists.

The Persian secretary found in legations, in large commercial houses, and acting as confidential clerks to the wealthy, are called *mundjis.* They often have a number of *mirzas* under them, who do most of the writing. Naturally, this class are better paid and their *shan* is higher.

Nearly every large household in Persia has a *naib,* who represents the master when the latter is away and acts in a general way as agent for the family. Below him is the steward or *nazeer,* who looks after the servants, often procuring food for the household from the market, and, in a general way, is a superintendent, taking his orders both from the master and the *naib.* It is not unusual for a Persian household to require a score of

servants. These usually get their noon luncheon and evening dinner at the home of their master. Many of them are married and live close by in the neighbourhood. They are paid from five to ten dollars a month, and, beside their food, are given two suits of clothing each year. It is hard to get them to do more than one thing. If the man cooks, he will refuse to wait on guests, and if a man is hired to drive the carriage, he often refuses to feed the horses, and hence this need for many hands. Americans and Europeans residing in Persia generally find men who are willing to do any and all sorts of work. A large number of servants about a house is an indication of great *shan,* and is desired by every Oriental of rank. All the better cooks in Persia are men, and, indeed, in the American and European homes in Teheran, only men are employed as household servants.

The kitchen of a large Persian establishment is worth a visit. It usually occupies a room all to itself, not connected with the house of the master. It may be across the street; indeed, it does not matter very much where it is, so long as it is in that quarter of the town, for when the food is prepared it is placed in large metal dishes to keep it warm. These are then placed on large wooden trays covered with a heavy cloth and given to the servants, who put the trays on their heads and carry them to the different courts and rooms of the establishment. Sometimes the cook has been com-

pelled to taste the food when putting it in the copper dishes to be sealed, when poison is suspected. But usually these servants are very trusty, and it is little short of marvellous what savoury dishes they can prepare out of so little variety. The cooking is done over charcoal fires, kindled in holes made in the floor, or upon a sort of shelf constructed from brick and mortar.

The early breakfast of the Persian is always light, consisting of hot tea, hot milk, a little dry bread, fruit, and cheese. Butter spread upon bread is rarely used by them, because of the fact that their food is often surcharged with fat. The real breakfast is served just at noon, and consists of a kind of roast meat, called *kabobs,* an abundance of baked rice, bread in long sheets, always a vegetable, and fruit or melon in their season. Fish, partridge, and, in the spring, lamb are frequently served. A favourite dish is called *fizzenjan,* consisting of mutton or fowl cooked until it falls to pieces, over which is poured a sauce made from English walnuts, pomegranate juice, and melted butter. The confectionery and desserts of the Persian are rather too heavy for the American, accustomed to his own delicious sweets. The word sherbet is probably of Persian origin, but is used to denote sweetened drinks from different fruit juices, and not ices, as we use the term. Some of these sherbets are delicious, if one can forget the ponds from which the ice comes. But it never does to delve

too deeply into kitchens. No doubt, the Westerner in Persia would find it hard to partake of the delicious roast lamb, stuffed with raisins and all sorts of nuts, if he knew that the little animal was less than a week old when killed.

The rice is cooked by first boiling it, then straining it and placing it in a copper vessel, where it is thoroughly baked. When it reaches the table, it is quite dry and light. It may be eaten with gravies, butter, or with stewed fruit. The Persians often colour it with saffron. There are certain dishes that contain much grease and garlic, which the writer has never had the courage to try. The evening meal only differs from the one at noon by the addition of soup, and is served just before bedtime, which often is at a late hour. The afternoon tea is taken as regularly as the luncheon and dinner. All Persian meals are served on the floor, the tablecloth being a long striped sheet spread in the middle of the room. The man who prepares the table is not always careful to keep from walking on the cloth; indeed, he often seems to try to strike the middle in passing from the door where the food is brought from the kitchen to him, when arranging the table. But it makes less difference, for the Persian always removes his shoes when in the house, even if he does keep his head covered. He thinks the Westerners very rude to walk in on the carpets from the muddy street with their heavy boots. The thing he cannot understand is why they

are so careful to remove their hats, as they say it is the cleanest article of clothing. The writer must confess that he has never been able to offer any explanation.

When the dinner is ready, the host arises, and with a polite bow and wave of the hand he says, *Bismallah,* which means, "In the name of God." Persia is an old country, possibly the oldest in the world, and is evidently older than knives and forks, for these articles are not required by them. Little is said at a Persian meal, for all are engaged in eating with their fingers. Not a little skill is required to handle the various articles of food without making a frightful mess.

The social feature of a Persian dinner is "after it is over with," as the Irishman might say. The food having been removed by the servants who are to eat it, the *kalyan* or water-pipe is prepared for those who enjoy it. For a party of twelve, not more than two pipes would be required. It would be first offered to the guest, while the host would have the second turn at it. On one occasion, a European had a number of callers and offered the man next to him a cigar. After smoking it for a few moments, he handed it to the man next to him, who did likewise, and so it went down the line to the servants at the door, who after a few whiffs tossed it into the garden. If at a party there are both Christians and Mohammedans, two pipes will be used, although this is not always the case. Very

few of the Europeans are brave enough to risk the dangers of contagion from these pipes, by trying them.

At these dinners, one rarely sees very much of Persia's old china, but sometimes some rare pieces are in evidence. Sipping one's tea or coffee with a spoon is considered ill-bred, and many of the smaller spoons have the bowl perforated so as to prevent this. The filigree work in silver is often very artistic, while the spoons made in Ispahan and Zenjan are much prized. The large sherbet spoons, beautifully carved from wood, the bowl holding from four to six ounces, the handle from a foot to a foot and a half in length, are beautiful specimens of work in wood. Many of the water-pipes are got up very artistically, and are not infrequently inlaid with precious stones.

In Teheran, when dinners are given by the high officials to a diplomatist or other European officials, of course everything is done along Western lines. The service is usually immaculate, the dinner of many courses, and served by servants thoroughly trained for such service. These dinners are invariably served at eight in the evening, the dinner hour throughout the European colony. Calling is always done from four till seven, and when the dinner is over the day's duties are finished. With the poor, however, the question of daily bread is a consuming one. Instead of *kabobs* and *pilau,* many are compelled to subsist on dry bread, cheese, and a

little tea. Sometimes they are able to prepare for themselves a little soup from the heads of sheep, for which they pay the butcher a few pennies. In the summer time, lettuce, cucumbers, and fruit may be added to their bill of fare. In the larger towns, men may find in the bazaar native restaurants, where for a few pennies a large bowl of soup with rice may be purchased. In Teheran, where thousands flock from the villages seeking employment as labourers, these cookhouses are important institutions.

Although chairs may be found in nearly every Persian home, they are rarely used, except for guests, the divan being preferred. These are often put upon the carpet, without any wooden frame under them. The poorer classes find our most comfortable chairs little short of torture, and I have seen a native woman at church slip down between the seats and sit on the floor, "to rest herself." Bedsteads are used only by the few who have been to Europe, or have come in contact with European civilisation. Stoves are being introduced, but the *kersi,* a charcoal-fire under a little short-legged table, covered by a large bed-comforter, is still used by the majority. By this arrangement the family-fire costs but a few pennies per day. As soon as the weather begins to get warm, the family remove their beds to the flat mud-roofs, where all sleep.

As many of the vessels used in the kitchen are

made of copper, they must, in order to prevent poisoning, be whitened with tin at regular times. In our own home, this was attended to every four weeks, the man bringing his little forge and tinplate to the house. Fruits containing a good deal of acid, cooked in these copper vessels with the tinplate off, is nearly always likely to produce very severe symptoms of poisoning, and sometimes death. They are never quite safe to use in cooking fruits.

The clothing worn by the men of the upper classes is not unlike the Western dress, except that the tail of the coat is a sort of pleated skirt, long enough to cover the feet of the wearer when sitting on the floor. The short coat of the European represents to them all that is vulgar and undignified. In the street, they frequently wear over their European garb a loose flowing robe, made from camel's hair. The hat of the Persian is usually made of lambskin, and is called a *kolah.* The turban is only worn by the ecclesiastics. The labouring class wear a tight-fitting cap, made from stiff felt, and it serves many purposes. I have seen men drink from it, carry food in it, and sometimes the mason has used it for mixing and carrying mortar, when making small repairs about the premises. The polite Persian never uncovers his head except when at prayer.

To the Oriental, the bath is not only a necessity but is a religious rite. In many homes a private bath

is maintained for the household. The public baths consist of a great tank in which all plunge, the water being changed rarely oftener than once a week. Sometimes this same water is made to serve for a month, being sterilised by heating. Were it not for the furnace under these tanks they would prove a death-trap to all who patronise them. As it is, they are bad enough in scattering many kinds of contagious diseases. They are always underground, and the rooms are kept at a tropical heat. There are cooling rooms, where tea and the water-pipe are offered their patrons. To take one of these baths properly requires, it is said, several hours. It is one of the places in Persia not patronised by the foreigner, and of which the writer has little personal knowledge. He does know, however, that many of his patients patronised them when suffering from contagious diseases. Besides offering its patrons the benefits of a hot bath, there is always some one to give massage and colour the fingers and toes yellow, or rather reddish-yellow, with henna. No personal adornment in Persia is so much coveted as red hair and beard. Especially is this true of old men, who seek the bath for the purpose of getting their hair and beards dyed. The baths are heated by the refuse from the stable, and unless it is stipulated in the contract, the hostler can claim this refuse, as one of his perquisites. The baths may be recognised by those great piles of fuel on their roofs.

Very few Persian homes have any provision for a laundry, the clothes often being washed in the open ditch by the roadside. The clothes are infrequently boiled, and soap, being an expensive article, is often used sparingly by the poorer classes. No machines or washboards are used, the clothes being made clean by rubbing them in the hands, or by beating them with a sort of paddle on a large rock. The subject of the pollution of these streams by allowing them to be used in this way, has been considered on several occasions by the Sanitary Council. At one time, after an outbreak of cholera, public laundries were constructed in various parts of Teheran, but the people declined to use them. The habits of the Medes and Persians are not easily changed.

The Persians are very fond of riding, and are nearly always good horsemen. They ride with a high, heavy saddle and a broad stirrup with a short strap, often standing well off the saddle when running their horses. Horses can yet be said to be cheap in Persia, although they are much dearer than they once were. Twenty years ago, a splendid riding pony could be bought in Kurdistan for twenty-five dollars, but to-day such an animal would bring one hundred dollars in Teheran. The best horses that find their way to the Capital come from Arabia and Kurdistan, although the Turkistan and Bakhtiari breeds are often quite as good for service.

The Turkoman horses are very intelligent and

are nearly always good trotters. They make excellent driving animals, as well as riding ones. As fond as the Persian is of the saddle, he hardly considers it dignified to drive, and, consequently, he always employs a driver. Some of these men are most cruel, and have little or no idea how to adjust the harness so as to make it easy for their teams. Horses, like men in Persia, are supposed to get the evil-eye, and, when thus afflicted, no treatment is too cruel for them. In nearly every large stable there is kept a wild boar, to become the *kurban* or sacrifice, in case the evil-eye strikes the stable. It is thought that the boar is particularly good in receiving the evil intended for the horses. One of the writer's patients, once wishing to show his gratitude, sent him one of these wild creatures from the forest, but he was less afraid of the evil-eye than the tusks of the vicious brute. In the better stables throughout the country great care is exercised in caring for the horses. They are kept scrupulously clean, they are regularly exercised and fed, covered with heavy felt blankets, and a man always sleeps in the stable with them. Often a wealthy Persian will keep half a dozen teams of driving horses and half that number of riding ones. They prefer the large, heavy horses for driving, that would only be used in America for drawing heavy loads. I do not know why this is, unless it is because the carriages are heavy and the roads often rough.

The women all ride astride, usually on a sort of pack-saddle, called a *pollon*. The *pollon* is suited better for the donkey than for the horse. The donkey, however, is not quite up to the *shan* of the upper classes, and is passing out of use as a riding animal, except for certain ones of the middle and lower classes. Good riding mules are worth more than horses, and are much sought after as riding animals by the priests and merchants. They are taught a short, easy pace by tying their legs together, so they can take only short steps. After they are thoroughly broken, these ropes are removed and the pace becomes a fixed gait.

For long journeys, where there are women and children in the party, they use a *tackravan* or *kajavahs*. The former is a litter carried by two pack-animals, one in front of the other, supporting the tackravan, while the latter consists of two large boxes, sometimes covered by a hood, a woman being in each box. With these primitive means of travel from twenty-five to thirty miles a day may be made. It seems strange to see these in Teheran side by side with the motor-car.

The work of the Persian as a copyist has already been spoken of, but his love for art should also be mentioned. In his love for pictures he differs widely from his Turkish neighbour. Many of the Turks will have no pictures on their walls, lest they be considered by the ignorant as idolators. No Persian home, on the other hand, is without some

sort of pictures. They may be expensive ones from Europe, or the cheapest sort of advertising cuts from newspapers and magazines. At some of the photographic establishments European patrons have insisted upon having the plate as well as the picture, in order to keep copies from being sold. It does not seem to make much difference to the general public whose picture it is, if it is thought artistic.

The work of the Persian artist is done in both oil and water-colour. Some of the large paintings of the Shahs that one sees in the palaces are excellent. But the pictures of Persian village life are always the most interesting to Westerners. In some of these may be seen very often remarkable skill, and in these everyday scenes they seem to be able to present a more exact perspective. It may be, that the soul of the artist enters more into such a picture.

Over the doors of the baths, inns, and city gates, may be seen all sorts of crude pictures, mostly of the chase or representing the prowess of some Persian character. Most of these are absurd and meaningless to the Westerner. Some of them are representations of giants, by the side of dwarfs, four-footed beasts with wings, boys with green faces, all with tremendously big bodies and small limbs. They certainly have the merit of being original. The attempt to copy many of the famous pictures in Europe has produced many cheap imita-

STREET COSTUME OF PERSIAN WOMEN.

INDOOR COSTUME OF PERSIAN WOMEN.

tions and cannot be said to have helped Persian art. When we consider how little opportunity the Persian artist has had, there being no public galleries or museums, his work speaks strongly for his native talent.

The writing of books is becoming more and more common, and while many scribes are kept busy copying rare and useful manuscripts, modern ideas have so taken hold of the people that in Teheran there are not less than four large steam printing establishments, prepared to turn out work in ten languages. With these busy, and a half-dozen daily papers being published in the Capital, it is hard to see why progress in education and learning shall not from this time forward be rapid.

XII

LIFE AMONG THE LOWER CLASSES

THE word *pairdeh,* in Persian, means curtain. In studying and trying to interpret the lives of any Oriental people we find, very frequently, the *pairdeh* drawn. We see the drama of life played as from a box in a theatre, and the changing scenes move so swiftly along, now tragedy and then comedy, that we forget the forces behind the curtains producing the different acts. This is very definitely the case in a country like Persia, where the extremes of wealth and poverty, joy and sadness, enlightenment and superstition, education and mysticism, dwell side by side as neighbours. But we do get behind the scenes sometimes, and even to those of us accustomed to the sombre colours of Oriental life, it frequently comes as a jolt and shock.

It was Thanksgiving eve. The day had been a long, hard one, with the endless duties incident to the management of an hospital. The last patient had been attended to for the night, and the bright lights of the wards had given place to the dim shades of the candle. The night nurse moved quietly in and out among the beds, to see, if per-

chance, his services might be needed. The scene, gloomy enough in itself, was perhaps made worse for us, by the fact that the morrow was to be, in the Homeland, a glad holiday, and by the contemplation of the many happy reunions of friends, in which we could have no part. Years may dull the keen appreciation of the sojourner in Persia along some lines, but never his love for his native land. I have observed this often among those Europeans born in Persia. They always refer to their father's native land as theirs, and count the years until they can go "home."

On this special Thanksgiving eve, I turned my face homeward, where I found the fire in the library grate burning brightly, and the easy-chair seemed especially inviting. The weekly post had come during the day, bringing home letters and papers. I scanned the paper, hoping to find word from some old acquaintance. The fire in the grate had burned low, when suddenly I was awakened from my dozing by the cry of the night watchman: "The first watch of the night is ended and all is well, all is well!" How his voice rang out on the cold night air! I roused myself and went to the window, and while I stood there, a beautiful carriage fresh from Moscow, drawn by massive Russian horses, passed out of a neighbouring garden. The occupants were of the official class, and had been spending the evening socially, at a near-by palace. It was the month of fasting. The light on the great mosque near-by

went down, the gates of the city were closed, and within the walls of this great Asiatic capital, more than a quarter of a million of human beings slept. But there were some that did not.

Looking out in the garden I saw a dim lantern, carried by a young man accompanied by an old woman who seemed to be the boy's mother. I could have guessed their errand, for no one would venture out at that time of night except for a doctor. Anticipating a night call, I quickly discarded my slippers for some heavy boots, donned a heavy coat, and was ready to go with them when they reached the door. The boy said little, but the poor mother poured out her tale of woe and sorrow. Her eldest son, a shoemaker in the bazaar, the support of the family, had been taken with a severe cold, which had developed into pneumonia. The native *hakim* had refused to attend the case longer, as he feared he would be blamed if the patient died. In their distress, they had consulted the astrologer, who, after making the *istakharreh,* advised them to try, as a last resort, one of the foreign doctors, hence their midnight call.

The size of the lantern, as well as the garb of the boy indicated, if not extreme poverty, a lowly station in life. Their home was in a crowded quarter beyond the great thoroughfare leading to the railway station and the gate of Shah-Abdul-Azim. Many of the lamps in the street had gone out, for only sufficient kerosene is put in them

A PERSIAN HAKIM'S (DOCTOR'S) ESTABLISHMENT.

to burn until midnight. Those that burned longer only served to make the night appear blacker. As we hurried along the street, the son and I in front, with the old woman following some yards behind keeping up a constant talking, we were brought face to face with a half-crazy fellow, who had often been at the hospital. As soon as he saw me, he said, "Salaam, Hakim Sahib, I was just going to your place; they are all dead; don't tell anybody that it is cholera, but that is what it is; we thought the disease was over in the town, but God knows best; they were all that I had, and I have no money with which to bury them. The house is just on the road, and if you think I am only begging, come in and see. We wish to bury them early in the morning, and we have no money to pay for preparing the body at the proper place." I promised to stop upon my return and this satisfied him.

The house of a sick man is always filled with friends and curious neighbours, who advise all sorts of unthinkable remedies and charms. Our patient, the pneumonic shoemaker, was no exception. His bed, a hard pallet on the floor, was surrounded by anxious friends who were depending upon an old woman for medical advice. The case was so serious that two chickens had already been killed and applied warm to the patient's feet, as a restorative, while he was being dosed every few minutes, with some vile decoction, the composition of which was only known to the old woman who sat at his feet.

Charms, quotations from the Koran, written prayers, and small bricks made from earth from some sacred shrine, were all in evidence and formed no small part of the treatment. A neighbour had been sent for a lamb that would be sacrificed early in the morning, if the case did not improve. The little furniture in the house and the poor old woman's few belongings were already mortgaged and the money was being used in saving the bread-winner of the family. The patient was suffering intense pain and had great difficulty in breathing. With some good blisters and proper remedies, I left him after an hour, and turned my face homeward, stopping as I had promised at the house of the crazy wanderer.

I have not the power to describe the wretchedness of this place they called home. It was not far from one of the bazaars, and, to get to it, we had to climb a sort of ladder. It was the home of the outcasts, and for those who can truly say, "No one careth for me!" Disease and death were stamped on the faces of the women. It was among such that the sister and mother of the half-crazy Ali Jan lived and died. They, like many of their neighbours, had seen better days, but reverses had started them on the road that leadeth to destruction. Cholera had left the city as an epidemic, but isolated cases were yet appearing. The night before they had feasted upon melons and fruit. This was followed by the usual symptoms of

cholera, and death. Others living in little mud rooms on the roof were ill with the disease. In one of them was an old woman, a sort of sorceress, who lived with her son, who kept a large baboon with which he gave exhibitions on the street and in the tea-houses. The horrid creature's eyes shone from the corner of the room where he was crouched, and he seemed to realise the terror of those about him. I did not go into the room of the dead farther than the door, for there was nothing a physician could do for them, and the rites of burial are always sacred. I could already smell the camphor which permeated the tattered shroud or coffin covering that had been used many times before. A long piece of white muslin had been resurrected from somewhere with which to wrap the bodies. This muslin would be all their burial would require, except a rented coffin, and the shroud which they had already procured. The poor, when dead in Persia, after the body is washed and wrapped in white muslin, are placed in a rough wooden box, a strong handle extending from each corner. The body, placed in this box, is carried from the house by friends. The first person of his religion that is met, is expected to relieve one of the pall-bearers, and thus the body is shifted from shoulder to shoulder until the grave is reached. Those who assist at funerals and act as pall-bearers are thought to be performing acts of great merit. There is a place set apart for washing the dead where a small fee is charged. The

total expense of a respectable burial among the lowly in Persia amounts to less than two dollars. The coffin, and shawl used to cover it, are always returned, and the body consigned to the elements with but a simple shroud of white muslin. The clothing of the dead is often sold to the second-hand shops in the bazaar.

After prescribing for some of the others who were ill, and contributing to the little fund required for the burial, I gladly withdrew. Just before the gray light of early morn threw its rays upon the snow-covered, hoary-headed Mount Demavend, I reached home from my visits.

As days passed by, our shoemaker, whom we knew as "The Penadooz," grew better, but the disease was stubborn, ending in an abscess that required his removal to the hospital for an operation. Here he remained until the warm days of spring had come and the violets were bursting forth in great bunches in the hospital garden, while large glass jars of blooming daffodils had been sent in by the policeman who hoped for his annual *Norooz* present. The mother came regularly to see him, rarely forgetting the bunch of *benafchees*. These bouquets of violets and a profusion of thanks settled their medical bill. I declined his kind offer of a pair of Persian shoes to be given upon a promise from me to wear them!

I think it must have been quite a year before our patient came again to see us. Instead of being the

pale, anæmic man that had left us, he seemed now the picture of health. His loyalty and devotion to the hospital had not ceased to abound, and, although his expressions of friendship were filled with Oriental extravagances, there shone through them all a gratitude that was unfeigned.

The purpose of his visit at this time was to invite us to his wedding. By economy and faithful work he had prospered until he could now boast the ownership of his own *ducan,* or shop in the bazaar. The mortgage held by the Jewish money-lender had been redeemed, and they now had their household goods all back. Their path, so dark the year before, now seemed to be full of hope and happiness.

In Persia, the marriage ceremony is divided into two parts: the *akhd* or betrothal, and the *arusee* or wedding ceremony. In the Mohammedan law both are legal marriages, the first settling the questions arising from property held by one or both of the parties, while the second is held when the bride is claimed by the groom. These ceremonies may be ten years apart, or ten weeks. Many marriages in Persia are based solely upon convenience, and with regard to property. It is not unusual for a girl of ten to be legally betrothed. In such a case she has become the legal wife of a man she probably has never seen, and in fact before she has the slightest conception of the meaning of the word. Sometimes a marriage-broker, or *vakil,* arranges one of these contracts, for which he receives some sort of com-

mission or reward. Not a few of these match-makers are old women. Their duty is very easy if the bride is a child and all arrangements can be made through the parents. But if, as sometimes happens, it is a young woman of more mature judgment, the task is not so easily and quickly performed. It sometimes happens that these matches are arranged between children who have grown up in the same household, in which case the broker can have no part. It was such a case as this that had been arranged between our friend the shoemaker and his prospective bride. She was the daughter of a neighbour, and he had known her as a child. This was quite different from many of the Persian marriages, where neither of the parties to the contract has ever seen the other. The shoemaker had been engaged for a year before his illness, the ceremony having been conducted by a mollah who had sat in a doorway, the bride with her mother and other women relatives and friends in one room, while the groom with his friends sat in the other. The mollah read off a long list of property, real and personal, belonging to the bride, which the groom accepted in trust. Of course, she had nothing, and these things were named to prevent her being sent off penniless in after-years by her husband. In case he wished to divorce her, she would have this claim against him. We might commend this system to certain American communities.

The house of Shireen, the bride, was next to that

of The Penadooz, and down in their quarter of the town there are no yards. In the court in which she lived, there were not less than a half-dozen other families. She dwelt with her mother in the *balah-khanah,* the upper rooms reached by some brick steps that were fast falling to pieces. In the centre of the court was a tank of water, perhaps thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. The water in this tank was considered especially good, as the aqueduct could be turned in and the water changed whenever desired. The pavement of the court was made of slabs of stone, except some few circular spaces that had been left for flowers. In one of these grew an almond tree, the heavy bloom with which it was covered indicating the approach of spring.

The wedding day was calm and free from all wind, and the warm spring sun made the court more pleasant than the damp rooms on the roof. Carpets had been borrowed and spread over the pavement in the court, the water in the tank had been changed, and its stone curbing had been decorated by a row of flower pots. These were supplemented by vases of cut flowers, while dried rose leaves had been scattered broadcast all over the courtyard. A huge samovar had been obtained from a tea-house in the bazaar, and all day long it kept up its hissing, like a steam engine, as dozens of cups of tea were drawn from it. It had a close rival, however, in popularity in the three kalyans or water-pipes, that were kept passing from one to another of the guests. Only

the women were allowed in this court, and from early in the morning they came and went. Tea, the water-pipe, sherbets, and sweets were served in abundance. The bride was bundled up in a new silk *chuddar* and a full trousseau, all being the gift of the groom. Around her neck were a few small gold coins, several silver ones, and a string of blue glass beads. Her eyebrows had been well blackened by a pencil for this purpose, and not a little paint had been applied to her cheeks. As the guests entered, an old woman who had thrust her services upon them acted as hostess, while the mothers of the bride and groom were both engaged in serving refreshments. The guest invariably said, "May your wedding be blessed!" The host replied, "In the name of God enter; your kindness in coming to assist is very great!" Then the guest would be sprinkled with a little rosewater, offered the kalyan, and later was served with pomegranate or orange sherbets.

Over the wall, in the shoemaker's own home, the men had assembled, and the scene was much the same, except that the crowd was more hilarious. Some friends of The Penadooz had sent for a singer, a wandering soloist, who sang much to the amusement of the crowd and to the groom's discomfort. He began in a soft plaintive tone in a minor key, then lifted his voice until it became disagreeably shrill and could be heard in the neighbouring yard where the women were assembled. As the singer's face reddened with his efforts and his

eyes seemed bursting from his head, the fifteenth verse of his song was reached, which was a "take off" on the groom. It said that his heart had warmed until it had become as crisp as roast meat, and that no one could wonder at this when the bride was sweeter than the dew on the rose leaf, and other extravagant compliments. The laughter and clapping of hands by the assembled crowd of men found an echo over the wall where the women were gathered.

In the afternoon a buffoon, the son of the sorceress that we had seen with his mother on the night of our first visit to the house of the shoemaker, was there with his baboon, hoping to pick up a few pennies from the crowd. He had with him also a bear which furnished the children much amusement.

The day passed rapidly and as night approached the whole place was lighted by dozens of blue lamps and candles. These lamps are rented from the bazaar. Dinner of rice, meat, fruit, and sweets was served. Towards midnight there was a general cessation of the noise and confusion about the place. A band of music was brought, the procession was formed, the soloist sang some special song, the flat mud roofs were crowded with women and children, while the crowd of men went with the groom to claim the bride. The ceremony in which the priest had a part was simple and had been arranged early in the day, so that it only remained for the groom to

claim his bride. Nearly all the men in the procession carried lanterns, while their leader led the way with a lighted arch, lifted high on a long pole. Had the distance been great, a horse would have been provided; as it was, carpets were spread from door to door for the bride to walk upon. As the groom crossed the threshold of Shireen's home a lamb was sacrificed. The bride was led to the door and given over to her husband amid a tremendous noise of alleged music and the cheers of their friends. As the crowd moved away from the door, the women, who had gone out to meet the bridegroom with their lamps, now turned back and the ceremony was over. The day made plain the parable recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of Saint Matthew's Gospel, of the wise and foolish virgins.

I did not see the shoemaker again until the following August. The day had been unbearably hot, and I was just leaving the hospital for my week-end rest in the hills one Saturday evening, when he appeared at the gate with his mother to ask me to go to see a friend of theirs who was ill. The case was one, I gathered from them, requiring immediate relief, or two lives would be sacrificed. The woman was a sort of relative of theirs, who had been deserted by her husband some months before, and she had accepted employment in the house of a dealer in horses who lived in the Sangalatch quarter of the town, in order to supply herself and little girl, some three years old, with bread.

I took my assistant, and although we hurried as rapidly as possible to the place, it was quite dark before we arrived. The high walls of the narrow streets were hot to the touch and threw off their reflected heat until one was almost stifled. We found the poor woman on a sort of broad, wooden bench in an open courtyard, where she had been for nearly forty-eight hours. An examination clearly revealed that one life had been sacrificed, the question now was, could the mother be saved? The ignorant midwife who was responsible for these conditions sat on her heels in the corner and said nothing. A little chloroform, an operation that required but a few minutes, carried the woman over a crisis that had threatened to overwhelm her. This is only one incident among many where modern scientific methods have commended themselves to the Oriental mind.

It has been well said that "half the world thinks with its eyes." I remember one evening, just before sunset, being in my office at the hospital when the door opened and a patriarchal-looking man entered. His dignified bearing, long flowing beard, large turban and loose robes, plainly stated that he belonged to one of the professions. Whether it was theology, law, or medicine, I could not, of course, know. After inviting him to sit down, and passing the usual complimentary Persian phrases, I asked him if I could in any way serve him. He replied, "I am a surgeon, and returning from the Court

of Dochen Tapeh, was overtaken by the storm, and having heard of the hospital I decided to stop and visit it." I then told him that nothing gave us more pleasure than calls from our professional friends and invited him to inspect the establishment. He seemed delighted with what he saw, and all went well until the surgery was reached. When he saw the various instruments and appliances he seemed somewhat irritated and expressed his opinions in no uncertain terms concerning them. He said they were quite unnecessary, that when he wished to perform a surgical operation he did not need sterilizers, gowns, and assistants, but simply rolled up his sleeves, called to the prophets for aid, and before the spectators had realized what had been done, the operation was finished. "Do the patients get well?" I asked. "That rests with God," was the fatalistic answer; "my work is done when the operation is finished!" When I showed him some rather large stones that had been removed, he asked if they contained diamonds. I had to confess that so far we had found nothing of that kind in them. "Why, then," he asked, "do you take the trouble to remove them?"

Notwithstanding the ignorance of this old man, he was evidently wishing to learn, and so he was invited to the clinics and our acquaintance grew into a sincere friendship. As much harm as this man was capable of doing as a surgeon, he was a great

improvement over the barber-surgeon and barber-dentist. Besides, he became anxious and eager to learn, and what he acquired from Western medicine greatly increased his usefulness as a practitioner and, better than all, resulted in his giving up surgery entirely. Most of the surgery done in Persia has been done by the barbers. Their methods are most cruel, foul, and objectionable. Of course, the more intelligent classes are not treated by them, but this chapter is dealing with the lowly, those who have not had opportunity to see the results of Western science. With the upper classes the barber's services in a medical way are confined to the taking of blood. This is done in two ways, by opening a vein in the arm and by the application of leeches. These leeches are kept in great jars in the shops of the barbers, and it is not an unusual sight to see a man having the operation of blood-letting performed by opening a vein, in the street, usually just in front of their door.

The number of legal wives allowed by Mohammedan law is four, but any number of *seegahs,* or concubines, may be taken. These latter are easily cast off, and the result is that many hardships are thus inflicted. Sometimes they are able to find employment in large households as maids, or, as they are called in Persia, *bodjees.* Not infrequently they are taken as plural wives of some other man, in order to get their services as maids for the more favoured ones. Often, after years of struggle, sick-

ness overtakes them and they are cast out by some wicked master into the street. To such as these, the hospital comes as a haven of rest and blessing. But often the hospital does not have them until disease has so firmly fixed its grasp upon them that nothing permanent can be done for them. These poor women may often be seen sitting by the roadside with no place to go, every door, seemingly, closed against them. They are the result of a terribly distorted social system.

A few years ago, a well-known European family in Teheran had taken one of these poor women into the family as nurse. She was a woman of good character, lately arrived from the Bakhtiari country, but had been deserted by her husband in Teheran. She had a little girl about eleven years old whom she kept with her. An attempt was made by some men to kidnap the child. In escaping from them she ran into an open well and was killed. Nothing could be done in the matter.

The frequency of divorce among the Mohammedans has caused the Nestorians and Armenians to practically forbid it. The men, however, pay less attention to the laws of these churches than do the women, and they very frequently leave their wives unprovided for in Persia and go to Russia to find work, re-marry there, and remain permanently. Their poor wives, often not out of their teens, must spend the remainder of their lives as widows. This system also works many hardships, and is ex-

tremely severe. One often sees these deserted women, frequently going out as nurses and maids, who might have had happy homes of their own if the laws of their church had been less severe on this point.

There is a class of men who go from the lower classes into the European homes as servants, and unfortunately many Westerners sojourning for a year or two get their ideas of the Persian people from them. They are shrewd, clever in money matters, and often very dishonest. Even if they are honest when they enter the employ of the European, they are soon taught by the other servants ways that are dark and tricks that lack much of being vain. While there is no definite organisation amongst these servants, there is an understanding that often amounts to the same thing. The servant who tries to be honest in one of these large establishments has a pretty rough road to travel. But it would be just as fair for Americans to be judged by the coloured servants in their employ, as for the Persian people to be judged by the servant class who drift from one Legation to another and from one European home to another, in Teheran.

The only fixed festival in all the year in Persia is the New Year. I say fixed, and yet it is only approximately so, as the New Year festival is always at the vernal equinox. The other Persian feasts, being of a religious character, are governed by the

Mohammedan calendar, which is based upon the system of lunar months. The Persian New Year seems to begin at the natural time. It is the spring-time, the winter is over, and it seems to be a fitting time to begin a new year. Sometimes there is a heavy snow just then, and it is considered a splendid omen, the people saying that the past is blotted out and they can begin the new year with a clean account. It is the most important event of the year in social, business, and political circles. It is at this time when notes fall due, the new governors are appointed, and all business affairs are supposed to be settled up. It is a sort of Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's day combined.

To the poor, this is the most important event of the year, and is about the only one that brings much joy or pleasure. The servants must all receive a new suit of clothes and a gift of money. Sometimes it is stipulated in the contract that this gift of cash shall equal one month's salary. The servants are very fond of blue, and on New Year's morn one may see dozens of these men in the streets with their bright navy blue coats. No home is too poor to celebrate the day by a few decorations and sweets. The bazaars are of course closed, and a general holiday is observed. In the better homes it continues for several days and is a time that any and all may call where they like. Sometimes there are fireworks and huge Chinese lanterns. This celebration is observed by the Kurds and other wild nomadic

people. It is the only event in all the year to remind the people of Zoroastrianism. Indeed, it is not quite certain that the Parsees can even claim this festival as a part of their history. Be that as it may, it is now universally observed, from the king on the throne, who receives the high officials of the government, the diplomatic body and representatives from the various commercial guilds, to the lonely widow who lives with her children in an upper room in the crowded part of the city. It is the one day in all the year in Persia when the hearts of the people seem glad, and sombre colours give way to bright and striking ones, and even the lowly rejoice.

XIII

MEDICAL MISSIONS IN PERSIA

I FIND no record of any American residing in Persia prior to 1835. In the autumn of that year, Dr. Grant, an American physician, with a clerical colleague, settled in Urumia, the former to practise among all classes, and the latter to inaugurate a system of schools for the non-Moslem population, especially the Nestorians. From that day to this, the American doctor and teacher have lived and laboured among the people not only in Urumia, but in most of the larger towns in north Persia. There are at present American medical missions at Teheran, Hamadan, Kasvin, Kermanshah, and Resht, in east Persia, and at Tabriz and Urumia, in the western province of Azerbijan. There are twelve doctors, half of whom are women, and one trained nurse. This force, with their native assistants, conducts five hospitals, ten dispensaries, and annually treats not less than fifty thousand patients. The English missionaries have medical missions at Ispahan, Yezd, and Kerman.

One cannot remain long in the Orient without becoming profoundly impressed with the possibilities of Occidental medicine as a potent factor in

raising the moral, social, and business life of the people. Even to those who put only a commercial value upon the East, the subject becomes of vital interest, for medical work everywhere touches the home and family life as nothing else does, and it is pretty well recognised that that which touches the home and family life of the community finds an echo in the life-chords of a nation. Besides, human suffering, unrelieved, needs medical men who make their profession a mission as well as a career. Some most excellent physicians may think that they are not in sympathy with modern missions, but their lives are not in accord with this view, for the toiling, conscientious doctors who go from home to home, carrying sympathy and cheer to the family circle when the lamp of hope burns low—the "Dr. MacLures" of the community—are in the truest sense medical missionaries, whether duty calls them to the mansion in the avenue or to the dark places among the non-Christian people in Asia, where cholera, plague, pestilence, and famine are frequent visitors.

A careful study of the lives of David Livingstone; Kerr, who founded the first insane hospital in China; Allen, who opened up Korea as a mission-field and afterwards became United States Minister in Seoul; Holmes, the trusted friend and physician to the Shah of Persia; Post, professor of surgery at Beirut, Syria, and many others, who have rendered distinguished service, will show something of

the great work that has already been done by missionary doctors practising in the East. But it is not my purpose to tabulate the work already done; rather let me tell the reader something of the practical workings and possibilities of a medical mission. For this purpose permit me to take the American Presbyterian Hospital in Teheran as an example, for some medical missions have had a much greater success and some far less. After all, the work, whether in China, India, Egypt, or America, has many features in common. People are very much the same the world over when they are ill. It does make a difference, however, in the character of the work, whether one is practising in a large place where there is a European colony, or far out in the provinces, where the people know nothing of our system of medicine, and are prejudiced against the foreigner.

Even in the larger places, the need is tremendous; witness Teheran, a city of three hundred thousand population, the capital of the country, with street cars, electric lights, large stores, banks, telephones, automobiles, and a general veneer of Western civilisation, and yet with only about fifteen physicians holding American and European diplomas. My American home city is about the same size, and has, besides its board of health and excellent water-supply, nearly six hundred registered doctors! In Teheran there is not a metre of sewer-pipe and the open ditch often supplies the lower-

TEA TIME IN A MISSION HOSPITAL.

class with drinking water. Three years ago, when cholera was carrying off from three to four thousand people a day in Teheran, we went out and removed dozens of dead and dying from these streams. The thirst of a cholera patient is terrible, and these cool open streams acted as a magnet for the suffering. Even when cholera is not with us, typhoid is necessarily always present. I mention this to show the great work yet to be done in the primary principles of sanitation.

In the cholera epidemics of both 1892 and 1904, the relief work centred largely around the American Medical Mission there, the funds being supplied by the government and by private subscriptions. We shall not attempt to picture the terror of those days, when strong men were falling on every hand; the merchant closing his shop in the evening never to return; business suspended; thousands fleeing from the city by caravan and on foot; leaving the sick by the wayside and the dead unburied. The Mission's organisation for the help of this terribly visited city, assisted financially by the Government, Banks, Commercial Houses, Telegraph Companies, and private citizens, rendered a service of incalculable value to the community. In the epidemic of 1904, our large hospital on the east side of the city was sacrificed, being converted from a general hospital into one for cholera cases; a house was taken as a refuge hospital on the west side of the city, and

also a place was opened in Shiran. These three centres of work, together with a dispensary in the Jewish quarter of the town, were kept in operation day and night for nearly a month, when the epidemic ceased.

In carrying forward this relief work, our efforts were directed in three directions, *viz.,* to the prevention and further spread of the disease, to the care of hospital cases, and to visitation in the homes. A pamphlet, published in English and Persian, entitled "Asiatic Cholera: a Few Necessary Precautions and Some Hints Concerning Treatment in Emergency" was circulated freely throughout the Teheran bazaars and also in the larger cities of the country. Very good reports as to the usefulness of these printed directions came to us from many sources.

The patrolling of the town for the removal of afflicted persons dying in the street was the most delicate thing undertaken by us, and brought down upon us more or less criticism from the fanatical portion of the community. These had been taught that epidemics were dispensations from Allah, and, do what we might, we could not prevent or shorten them. But our hands were upheld strongly by the Governor and others in authority, and, when our work was over and the people understood that our motives were only humanitarian in character, the criticism we heard during the early days of the epidemic gave way to the warmest praise.

The first day that our hospital was open for cholera cases sixty-one patients were admitted, representing every stage of the disease. Two died while being lifted from the carriage into the hospital. One was the case of a poor Armenian woman, whose two daughters were that day suddenly seized with the disease. Sending at once for a carriage, she started to the hospital with them, but as there was some delay in getting the carriage, and as her home was three or four miles away, she met with considerable delay in her plans. When she arrived at the hospital, one of the daughters was moribund and died in the carriage. At this she became panic-stricken and told the driver to take them back to their home. They had gone only a few yards when the other daughter's death was announced, probably from fright, by the scream of the terror-stricken mother.

Our own cook, seeing what had happened, ran home and locked himself in his house. The disease was even worse in Shimran, whither thousands resorted, hoping that the cooler regions would not become infected. The writer, with one of his colleagues, standing on the street corner at midday, counted fifteen funerals passing in less than half an hour. Shops and bazaars were closed, and the stillness of death hung over a terribly-stricken city. But the story is not all a dark picture of panic and despair, for there were many noble, tender, and heroic acts done by the Persians for their fellow-

kind. The Governor of the city laboured night and day, and finally died from the disease. Near-by the hospital was a young mother who took cholera, and her husband cared for her with great tenderness and thoughtfulness, under the direction of one of the hospital physicians; but, in spite of all that was done for her, she grew rapidly worse. Finally, she declined to take medicine, and her husband, in his extreme anxiety for her recovery, remarking that the medicine was pleasant, put the spoon to his own lips which she had been using. In a few hours, he developed the disease, and in order to hide from his wife his own illness he excused himself by saying that he must go to inquire concerning the welfare of his father's household. He died a few hours after his wife's death, without knowing that she had gone on before. They were buried, with their new-born babe, a few hours later. Other instances equally pathetic might be given where whole families died within a day or two of each other.

In addition to the work in the hospitals and dispensaries, the missionaries visited cholera patients at their homes, going, when called, with medicine and directions for treatment. As the funds were supplied by popular subscription, no charge was made for treatment by any one. The weather was excessively hot, and the long hours made a severe test of the strength of the helpers, but none of the forty or more persons who assisted in this relief work took the disease. We saw the accountant

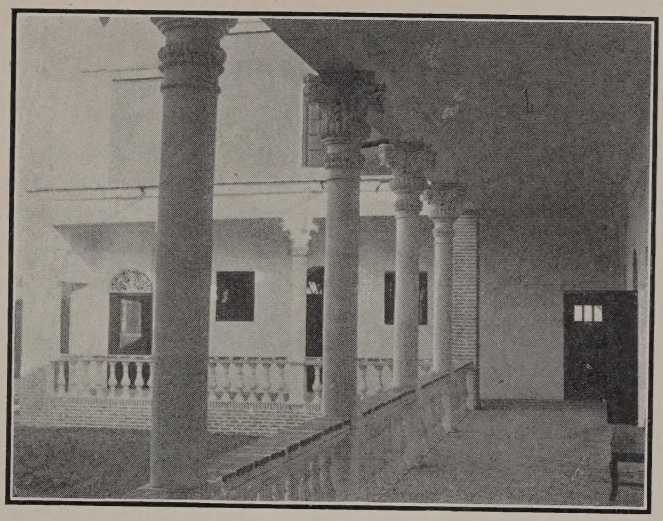
leave his office, the student his books, the mason his trowel, the chemist his shop, the cook his kitchen, and even the policeman his rounds, to volunteer as members of the Cholera Relief Corps. During the long hot days and in the late watches of the night, they were by the side of cholera patients in homes and hospitals, giving such aid and comfort as was possible, often when the Reaper, Death, had already marked his victim.

The cardinal points to be observed by the attendant upon cholera patients are the observance of absolute surgical cleanliness on his own part, and the eating only of freshly-cooked food, and drinking only boiled water. I have never known any one who was careful in these things to take the disease, although I presume it would be possible by other means. In any case, the germs can enter the system only by the mouth. Notwithstanding the large number of moribund cases that we receive, at least forty per cent. of all patients in our hospital recover, and if one takes only the cases that did not arrive in this condition, one can safely put the percentage of recoveries at about seventy. During the month, more than four thousand patients were treated in the hospital dispensaries, and at their homes. The committee received from the community $5,549.10 and disbursed it all but $496.02, this balance being distributed amongst the various charities of the city, in compliance with our own wish that no American or American institution

should reap any pecuniary benefit from their labours. As has been already stated, the service was a gratuitous one, the only item of expense charged by our Mission was the amount expended in cleaning and disinfecting the hospital after the epidemic had disappeared.

The better homes in Persia are in large gardens, surrounded by high mud walls. There is nothing attractive about the architecture of the houses, but some of the gardens are beautiful. Our medical plant is in one of these gardens in the suburbs of the city, and consists of an hospital, a dispensary, and a home for those in charge. The buildings are all plain, but well-adapted for the purpose for which they are intended. The hospital has forty beds, and was in a large measure built by money contributed on the field, mostly by Mohammedans. The people have laboured with us in a most encouraging manner, almost from the establishment of the work. Connected with the hospital is a well-built dispensary of eight rooms, where, last year, twenty thousand consultations were given the sick.

This branch of the work is more than self-supporting, it being our plan to charge those able to pay. The surplus goes toward the support of the needy ones in the hospital. Many of our patients are, of course, often too poor to pay anything, and our workers not infrequently take the patients around to the kitchen and give them a good meal instead



THE PAVILION FOR WOMEN.
American Hospital, Teheran.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL, TEHERAN.
PHYSICIAN'S RESIDENCE.

of medicine. All kinds of surgical cases are undertaken, and the institution is well-equipped with dark rooms, operating rooms, instruments, and drugs. The large amount of eye-work alone done would justify the expenditure of time and strength. Not less than two thousand eyes have been saved or cured by operation that otherwise would have been doomed to blindness. I recall a native doctor from the vicinity of Hamadan who came to us, being led by his little boy, and who introduced himself by these words: "For the sake of God do something to restore my sight, for although my son leads me by the hand, yet for two years I have not seen his face." I am glad to say that an operation for cataract made it possible for him not only to look upon the face of his son, but to take up his medical practice again and become the support of his family.

A little boy came to us once requiring a surgical operation which was made with a good degree of success. One hot day in the late spring, upon going into the ward of the hospital, I was told that the little boy wished to speak to me. Going over to his bed, I asked him what he wanted. In reply, he told me of a neighbour boy, a shepherd, the only son of a widow who was dependent upon this boy for support. He said that, owing to his deficient sight, the flocks wandered away from him and were lost on the mountains. He closed his little speech by asking me if we could cure him. I told

him to bring the boy and let us see him, at the same time giving him a card of admittance whenever he chose to come. The boy in due time left the hospital and the matter passed out of my mind. Some weeks afterwards, I was, upon entering the grounds, met by two foot-sore travellers. One ran to me and asked if I did not remember him, whereupon I was forced to confess that I did not. He then showed me the card of admittance that I had given him and I remembered him. He then told me how, as soon as he was able to walk, he had left the hospital, and had gone to seek his almost blind friend, trying to care for the flocks on the mountain in order to assist with the meagre support required by his mother. For sixty miles up the hot, dusty road this boy had trudged, foot-sore and weak from his operation at the hospital. Finding the lad, he had taken him by the hand and all down that long winding road of sixty miles he had tenderly and affectionately cared for him, sharing his crust of bread, which he carried tied up in a handkerchief. It is needless for me here to state that the boy was taken into the hospital at once, and I am happy to say the operation was successfully done. There are a good many of these cases of soft cataract in children, and as the operation nearly always is a simple one, the results are usually very satisfactory. Of course, without surgical interference the child is doomed to a life of darkness, which often means that they are cast out to become

beggars in the streets. Sometimes patients refuse amputations because there is no employment open to these cripples. A servant of one of my English friends in Yezd was once thrown from a waggon and his knee so injured that he had to decide between an amputation and death. He chose the latter, remarking that he would rather risk the future than take the certainty, as he thought, of becoming helpless, notwithstanding the assurance of his master that he would be taken care of. He died a few days later. But these cases are rare, and I have always found the people reasonable and willing to undergo any sort of treatment, especially if an anæsthetic was used.

Many of the native lines of treatment are very cruel. I have only to name that of the remedy for a kind of sore-head which is found all through the East. By proper treatment, with some appropriate and simple remedies, these cases soon get well. The native people often employ as a remedy a cap made from a sort of pitch and plaster-of-Paris. This is put on and allowed to dry on the head and usually is worn for several weeks, the purpose accomplished being the thorough disinfection of the scalp, thus killing the germ. Up to this point in the treatment there is no pain, but the removal of this cap through which the hair has become firmly matted, is one of the most painful tortures which can be inflicted upon a helpless child. With the removal of the cap comes most of the hair, and

not a little of the scalp. The screams of the child when this cap is removed may often be heard for several blocks. The fact that it is nearly always successful makes it popular among the poorer classes.

The Bagdad or Aleppo button, called in Persia *solak,* because it requires nearly a year, *i. e.,* eleven months, to heal without treatment, is commonly seen. It comes as a sore, usually single, although they are sometimes multiple, without pain, the size being from a split pea to that of a quarter of a dollar. If the sore appears upon the face, as it often does, it becomes very unsightly. We often see the end of the nose taken off by it, or the eyelid greatly disfigured. By proper treatment, however, the sore usually heals kindly within a few weeks. There are no constitutional symptoms. It never comes from water or food, as was once thought. In Bagdad it was once considered a disease of the date-eater. It has been clearly shown that the contagion must come from the outside, and that the germs are carried largely by the fly and mosquito. It is especially common in Teheran, among those who remain all the summer in town, where the mosquitoes and sandflies are always prevalent.

The surgeon in Persia has some things to contend with of which the American or European surgeon knows nothing. A ten-year-old boy was to be operated upon, and as the operation was not only

delicate, but one endangering life, every precaution had been taken against sepsis. The sheets had been thoroughly sterilised and the bedding was new. The boy stood the operation nicely, and when the surgeon saw him the next day all seemed to be going well. The doctor, putting his hand on the bed, felt something move under the cover. Raising the blanket, out jumped a pet duck and ran across the floor crying, quack! quack! As the word for charlatan in Persian is not the same as in English, the surgeon did not feel that there was anything personal in the remark of this Persian duck. The mother, who was nursing the child, upon being asked why she had permitted such a thing, replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, that the boy's heart wanted it!

We have a good many patients among the pilgrims who pass through Teheran on their way to Meshed, Kum, and Kerbela. These long, tedious, and tiresome journeys are very trying, even to the most hardened. During the summer season many fall ill and find their way into the hospital. After recovery, they continue their journey and frequently send us others. Upon their return home to their village or town they tell what was done for them in the hospital, and it is an Oriental characteristic to enlarge and magnify, their politeness forbidding them to speak of the disagreeable. So in tea-houses, and in little groups, the story of their journeyings is told and in this mention is made of

the "New World Hospital." In this way, patients are sent to us from many miles around.

The American medical mission work throughout Persia has had the cordial support of Europeans residing in that land. Some years ago a concert was given under the auspices of the United States Minister in Teheran, the benefits going to this work. The whole colony responded most cordially, and the following evening, at the command of His Imperial Majesty, the concert was repeated at the Palace, the Shah being present, and he afterwards sent a liberal contribution for the work. As those who had assisted in the programme represented both the Protestant and the Catholic portions of the colony, the gift of the king was divided equally between the two missions. Soon after this, upon the invitation of American Minister Hardy, most of the Ministers of the Persian government paid an official visit of inspection to the hospital. Among the Ministers was the late Attabeg, who was assassinated at the door of the National Assembly in September, 1907.

The newspapers in Teheran have always been friendly to this work, and after the cholera experiences long articles commending the hospital to all classes in and about the Capital appeared. Although those in charge of this work had no personal acquaintance with these newspaper editors, very frequently, after some surgical operation upon some well-known citizen, there would appear articles

strongly commendatory of the medical work, the following being a sample. "His exalted Excellency Hadji —— ——, the number of whose services and self-sacrifices for the nation are more evident than the sun, who in truth could be counted one of the pillars of the constitutional government and a saviour of the nation from the bonds of helplessness and slavery, was compelled to go to an hospital for the treatment of his eyes, because of an attack of cataract, through which his truth-perceiving eyes were for a time deprived of beholding the good things of this world. In the early part of last Ramazan he went to the American Hospital ———, where the surgeons rendered a service beyond measure to that Honourable Existence ———, and, praise God, the operation was successful and the one eye operated upon, of His Greatness, to-day sees well and reads, and Inshallah, the other eye also at a convenient time will be operated upon, and he will find complete deliverance from this affliction. May the Lord bestow a glorious reward upon these possessors of goodness, and those who are the upbuilders of good things which remain after they have passed away."

The same article speaks of the cordial support given the hospital by the late Emin-ed-Dovleh, who, from the beginning of the history of the institution until his death, was a warm supporter; since then the same attitude has been sustained by his family,

who contributed funds for the first hospital or pavilion for women in the Capital.

In connection with the hospital we have a medical training-school, and these students, when prepared, go out into the provinces to carry forward this same sort of work. In this way, the work perpetuates itself, without expense or burden to any one.

The dispensary is open every morning except Sunday from nine o'clock until the last patient is seen, which may be late in the day. When the weather is good, there may be more than a hundred patients to see in a single day, besides the surgical work. It is an odd, but fascinating, crowd that greets one, morning after morning. Some have come in beautiful rubber-tired carriages, some on wheels, some on donkeys, some on camels, but most of all on foot. The costumes are as varied as it is possible for them to be, but it is not these things that interest the workers most, it is how they are to meet the almost superhuman demands of ignorance and credulity. For example, with the Mohammedan, Allah is taken into every plan with a fatalism that is not to be questioned. If any one sneezes during a consultation nothing more can be done, for it is a direct warning from Allah that something is wrong. I saw a man once with an acute attack of appendicitis, who refused treatment until he cast the die to see if the stars were in the proper position for surgical work. Sometimes it is a man who

knows a little English and wishes to use it. One of these is a little fat man who used to come frequently to see us. One day he came in with a pompous air and asked for some vaccine with which to "graft" his child! Not infrequently a leper or a case of smallpox walks in upon us. When we ask them to leave the room they smile and ask if we do not believe that Allah is over all. Then there is a young woman who is violently insane, and tears herself, and cries out with that fear which is often present when reason is dethroned. She is shunned, because the superstitious say she has an evil spirit, but the truth is that in the Orient there are few obstetricians, and this woman has been neglected. There are no insane hospitals in Persia, and these helpless ones are often turned into the streets. There were no hospitals in Persia until they were founded by the missionaries.

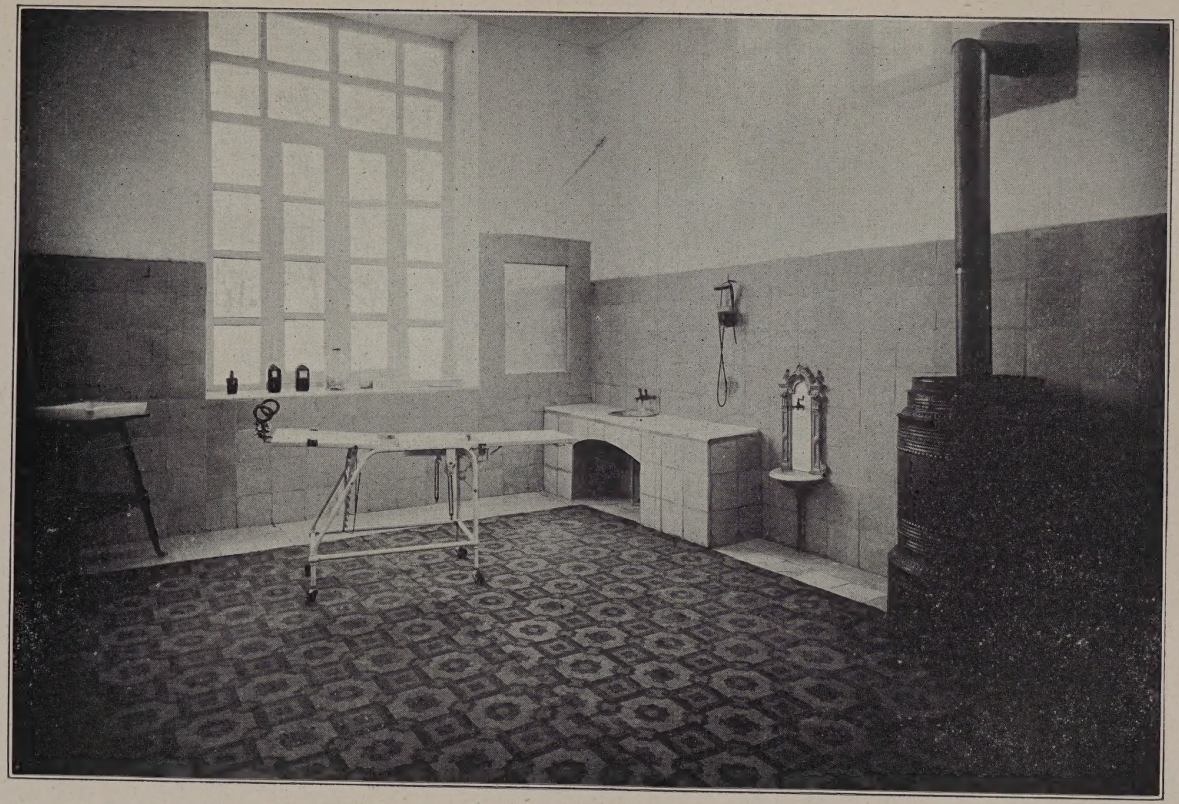
Sombre as is the picture of physical suffering, it is nothing compared to the midnight darkness of moral degradation that is back of it all. But here it is safer to draw the curtain. He who sees no good in missions has never seen behind the curtain. One finds it hard to fancy the man who could face the needy crowd that daily frequents these clinics without some feeling of pity for them, some desire to help them, a feeling away down deep in the heart that medical missions have a large part in the White Man's burden.

It is not the purpose of the doctor to denation-

alise any one out there unless a Christian, medical-social settlement can be said to denationalise them. It is a matter of greatest indifference to us what kind of clothing they wear, so that it is clean; or what kind of food they eat, so long as they boil the water; or whether they have a government with or without a parliament. All these, and a thousand other questions, they will settle if we can be patient and extend to them the Golden Rule, just as Japan has settled them.

If the medical mission idea needed any outside endorsement it could wish for no better than the fact that governments are taking it up. Recently, both the German and the Russian governments have opened free general hospitals in Teheran. The English government has had, for nearly a century past, medical officers with free dispensaries throughout the south of Persia. And it can well be remarked that these medical officers have rendered a service of incalculable value to all classes, although, without hospitals, their work has been necessarily handicapped.

The great work of bringing the East to know the West has just begun, and governments, commercial enterprises, and institutions of all kinds, standing on the brink of the unknown Orient, and feeling that there are vast possibilities for them if only they can safely enter, naturally turn to the medical profession to take the lead, just as the various Missionary Societies have done. In return for



FIRST MODERN SURGERY IN TEHERAN.

this service, the Orient will greatly enrich the Occident, and no profession will profit more than that of medicine. Already not a few English and European physicians are finding that an unusual post-graduate course may be found in the East, where there is always an abundance of the rarest clinical material. Especially it is true of tropical disorders, diseases of the eye, skin diseases, and in general surgery. Students now in the medical colleges will see the day when American physicians in considerable numbers will go to Japan for post-graduate work, while an Englishman will hardly think his medical work complete without a year in India. On the Ganges and in the Punjab, and not on the Thames, will be found the time, and especially the clinical material, for the experimental work necessary for revealing the many hidden things in medicine which must be brought to light to make it an exact science. This opinion may seem to some extreme, but the view is supported by many who have knowledge of the East.

XIV

AMERICAN MISSIONS AND SOCIAL REFORMS IN PERSIA

NOTHING American in Persia has the dollar mark upon it, for practically all the interests that we have there to-day are in some way connected with philanthropy. Whether such interests are as much value to us as a nation as those of commerce, is not for me to discuss here. Many people find it hard to get away from measuring everything by some political, financial, or social standard. This view is in a large measure an Occidental one, for whatever the judgment of Americans may be concerning the wisdom of sending money and men to the needy nations in Asia with which to establish schools and hospitals, the fact remains, I think, that the Persians have appreciated the efforts that have been made for their people through the American Missions. In discussing a question of this character, it is necessary to differentiate between the benevolent purposes of a board or society undertaking such work, and the worker to whom the work has been entrusted. But in the minds of many I have found that missions simply mean some missionary whom they have known. If

he happens to be a man or woman who has presented to them an attractive and pleasing personality, they have no trouble in falling in with his purposes and ideas, perhaps I should say his enthusiasm; but, on the contrary, if he happens to lack these desirable qualities, the result is the reverse.

This entire volume, instead of but one chapter, might be taken up with the narrative of the founding and establishment of the various benevolent ministries of American missionaries in Persia during the last sixty years; and I think, if this narrative were closely followed, that the reader would be forced to the conclusion that the results have abundantly justified these efforts; that these missions have made for themselves a place of great usefulness among a needy people, and that they have a right to exist; and, further, that they are a testimony to the efficiency and personal character of the missionary force, as well as to the generosity of the American people. This view is supported by no less an authority than Sir Mortimer Durand, for some years the British Minister in Teheran, and afterwards his country's ambassador at Washington, who said in a public address at Nashville, Tennessee: "If I were ever again administrator or diplomatist in a non-Christian country, I would from a purely business point of view, as a government official, far sooner have them [the missionaries] than not have them within the limits of my charge."

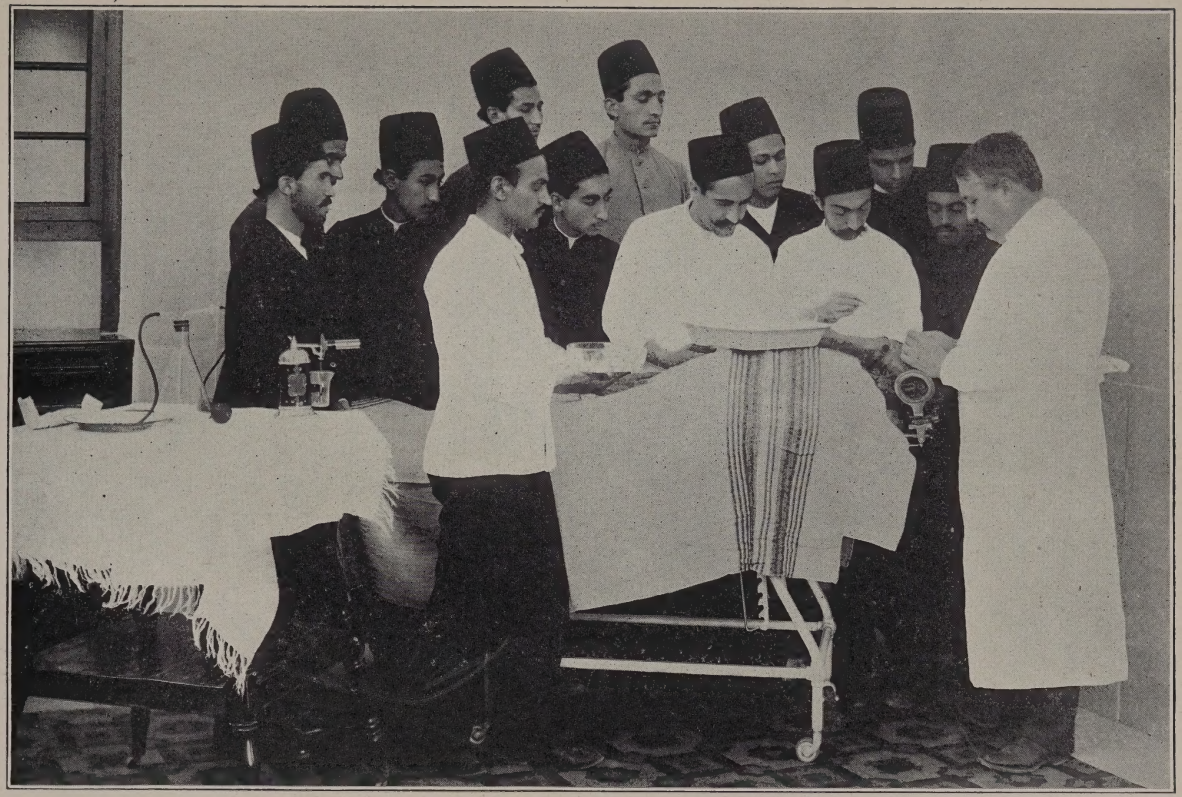
One of the first things the missionaries did was to establish a system of schools. To be sure, the beginning was very small and the outlook dark, but Persia is no place for the man who has not a broad horizon, especially in these social questions. The school being in Urumia, and intended only for non-Moslems, the only available room that could be found was in a cellar. But the teacher and head of that school saw in the horizon a college for Urumia, splendid high schools for Tabriz, Teheran, Hamadan, Resht, and other points, to say nothing of village and primary schools throughout the region in which he had settled. The letters and writings of the Rev. Dr. Perkins, the founder of Urumia College, clearly indicate that he believed that Persia had a chance of regeneration, but that little could be done until the people were educated. Were he to return and see the growth of his idea, he ought to be more than satisfied. For many years the college at Urumia has been the inspiring agency and hope of the Nestorian people. Nothing since the destruction of Nisibis has been undertaken for this ancient people so potential as this little school begun in a cellar. It has raised hundreds of Nestorian families from a condition of serfdom to respectable citizenship. It has turned out scores of teachers and preachers, and some doctors, the very men the country needed. It has taught the value of truth, honesty, personal purity, and the evils of the wine-shop, which in that country stands on a par with

the " barrel "-house in America. Other non-Moslem communities, hearing and seeing what was being done in Urumia by these schools, solicited them also for their children. So work was instituted for the Armenians at Tabriz and Teheran, and for the Jews and Armenians at Hamadan. Later, missionary work has begun at Resht, Kasvin, and Kermanshah. Besides these High Schools, there are numerous village schools, especially in west Persia and in the Kurdish mountains, that are taught by teachers trained by the mission. Since the inauguration of popular government there has been a wave of enthusiasm in educational matters that has swept over the country. This desire for schools is based upon the belief that the future has many places open for those prepared to fill them. In a land where only about six per cent. of the male population can read and write the great need for schools becomes apparent. The result has been that the Mohammedans have come forward in such numbers and asked that they, too, be admitted into these schools, that in several places they outnumber the non-Moslem students. In all these schools no distinction is shown any class, clan, or religious sects, for the mission school is intended to help, educate, and train students without regard to class, religion, or previous condition.

In all these schools tuition is charged, and the work is made as nearly self-supporting as possible. This brings a higher grade of students, and the stu-

dent body in Teheran, Tabriz, and Hamadan contains a strong Mohammedan contingent that must necessarily have great influence in affairs in the future. Among the students in the school at Hamadan have been those who are now the leading doctors among the Armenians and Jews there. In a land saturated with race-prejudice and hatred, who can measure the good that is to come from the association of all classes in these schools? We know in America that the greatest support that popular government has is the public school system, and there is no reason to think that the influence of the mingling of all classes in Persia will be less beneficent. There is no place quite so good to teach justice, equity, and honesty, the three pillars of good government, as in these schools conducted on popular lines. Contrast these schools, teaching all the languages, mathematics, bookkeeping, the mighty truths of the Bible, with the little *medrassehs* that one sees in an open room in the street, where the pupils study aloud, and are graduated at the age of ten, and you will realise the mighty work being done by them. It is the hope of the Mission that, at least in Teheran, another Christian college may be established.

Because of the seclusion of women, the progress of the education of girls has not been so pronounced, although it is none the less real. The same wise judgment that established the school in Urumia for boys also started one for girls, and since that



SATURDAY MORNING CLINIC. OPERATION FOR CATARACT, AUTHOR'S MEDICAL CLASS.

day Fiske Seminary has continued to turn out those who were to make the homes and to be the mothers of the leaders of the Nestorian people. Again, at the points where there are schools for boys, have been established separate schools for girls, the one in Teheran doing almost college work.

These missionary schools for girls in Persia are far more than their names imply, for they are in fact Christian social settlements. Were a volume written on them, it would not contain the story of these lamps set on a hill. Like the school for boys, they are open to all classes, and the teachers are brought into close contact with the mothers of many of their pupils. Often, early in the morning, before it is fully light, these women may be seen returning from a visit to some humble home, where during the night the Angel of Death has claimed some dear one. Known, trusted by whole communities, these women are carrying forward, in the truest sense, the social settlement idea. We may stop here long enough to inquire what the ordinary would-be critic of missions knows about these self-sacrificing labours. If they were familiar with them as a layman and a doctor, I feel confident in expressing the judgment that they would appreciate them. More than one mother, too poor to pay for doctors, too poor to think of securing a nurse, ill and neglected, has spoken to the writer, in his capacity as a physician, of their generous help. Many of the native homes are frightfully barren of all that we

think goes to make up a home. Indeed, there is no word for home in the Persian language, as we understand the term.

Lack of knowledge of ordinary rules of health accounts for a mighty death-roll among children. I have seen children, less than six months old, bathed in ditches at the side of the road when the thermometer was below the freezing point. The evil-eye is accepted as the cause of hundreds of deaths that can be traced directly to the ignorance and superstition of mothers, and I might say grandmothers, for their influence seems to be always paramount in a Persian household. As one rides about the country, one may see skulls of all kinds of domestic animals stuck on the ends of sticks to keep off the evil-eye. If a mother is told that her child is beautiful, she immediately begins to prepare its burial clothes, for such a remark is certain, in her mind, to be visited by dire results, for it always brings the evil-eye, whatever that means. Infanticide is not very common, because of the love of the Persians for children, but it does happen not infrequently when the baby is a girl. Children are used to assist in begging by the roadside and are exposed to all kinds of weather. During the summer season, when thousands are passing daily on the Shimran road, one may see dozens of these unfortunate children with a beggar woman, not always the child's mother, asking alms of the passers-by. Even in the coldest weather, these children may be

found by the roadside, usually crouching under the skirts of the women who are using them to gain money. During the winter, certain sunny streets in Teheran having high walls, which protect these unfortunates from the piercing north winds, are lined with beggars. When it is announced that the Shah is to pass through certain streets, droves of these poor people patiently await his coming for hours, hoping for a small present of money. The fact that they are not often disappointed perpetuates this custom. The sad part of it all is the suffering of these little children.

Charms are sold openly in the streets and markets to ward off the evil-eye and bring good luck to their possessors. Many of them contain prayers and passages from the Koran that are believed to be of special value in protecting the owner. During the epidemics of cholera these venders of superstition make enormous sums of money. Mothers with children who have become ill from taking spoiled food, or water from the ditch by the roadside, producing severe stomach disturbances, are made to believe that the child has a loose bone in its throat—a sort of crude osteopathy. On one occasion, the maid in our household, who had a little daughter, was told that her child had such a condition, and all our efforts to convince her that the child's throat was perfectly well availed nothing. She went to one of these bone extractors, paid him half her month's salary, who in much less time than it takes

to tell it, extracted the bone—from his sleeve! She returned home in high glee, having the bone as evidence, and a firm faith that the child would have died had she not had her case attended to. These men are very dexterous, and are able to deceive sharper eyes than this old woman's. Let no one think that these things are confined to the lower classes, for they permeate every class of society. The number thirteen is considered especially unlucky.

Girls are often married at an early age, not infrequently when they are mere children. Every doctor in Persia who has had much experience could tell most dreadful and harrowing stories of the suffering these early marriages have caused. I have seen children brought to the hospital that the mere mention of their husbands' names would cause outbursts of shrieks, lest they might be compelled to return to them. It is needless for me to state here that these early marriages on the part of girls, means a weakened race. Many of these children are married, often at the age of twelve, to men old enough to be their grandfathers, and this means a large number of widows. As many of these widows are left without means of support, there is only one road open for them, and that road leadeth to destruction. Most of them are almost compelled to become plural wives, or, what is worse, temporary ones, the Persian law sanctioning either arrangement. Divorce is common and is no disgrace for

the man. Not so for the woman, however, for, if she belongs to the upper classes, it is hardly probable that her second marriage will be that of the first wife of a man equal to her by birth and social standing. The woman cannot divorce her husband, but the husband has only to notify his wife that she is divorced three times when it becomes a fact. The men marrying into the royal household are denied this right, also plural marriage. Wife-beating is common, and the law takes no notice of such things, as it would be an interference with personal rights in popular estimation.

Enough has already been said in this chapter to show that the educated mother is the hope of the New Persia that is bound to rise out of the remnant of the old. Indeed, in some ways, the education of women is more important even than that of men. Schools of every creed, tending to raise the standard of the home-life, thus placing Persian womanhood on the standard that it was when the beautiful Esther reigned in the palace at Shushan, ought to be strongly supported. Let us not deceive ourselves, however, in thinking that education alone will make honest business men or virtuous women, although it does frequently drive sloth and indolence from the household. The thing needed in New Persia, for both men and women, is character, and character depends upon the home, and the home upon the wife and mother, and the wife and mother very often owes all she is to some devoted teacher,

who labours not for money, but for love of humanity.

Missionaries in Persia eschew politics, not because they are not interested in seeing good government, but because the reforms they are sent to inaugurate are social and not political. They are not meddlers. More than one of the medical missionaries have been offered good posts in governmental affairs, but have declined them. They have, however, always stood ready to co-operate with the authorities in every good work. They are the health officers in some places, and most of them are members of the National Board of Health, an organisation that has done much good in stamping out epidemics of all kinds. Their students are the medical advisers of many governors and feudal lords. When Muzaffar-ed-Din became Shah, Dr. Vanneman, the medical missionary of Tabriz, was asked to come with the harem as medical officer. The party consisted of several hundred people, being made up not only of the royal personages but a host of scribes, attendants, and servants. The caravan required more than two weeks to make the journey from Tabriz to the Capital.

In 1880, there occurred an uprising of Kurds along the Turco-Persian frontier under the leadership of a fanatical sheik. Diplomatic relations had not been established between the United States and Persia, and our missionaries were dependent upon the good offices of the British representatives in

Persia. The same favours were always granted to Americans by the English Minister and consuls as were shown to their own subjects. Notwithstanding the many kind and helpful aids which were always offered without stint by English officials, the Americans had made it a rule to do all they could alone, before invoking official aid or protection. It so happened, just at the time of this raid, that Dr. J. P. Cochran, then a very young man in Urumia, had been appointed by the mission to look after matters that now are referred to our own Legation. Born in the country, he knew the languages perfectly, and was counted by the Sheik his friend, as well as the friend of the Persian forces in Urumia. In this dual capacity he was able to render a service that not only saved the lives of the missionaries, but the city of Urumia from complete destruction. It was just after Turkey's war with Russia, and when her arm was impotent to do anything to quiet this strong and cruel Kurdish chief, who had crossed the frontier from Turkey and had entrenched himself in the mountains just back of Urumia. The Kurds were plundering right and left all through the region, having defeated the Persian troops in the first conflict. The people were terror-stricken when they realised their position. For more than a month all communication had been cut off, and the city was at the mercy of the Kurdish horde. The day before the attack upon the city-walls was to have been made, Dr. Cochran secured the promise from

the Sheik of twenty-four hours' respite, in order to allow the women and children, especially those in the schools, to leave the city. This was granted, and they were moved to the college, which is some two miles in the country. That day reënforcements reached the city, and the fertile plain with its many villages was saved from complete destruction. While this incident is perhaps the most prominent example of this sort in Dr. Cochran's career, his long and useful life was filled with similar services. He was a man who loved Persia, a favourite of the Persian people, without regard to religious affiliation, and who gave his life for the social, moral, and spiritual regeneration of all classes. The writer was at the Court when the death of this good man was announced, and he thinks he knows enough of Persian character to distinguish between the ordinary expressions of condolence and genuine regret, and he can testify to the manifestation of sorrow expressed on every hand at his untimely demise. Another great service rendered by him was the training of several classes of medical students, who are now among the leading doctors in the western provinces.

When the Persian legation was established at Washington and the first Minister from Iran was sent to the United States, Dr. Torrence, a medical missionary, was requested by the Persian government to accompany the mission and present the Minister. This he did most creditably.

The fact that the Persian authorities knew that these men had no political mission, and that they had only the good of the country at heart, made them the more acceptable. This is well shown in the relationship that for many years existed between those in authority and Dr. G. W. Holmes, for many years the medical missionary at Tabriz, Urumia, and later on at Hamadan. His services to the Shah and his Court have already been spoken of, but his work was not alone for the higher classes. Very often patients coming to the hospital in Teheran from the poorer villages on the Hamadan road would speak of his services to them. The first operation for abdominal tumour ever done in the city of Hamadan was performed by him in a native mud house, without any of the equipments that are thought necessary by the surgeon. The operation was quite successful and although the tumour was enormous in size, the woman lived for many years after. Many other such instances might be given.

The treatment of animals by the Orientals is nearly always cruel; especially is this true of dogs, horses, and beasts of burden. Of course, there are many exceptions, but I think the statement, as a general one, will be acknowledged to be true by the Persians themselves. There are, for instance, hunting dogs that are well cared for, but, on the other hand, the streets are full of homeless dogs, wild savage creatures, that feed upon the filth of the street and upon dead carcasses of beasts of

burden. If a donkey of the caravan dies by the wayside, his hide is immediately removed to be made into leather, but the body is left and is soon devoured by these roving droves of dogs. Indeed *sag,* the Persian word used for these disgusting species of canine, is not the same as that used to denote the hunting-dog. The sportsman always refers to his dog as a *tuly.* The animals used as beasts of burden are of short life, being worked to the extreme limit, and often poorly fed. It is not unusual to see great loads put upon pack-animals, whose backs are already sore and bleeding. Horses are daily driven in the public carriages in Teheran that in America would be looked after by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

But we cannot expect that animals will be well-treated, when it is known that there is not an orphanage in or about the Persian capital. Children that are left by the death of their parents, or, as often happens, by the abandonment of them because of the death of the mother, divorce, or the opium evil, are usually taken in by some poor neighbour. Sometimes this is denied the child, and he becomes an outcast in the street, sleeping wherever he can find shelter, and eating the little that falls from the rich man's table. I now recall one case of a boy, not more than twelve, whose foot was so badly frozen that it had to be amputated by us. One of the servants found the boy one cold morning by the

gateway insensible. He carried him to the hospital, where he remained for some months.

The condition of the insane in Persia is even worse, if possible, for there is not a refuge or hospital for these unfortunates in the whole country. It is hard for even the most enlightened to look upon one whose reason is dethroned as ill, just as the same person might have typhoid, consumption, or even loss of sight, hearing, or any of the senses. They have not got completely away from the idea that there is something supernatural about insanity. The Persians often attribute it to an evil-spirit, and the result is that these unfortunates are kept chained, or in stocks, or confined in dark rooms and cellars. The little light of reason remaining, under these conditions, soon goes out, and the sufferer becomes a hopeless imbecile. The writer has at various times urged upon those in authority the need of an hospital for the insane, but with little success. As the moral conscience of the people rises, this matter is sure to be taken up. At present, it is one of the darkest social pictures in the world.

The intense brightness of the sun, bad food, rimless hats, clouds of dust that fill the street, together with filthy habits, make eye diseases very common. There are no institutions for the blind in all Persia, and many are forced to beg from door to door. A well-known band of five blind men may be seen frequently in the streets of the Capital.

They go hand in hand, usually just before sundown, and cry in concert to the passers-by for alms. The American Mission Hospital was the first to take up work for these unfortunates in Teheran. Through this agency, literally thousands of eyes have been saved, or restored to sight by surgical interference. Fortunately the ears of Persian children fare better than their eyes, and there are few deaf people, and almost no deaf-mutes. This is to be accounted for by the high altitude producing a dry climate, and the further fact that the people spend much of their time in the fresh air out-of-doors.

Practically nothing is being done for the lepers in Persia, except by the missionaries, and I regret to say that, owing to the pressure of work, they have not been able to do as much as they would like to have done. Fortunately this afflicted class is not very numerous, although there are some villages given up to them. No restrictions are put upon them by the government, and they not infrequently may be seen in the streets. We often had them come into our dispensaries. One of the American ladies who visited them in their village writes, "I could not keep back the tears when I saw their deplorable condition and knew that so little was being done for them. We gave them such help as we could.

Gambling and intemperance are growing evils in Persia. Every sort of game and crude device are

used to gain money. Little boys in the street may be seen playing at craps, using small vertebræ for the game. Once in Tabriz upon examining these bones the medical missionary found them to be from a human skeleton, but commonly bones from sheep are used. Cards, dice, and devices unknown to the Westerner are used by the professional.

This list of evils might be indefinitely extended, but it would do no good, unless at the same time some remedy could be found, and in pointing them out here it is only for this purpose. That the picture has not been overdrawn is known by all Europeans and Americans who have taken the trouble to investigate these questions. The missionaries stand ready to co-operate with any movement, of whatever nationality, having for its purpose the rectifying of these crying needs. The fact that they have not been able to do more cannot be used as an argument in decrying what has already been accomplished. As has been pointed out already, hospitals and dispensaries have been established, that are the only hope of thousands; schools are training men capable of meeting the new conditions now arising in their government; the work of the schools for girls has been dwelt upon; and an attempt with no small degree of success has been made to offer a clean literature in the vernacular. One has only to know the language well and walk daily in the streets to understand how greatly such literature is needed. The charge cannot be sus-

tained that the missionaries in Persia have been meddlers, or that they have held themselves aloof from officials of any nationality. Their lives and work have been an open book, and it is worthy of remark here that no one who has ever visited their institutions has offered anything but praise at what he saw. Dr. Augustus L. Kenny, a well-known surgeon and Roman Catholic of Melbourne, Australia, after a tour of the world, said in an interview for an American newspaper, concerning one of the mission hospitals: "I doubt if there is an hospital in the world doing more meritorious work." The missionaries have never claimed that their methods were without fault, that their way was the only one, and if their efforts may be considered worthy of such high praise it is because they have been upheld in their endeavours for social reform in Persia by many, both on the field and at home, not a few of whom held views that differed widely from theirs in religion, politics, and in national affiliation.

THE AMERICAN COLONY AT DEDICATION OF THE FIRST HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AT TEHERAN.

XV

COMMERCE, INDUSTRIES, AND LAWS

ACCORDING to official estimates, the population of Persia is estimated to be 9,500,000. A glance at her foreign commerce may be of interest to some, about one-half of which is with Russia, one-fourth with Great Britain, and the remaining one-fourth with Turkey, France, Austria, Germany, and other countries, the United States being classed with the latter. Indeed, the United States sold to Persia, in 1906, only $22,618.00 worth of goods. According to the official reports for 1906, the latest available statistics, Persia exported $25,210,298.00 and imported $33,235,818.00, which included all sorts of goods.

Taking up first the question of imports, we find that she used 6,779,000 pounds of tea, which cost her $1,832,230.00, and at the same time her sugar bill was more than four times this sum.

Owing to the general habit of cigarette-smoking, which takes more matches than any other form of using the weed, her bill for this one article amounted to $278,812.00. Besides the enormous quantities of tobacco grown and used in the country, the import of this article exceeded the export, by $43,-

774.00. To those who think missions expensive we commend these two items for their consideration.

During the same year, $1,294,730.00, in coin and bullion, were imported, while $755,510.00 went out of the country.

It takes over 8,000,000 gallons of petroleum, to say nothing of the millions of candles, to supply the people with light, while notwithstanding their crude buildings, the carpenters use nearly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of nails.

Persia imported $141,384.00 worth of bread stuffs. In this same year, she imported $314,416.00 worth of rice, while her exports of this article amounted to $2,654,218.00. If the same balance could be shown in grain and other farm products, the finances of the country would soon be upon a substantial basis.

In 1906, she sold to Russia alone over three and a half million dollars' worth of raw cotton, but in return bought over four million dollars' worth of cotton cloth from manufacturers in various Russian towns. There is no probability that Persia will ever be able to produce, except in certain small valleys, raw cotton equal in cleanness, silkiness, or length of staple, to that grown in the Southern States of America. It is well known, there are three chemical elements that are essential to cotton raising, *viz.*, phosphoric acid, nitrogen, and potash, and of the three phosphoric acid is relatively the most important, controlling the action of the other two.

The lack of transportation, ignorance on this subject, and other reasons have prevented the Persians from undertaking this necessary fertilisation of their soil.

The climate in Persia for raising cotton would seem to be better than in India or Egypt, for in those countries it comes to maturity too early, and the result is a short staple. The same thing happens in Persia in regard to the American corn or maize. The stalk grows rapidly, but as soon as the hot season comes on, the ear rapidly matures, with the result that it is less than half the size it should be. So it is with the cotton in some parts of Persia; it rapidly matures, producing a short staple and somewhat coarse fibre. In many parts of Persia, although they keep oxen and other animals, they cannot apply the manure to their fields, being compelled, because of the scarcity of fuel, to dry and burn it. At present, the raising of cotton is in the hands of the ryots, or peasants, who sell it to one of the two or three large Armenian or Russian firms that send it to Moscow or other places to be manufactured into muslins. It is picked by the woman and children of the ryot's family, put into large bales, not too large to be transported by camel, then covered with rough gunny and tied with native rope. Travellers on the road from the Caspian to the interior may see hundreds of these camels carrying the cotton crop to Enzeli. This represents only a part of the quantity exported, for all exports

raised in the western provinces, of which Tabriz is the commercial centre, are forwarded to Julfa, and from there by railway to Tiflis.

The Russian road from Tabriz to Julfa, on the Aras, is now practically completed. The convenience it affords travellers and merchants is very great. It should benefit Russian trade greatly, as it has been found that a cart drawn by two oxen can bring the loads of six camels at one-sixth the cost, and in quicker time. Russian goods now reach the frontier by railway, eighty miles from the large commercial centre of Tabriz.

In addition to the large amount of cotton cloths imported from Russia in 1906, more was imported from Great Britain. Of the more than five million dollars' worth brought from the latter empire, not a little was produced in India. The Indian muslins, calicos, and white cloths are favourites in Persia.

It seems strange that there are no cotton factories in Persia, when we recall the many mountain-streams that would furnish an abundance of water-power, the cleverness of the Persian people in other crafts, and especially their renown in the manufacture of woollen and silk articles. That a people clever enough to weave the most beautiful carpets in the world, from wool and cotton produced on their own lands, the dyes of which they gather from herbs and trees only known to themselves, should produce such a small part of the cloth for their own

clothing, is certainly striking. And yet it is claimed that our English word muslin is but another way of writing the word Muslim. It may be that the artistic taste of the Persian is not satisfied by the dull work of producing ordinary white muslin; at any rate, one rug will bring enough on the market to buy many yards of cheap cotton cloth. No doubt, however, when public confidence warrants a combination of capital, the Persians will find a profitable investment for their money in cotton factories. In the meantime, there is no reason why white cotton fabrics from the United States would not be appreciated in the region of the Gulf, for the climate demands only this kind of clothing. This opinion is based upon the popularity of American cotton fabrics in certain communities along the Arabian coast.

The annual export of wool from Persia is a little less than one and a half million dollars, being less than one-half of the entire crop. The greater portion of Persia's wool crop finds its way into carpets. Last year, the local value of the carpets exported was $3,225,344.00. The word carpets includes everything from a small prayer rug to the carpet large enough to cover the drawing-room of a palace. These are listed under the usual name of places where they were made. For instance, a Kermanshah rug will be called a Kermanshahee, a Bokhara will bear the label of Bokharee, while a Kurdistan one will be known as a Kurdistanee.

Although the thick, heavy rugs having a long nap are preferred in America, they are not always the best. Very frequently they are loosely woven, and are made of an inferior quality of wool. The most expensive rugs are some of the prayer rugs, a yard wide and twice that in length. They are nearly always thin, easy to keep clean, and will last for a hundred years. Rugs of this kind may be bought from fifteen to fifty dollars per square yard. The ordinary large heavy carpets that one sees in the stores here in America, may be bought in Persia from four dollars a square yard up to almost any price, depending upon age and quality. I saw one rug on the wall of a nobleman in the Capital, which contained about forty square yards, that had cost in material, labour, and dyes more than eight thousand dollars to produce. Sometimes rugs can be bought in London about as cheap as in Persia. This was the case two or three years ago, when the English market was overstocked, and money was scarce in Persia. But a good Turkoman rug, generally known in America as Bokharee, is nearly always dear everywhere. The price of all Persian rugs changes so radically and often, that it is difficult to indicate the price, except in a general way.

Some of the most useful rugs are the *galims*. They are the thin rugs, containing often not a little cotton. The price is about forty-five cents a pound. They are generally of a convenient size, can be washed when needed, and are not expensive. Some

of the designs are excellent, but unfortunately many are very bright and disagreeable to the eye. In Persia, they are used for hallways, and in the homes of those who cannot afford ghalees, or the heavy expensive carpets.

The large felt carpets, found everywhere in Persia, have found no place in the American market, although they are excellent for bedrooms and libraries. They are usually of a buff colour, have a little red border, and are thick and warm. They are made by beating the wool together, and not by weaving. They are often of enormous size, and are not infrequently used under other carpets in order to produce a noiseless room. They also may be used on dining tables as silence cloths. Being of wool, and at the same time thick and warm, they are always an excellent mark for moths. It is interesting to see how firm a texture may be obtained by this process of beating the wool into large sheets and then pressing it. This felt is also used by the peasants in making rimless hats for themselves.

The silk rugs of Persia are, of course, superior to the woollen ones from an artistic standpoint, but are less serviceable. The beauty and richness of the silk rug consist in its softness and the changeable colours; that is to say, as the light falls upon it from different angles the shades of colours change. I once saw a pair of these rugs in the Palace whose beauty it is impossible for me to de-

scribe. Silk rugs are wall ornaments, piano or table covers, and not coverings for the floor.

Persian silk is well known everywhere. Besides the amount used in the country in the manufacture of cloth and carpets for the people themselves, $1,630,904.00 worth was exported. A history of the silk trade in Persia would require a separate chapter, since it has been an important export as far back as we have any record of the country. Indeed, it is quite likely that the silk trade is now much less than it was two centuries ago. At present, much of the silk goes to Russia and Turkey, but not a little finds its way to France. The great silk-growing region borders on the Caspian Sea, while it is produced in less quantities in the regions round about Kashan, Yezd, Tabriz, and other places. The word *abrishum,* used by the Persians to designate all sorts of silk, is used in Europe only to describe the first quality of the Persian article. There are two other grades of inferior quality. More attention is now being given to the silk culture in Ghilan and Mazanderan, the trade being in the the hands of the Armenians and French. Still, as was stated above, the culture is much less than two centuries old, and is to-day capable of much development.

It is surprising to one accustomed to think of Persia as a dry, barren highland, to find her fisheries exporting in a single year $3,225,344.00 worth of fish. These fisheries are largely along the south-

ern shore of the Caspian and are farmed out to a Russian firm. Naturally, the products are sold to that country. Some of these fish are the best that are found in Russia, a land where an abundance of the best fish can always be obtained.

Persia exports annually about two hundred thousand pounds of opium. It is safe to say that twenty-five per cent. of her crop is consumed at home. The fact that this drug is lacking in morphine, its active principle, makes it a favourite for those addicted to the opium habit.

Persia exports annually about $500,000 worth of live stock, consisting mostly of horses and some sheep. Being a pastoral country, this branch of her industries might be greatly developed. All through the various ranges of mountains are acres of fine meadows that might afford an abundance of pasture for horses as well as sheep. They are now utilised largely by bands of nomads, who pasture their sheep and goats there. As one horse is worth the price of twenty sheep, it can easily be seen that the raising of the former would be much more profitable. There is ready sale for Persian horses in India, and most of those exported are shipped to Bombay. The favourite for the Indian market is a breed known at the Karabagh horse. They are a very hardy breed, and seem to stand the Indian climate. The Arab and Turkoman breeds have been spoken of in another chapter.

There is no more delicate beast of burden than

the camel. While he is capable of carrying great loads, and seems specially adapted to the desert, he very easily becomes sick and dies. He is especially subject to all kinds of skin diseases, as well as internal ones. He brings a high price in the market, and the death of a camel is no small loss to the owner of a caravan route. In the heavy snows that are common to Persia, during January and February, he is at a great disadvantage.

The exportation of hides in a single year, most of which represents the Persian lamb and sheepskins, amounts to nearly one million of dollars. These lamb-skins are bought from fifty cents to two dollars and a half from the peasants. Some of them are very handsome, and would bring ten times their price here in America. Many of the lambs are killed for their hides alone, and the springtime is when the poor as well as the rich can have cheap meat. The ordinary astrakhan takes its name from the Russian town of Astrakhan, on the Caspian, which has always been famous for the best lamb-skins. They are brought, however, from the highlands of Persia, although a considerable quantity is produced on the Russian side of the Caspian.

The goat-skins of Persia are highly prized by those requiring warm linings for their heavy coats, for making Russian carriage rugs, and by the natives of the Caucasus for caps. Some of them are soft, warm, and have an excellent colour, being glossy black.

The exportation of raisins from Persia is an industry that might be greatly increased. In every part of the country there are sheltered nooks on the hills supplied with an abundance of water, where the finest qualities of grapes can be grown at almost no cost. At present, the regions about Urumia, Kasvin, Hamadan, Ispahan, and Shiraz, are the greatest grape-growing regions.

There are no mines in Persia except the turquoise, and she must import all her iron and steel manufactures. American stoves for heating, while few, are always sought after and are popular. The same can be said of American hardware. On several occasions, the writer has bought locks with American names, but the place of manufacture was very curiously spelled. Of course, they were inferior imitations of excellent American articles, made somewhere out of the country, as their misspelled labels indicated.

Persian leather is only good for bookbinding. When I say only good for this one thing, I mean that for making boots and harness and other articles requiring a strong leather it cannot be compared with our American article. But for binding books it is excellent, and this art has been well developed in Persia. On the other hand, over two hundred thousand dollars' worth of leather articles were imported into the country last year. It would seem to offer a splendid opportunity for American boot and shoe dealers. The excellent leather saddlebags,

medicine cases, and similar articles ought to find a ready market in Persia.

The trade of northern Persia naturally belongs to Russia, while England will always control the Gulf. There are, however, a limited number of articles which Americans supply to Russia that would be most useful in north Persia. Among them we might name ploughs, and all other agricultural implements. Flour is more easily brought from Odessa, Marseilles, or Trieste than from America. On the other hand, as the country develops, there must be a demand for iron, brass, and steel manufactures.

Up to a comparatively recent date the art of dentistry was practically unknown in Persia, except by a few Europeans. For many years, M. Hybennet, dentist to the Court, was the only one in Teheran. He rendered a great service to the people, as well as to the Court, by demonstrating the fact that extraction is not the sole remedy for toothache, and that this practice should not be left in the hands of the barbers. There are now in nearly all the larger towns a few good dentists, just as there are good doctors. Some of them are making a good deal out of their business, and are at the same time rendering a great service to the communities in which they are located. There is no reason why America, the land of dentistry, should not supply these men with their necessary outfits. America ought to get hold of this branch

of trade, just as Germany is getting hold of the drug trade.

These few points in regard to Persia's foreign commerce have been mentioned only to call attention to them as matters of general interest. It cannot be claimed by any one that Americans have been commercially ambitious in Persia when Russia sells her $16,714,616.00; Great Britain, $6,938,910.00; British India, $3,586,372.00; France, $1,682,418.00; Austria-Hungary, $1,137,178.00; Germany, $573,620.00; China, $137,858.00; while the sales of the United States remain at the very modest figure of $22,618.00.

Turning now to the natural resources of the country, a number of which have already been mentioned, we might say that any move that would supply the country with more trees would be a great blessing. This is being recognised more and more, and as one rides through the country he sees large groves of poplars planted by the water-ways. An ordinary poplar pole, of say eight to ten years' growth, will bring anywhere from fifty cents to two dollars and more in Teheran. On an acre of ground might be grown at least one thousand of these trees, leaving, after the expense of cultivation, one thousand dollars profit at the end of ten years. Of course, if the cultivation of timber lands became more common, the price would be much less, and the expense of transport would not be decreased.

The methods of sowing and reaping the grain could also be greatly improved. The methods now used were those used in Nineveh and Babylon, and are really more expensive than modern machinery. The fact that the summers are long and hot, free from rain, makes it possible to delay the reaping of the wheat until it is convenient to do it. The grain is hard, and when ground, makes very good flour. The mills are equally primitive in their construction, being only two crude stones, all run by water.

Petroleum has been found in the region below Kermanshah, but whether or not in such quantities as to prove profitable has not yet been determined. Until there are better means of transportation, it will be impossible for the company to reach Teheran and the larger places with their products, even though they find oil in paying quantities.

The turquoise mines, on the road to Meshed, are said to be less profitable since the discovery of the mines in Arizona. The American turquoise is superior to the Oriental ones, being harder and less liable to change colour. The Persian stone, if kept thoroughly clean and free from soap and water, is very handsome, and is a general favourite in the East.

The unit of weight in all transactions in Persia is the miscal, seventy-one English grains or ninety-six Persian grains. Four Persian grains make a

nakhod, while sixteen miscals are called a seer. Five seers are reckoned a kervankeh, while heavy articles are sold by the batman or man. This latter weight varies in different parts of the country, from six and a half pounds to one hundred and sixteen pounds (116.8). Wheat, barley, straw, wood, and coal are sold by this weight in small quantities, but, if in large quantities, the kharvar is used. In Teheran, one hundred mans make a kharvar. The unit of measure is the zair, about 40.95 inches. Six thousand zairs, a little less than four miles (3.87), make a farsakh, or, as the Greeks called it, a parasang. The measure of surface is the jerîb, 1,066 square zairs, or 1,294 square yards.

The monetary unit is the krân, a silver coin, now weighing seventy-one grains, or somewhat less. The proportion of pure silver is about eighty-nine and a half per cent. Large business transactions, however, are reckoned in tomans, the toman being nearer to our dollar than any other standard of currency. Roughly speaking, the dollar equals a toman, and our dime equals the krân. The currency of the country, being on a silver basis, the value of the toman fluctuates with every change in the price of silver. This fluctuation is often extreme, as during the Russian-Japanese war, when the krân rose in value to the unprecedented price of nearly thirteen cents, while, a year after the close of the war, it fell to less than nine cents. Even in different parts of the country exchange on Lon-

don or New York brings different prices on the same date, local conditions affecting the supply and demand for money.

The word pul, pronounced pool, is the general term for currency, but, in fact, it is the smallest copper coin, equal in value to about one-fourth of a cent. When fifty krâns, or five tomans, are equal to the pound sterling, the coins in general circulation have the following value, the value of the copper coins, however, being only approximate:

Pûl	equals	.24 cents	Copper
Shâhî	"	.48 "	"
Two Shâhîs	"	.96 "	"
Five Shâhîs	"	2.4 "	"
Ten Shâhîs	"	4.9 "	Silver
One Krân, also called Hizar .	"	9.8 "	"
Two Krâns, " Do Hizar	"	19.6 "	"
Five Krâns, " Panj Hizar	"	49. "	"
Toman, ten Krâns . . .	"	98. "	Paper
Three Tomans . . .	"	$2.94	"
Five Tomans	"	4.90	"

There are also bank-notes of ten, twenty, fifty, and higher denominations, that circulate at par with coin. Gold is not much in use, but coins of one-fourth, one-half, and one toman are frequently seen, while those of two, five, ten, and even twenty, may be obtained. The krân is commonly called one hizar, because there are one thousand dinars in it, the word hizar meaning a thousand, in Persian. There is, of course, no such coin as a

dinar, any more than there is a mill in American currency, but the people continue to reckon small accounts in this now imaginary coin. Formerly, the dinar was equal to the present value of the krân.

There is a very good story of a European who had a horse presented to him by a Persian nobleman for some service. The value of the horse was twenty dollars only, but in writing home he stated that the animal had been valued at two hundred thousand dinars! Many a truth has hidden in it the intention to deceive!

The Imperial Bank of Persia purchased the Persian branch of the Oriental Bank in 1889. Since then, it has been the most important factor in Persia's financial system. It has rendered a great service to the people of Persia in establishing a system of currency which has commanded their respect and confidence. In times of distress it has loaned the government funds. Especially did it render a great service when it advanced funds with which to pay the troops, when Nâsr-ed-Din Shah was assassinated in 1896. This was done through Mr. Joseph Rabino, the manager, who thoroughly understood the Persian situation, and had a masterly grasp of Oriental finance.

Besides the Imperial Bank of Persia, which is thoroughly an English corporation, there is a Russian bank that has loaned immense sums to the merchants having business transactions in Russia.

In the bazaars there are numerous money-lenders and small bankers.

Since the inauguration of the National Assembly, a determined move has been made by the government to establish a Persian National Bank. A Reuter's telegram from Teheran states that the concession for the National Bank of Persia has been signed. The principal conditions are as follows: "The capital is 15,000,000 tomans. Foreigners are excluded from participation. All governmental revenues, not mortgaged, are to be collected, and all expenditure paid by the bank on behalf of the government. The bank is empowered to contract mortgages and loans, local and foreign, in accordance with the sacred law. The bank will have priority over all other institutions which may offer the same terms in regard to mines, the pearl fishery in the Persian Gulf, the construction of roads and railways, and will have the right to issue bank-notes when the Imperial Bank of Persia ceases operations through the expiry of its concessions, or from any other cause. A separate agreement is to be concluded between the bank and the government, under which the latter borrows from the bank 2,000,000 tomans at nine per cent., one-half of the amount being payable before and one-half after March 1, 1908. An additional clause stipulates that the bank concession shall be annulled if the money is not forthcoming. The Assembly will of course extend the time, if necessary." In com-

menting on the foregoing, the London "Financial Times" adds: "The Imperial Bank of Persia possesses the sole privilege of issuing bank-notes in Persia for fifty years to come."

The clause in the foregoing touching upon the sacred law clearly indicates that the Shahr is still to take precedence over the Urf. It would seem, notwithstanding its parliament or national assembly, that Persia is likely to remain for many years to come a theocracy. The Shahr is the sacred law, which is administered in nearly all civil cases by the priests or high priests of the community. It is based upon the Koran, and is held in much higher esteem by the faithful than the decrees of parliaments and even of executives. No one in Persia would think of buying real estate without having the seal of some well-known ecclesiastic upon it. It would be quite unsafe to do so, unless the purchaser was backed by some powerful influence, in which case his heirs would probably be confronted with all sorts of lawsuits and litigation. This code of Persia, which is paramount in all business matters that would be settled by civil law in America, is divided into four parts: religious rites and duties, business and commercial obligations, sanitary and religious duties concerning the person, and the last touching upon the questions growing out of the use of clean or defiled foods, penalties for certain crimes, and misdemeanours against the civil law. Just as the scope of our law has been

enlarged by the decisions of the high courts, so the Shahr of Persia has had added to it many interpretations by those who have for centuries administered it. If we were able to trace back certain of its clauses that we think most extraordinary we would find, doubtless, that they had their origin in the Jewish nation before the time of Abraham. They have the central purpose of turning men toward the path of duty, notwithstanding the many abuses and extraordinary features that have crept in. But it takes more than a law to turn the hearts of any people into the straight and narrow path. The strong hold this law has upon its people, the conviction in their minds that it is without error, and consequently forbids an appeal, makes foreign capital timid in entering the country, notwithstanding the fact that many of their laws are sound, and many of their practices are not unwise. Nothing will ever make it a desirable place for investments until there is an awakened public conscience and many social and economic reforms.

The ordinary criminal may be judged by the Shahr, or sacred law, but is usually turned over, often with contempt, to the tender mercies of the Urf. Instead of a priest sitting as judge, it is usually a provincial governor, or some petty officer. Many are punished in Persia by the police without the form of a trial in court. No Persian subject is too small, or for that matter too big, to escape the bastinado. This public whipping does not seem to

SOME OF THE PERSIAN CONSTABULARY.

This force is numerous in Teheran. They are the Shah's messengers, and are greatly feared by the populace. Punishment such as whipping is often inflicted by them.

carry with it any special disgrace. The truant boy, the impudent young man as well as the thief, has to "eat wood," as they call it. The punishment may consist of great "bluff" and few sticks, or great stick and few "bluffs." The victim is laid on his back, his heels lashed to a pole, the ends of the pole being then raised to expose the soles of his feet. The police then apply the sticks to his bare feet. When it is desirable to add a good dose of "bluff" to the affair, the public executioner is called to administer the sticks. The provincial governor would hesitate, with few exceptions, to take the life of a criminal without communicating with the Shah. The chiefs of the Urf are not so cruel as they are frequently represented to be. Punishments that might be thought too severe in America would be considered childish in Persia.

It is always unfortunate for a rich man to fall into the hands of the law anywhere, and especially is this true in Persia. Often the most severe sentence is inflicted, and the judgment stands if a good deal of money is not forthcoming. It is a common remark that the machinery of the law has to be oiled with "palm oil."

Realising this feature of the law, it has made arbitration much more popular in the business and commercial world in Persia. In bankruptcy, and in all disputes between leading merchants, the mejlis or council is employed. In some places, these boards of arbitration are permanent, the members

having entered into an agreement to stand by their decision. In such a body, there would be little chance for bribery and crookedness. If there is cause for complaint against a member, a messenger is sent with a polite note asking him to meet the plaintiff at the home of the chief of the board of arbitration. Both the defendant and the plaintiff being present, all documents bearing upon the case are inspected. If the witnesses are not sworn on the Koran, there may be a great deal of lying and false testimony. If, however, the witnesses are sworn, it is not very hard to arrive at the truth. The disinclination of the Persian to take this oath, even when he is ready to tell the truth, precludes its use except in extreme cases.

The taking of an oath by many of the poorer classes is little short of jeopardising their chance of Eternity. And yet it is sometimes curiously evaded or got around. The story is told of a man who gave his promise that if an old enemy would come to see him he would not hurt him, that it was his desire to make friends and live in peace. His enemy required an oath on the Koran, which said that before injuring him the man would prefer the grave. His enemy came and was treated with courtesy, but after leaving the house he was shot. It seems that the man had dug a grave and had slipped into it, and had fired the fatal shot concealed in it. It must be said that in nearly all civil cases, such as contracts, obligations, and even bankruptcy, a com-

promise is urged. Nearly all the Persians are lovers of peace and good-fellowship, notwithstanding their tempers, which so frequently cause them to make exhibitions of themselves.

It is very easy to see how these three systems of administering law and justice must necessarily often conflict, and, as there is no supreme court, the difficulty must be settled by an appeal to the Shah, or to one of the high Mohammedan ecclesiastics. An opinion given by the Imaum-Juma in Teheran will stand, and no one, of course, would question a settlement brought about by so exalted an authority as the Shah.

Cases against foreigners residing in Persia are considered extra-judicial, and are matters for the consideration of the Foreign Office. Usually, however, the European's legation or consulate takes up the matter and brings about a satisfactory settlement. When the European is the plaintiff and the Persian is the defendant, the question can be quickly settled if it is a criminal case and falls within the province of the Urf. If, however, it is a case involving much money and falls into the hands of the administrators of civil justice, the case may drag along for years, the settlement depending largely upon the activity of his legation or consulate, as the case happens.

There is no extradition treaty between the United States and Persia, and up to this time there is no record of this fact having been taken advantage of.

It would be interesting to know just what might happen if a murderer or criminal should seek refuge there. For one to go to Persia to remain idle for years, simply to escape arrest and punishment, would seem to be enough to deter any one from trying it. If such a case did happen, the course of the Persian authorities would be that recommended by the legation interested, in all probability.

The new tariff laws of Persia, enacted in 1903, have a reciprocal clause which has been complied with by the Russian Government. Before this enactment, a few krâns were charged as an entrance fee at the port, regardless of values and contents. The new laws are not exorbitant, and the country badly needs the revenues. Certainly as Americans we cannot object to high tariff rates, so long as we impose higher ones upon goods entering our own ports.

XVI

THE PERSIAN GOVERNMENT

THE Persian Government, for the purpose of description, may be divided into three departments, viz., The Court, the Ministerial Departments, and the National Assembly. While these three divisions of the government are separate, yet they are so interlaced that in many ways they are one. Until 1906, the government of Persia was an absolute monarchy. The Shah is yet the Supreme Ruler, Executive, and Counsellor, in every department, although, by the inauguration of the National Assembly or Parliament, his rights have been more sharply defined.

There seems to exist in the minds of many Americans not a few misapprehensions concerning the Persian Court, and especially concerning the last three rulers of that ancient and historic country. In a short chapter, one can touch only upon a few of the more prominent features of the Court and its centre, the Shah, but it is a pleasure to correct some of the erroneous reports that one often sees in the newspapers. These have arisen by writers who have not lived in the country, mere travellers on the hunt

for all that is new and sensational, often deeply prejudiced against the Oriental, sending home for publication their highly-coloured articles. These distorted accounts are also often the result of trying to measure everything in Persia by our Western conception of how things ought to be. To interpret the Orient, we must turn the pages of history back many centuries and remember, far beyond the date of the discovery of America, long before the power of our English ancestors was felt in the East, that then Persia was enjoying a high state of civilisation and culture. Even if there are apathy, graft, and consequent weakness, we must approach the consideration of her internal affairs with fairness, if we are to understand aright, remembering that in all European and American governments there are features that may be improved. Had Persia taken all the free advice that has been extended to her by various writers, she would be to-day a paradise and model for the world.

Persia is a country whose list of heroes includes Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, Khosroe, and the long list of Parthian kings, to say nothing of the later ones, who, as late as two hundred years ago, proved their prowess by their wars upon India. In a public square just in front of the Palace, in Teheran, is a large cannon captured by Nadir Shah in his attack upon Delhi, and it is said that many of the royal treasures are of Indian origin. The large stone bridges, caravansaries or inns, that one sees on

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PERSIA.

every hand in travelling over the country, were built by the modern king, Shah Abbas.

That the names and titles of the Shah of Persia are many is not strange, when we remember the splendour of this Court when the patriarchal idea of government alone prevailed. Then, too, the Oriental desires these things; indeed, he would not be satisfied with our simple methods of transacting public affairs. There is nothing selfish about this idea, and officials of every class and nation are honoured in Persia. A few years ago, when Muzaffar-ed-Din Shah sent an embassy to Washington to announce the succession of his eldest son, The Prince, as the Heir Apparent to the Throne, the simple methods of our government officials were severely criticised, and had it not been for the tactful handling of the question by the American Chargé in Teheran, the new American Minister, then on his way to Persia, would have had a cool reception. Notwithstanding the fact that the American Government had made no arrangements for the entertainment of its guests, the Persians forgave all, and sent the usual host with an escort to the Caspian to meet the Minister and conduct him with all honour over the two hundred miles from the sea to the Capital.

Every minister or other diplomatic officer sent to Teheran is considered the guest of the country in a very special manner. He is met at Enzeli by a Mamondar, or host. When it is announced to the

Court that a new minister is on the road to Persia, this gentleman gathers about him his servants, gets his instructions from the Government, and proceeds to the frontier to meet the distinguished visitor. The Minister is treated as the guest of the Government, all along the route—special honour being shown him. As he approaches the Capital, he is met by a military escort and conducted to his legation with much ceremony and brass-band music. After his arrival, it is usual for the Shah to send him a riding horse, and on national fête days, such as the Fourth of July, it is not unusual for the Government to formally participate in the celebration by sending some little refreshments to be served with those of the Minister.

The various heads of the legations in Teheran are a mighty influence in all affairs of a political and social character. More than once storms having their origin in the tea-cups have gained in velocity until they shook the whole community. Unfortunately, this sort of thing promises to get worse instead of better. If the diplomatic body, backed by their governments, could unite in the sole purpose of assisting Persia to regain her former prestige, it would be a blessed thing for the country. But when this comes about we shall not be far from the millennium.

The titles by which the Shah is addressed by his courtiers and subjects may be correctly translated into such exalted phrases as King of Kings, The

Centre of the World, Asylum of the Universe, The Blessed, and other similar expressions. While these are intended by the Persians to exalt and honour their king, we must not forget that they are at the same time idioms, and are not to be translated literally. Every one knows that we give the title of Mr. to many who lack much of being masters, and many an "Excellency" falls far short of the high mark that his title would seem to indicate. Just so it is with the titles of all Oriental rulers, they must be considered simply as a part of etiquette and ceremony. The high officials of the Court frequently refer to themselves as the King's Sacrifice.

The chief officer of the Court is known by the title of Minister of Court, and he is responsible for all ceremonies and functions. He is not in the true sense an officer of the Government, and yet it is a position of such tremendous influence that those holding it are recognised among the most important officials of the kingdom. Under him are a dozen or more *bashees,* or heads of subordinate departments, such as master of the horse, master of the chase, chief of the guard, chief of the escort, chief barber, chief gardener, and chief of the eunuchs. These latter are both white and black, and are the personal attendants of the ladies of the harem. Besides these, there are musicians, painters, readers, and many others employed in the royal household.

Among this great number are not a few Africans, there being no prejudice against a man in Persia

because of his colour. I do not now recall ever seeing a black man or woman working in the fields, and even the black slave considers himself in a better position than many of the paid servants. They are the stewards of many households, and are treated with more consideration and favour than are the white paid servants. Their position for life is usually secure, and many are rich and well-to-do. The women are often married to white men. If the Persian slaveholder be of high rank and meets with reverses, his *shan* or honour will not allow him to sell the slaves; he nearly always frees them. This, however, often proves a punishment rather than a blessing, for many of them thus turned loose must seek another master, or fare badly. But notwithstanding these features, slavery is always a curse, both to the master as well as to the enslaved, and the number of slaves in Persia is rapidly and surely decreasing.

The chief vices in all these large households are those of greed, intrigue, and scandal. There are always some drunkards and opium-smokers, but in the royal household a closer watch is kept on the servants, and these things are now not especially common.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Court costs Persia not less than half a million of dollars annually, the habits of the king are always comparatively simple. He rises at an early hour, has a light breakfast, consisting of some tea and bread, with a

little cheese, then comes the kalyan or water-pipe, and immediately afterward the duties of the day are taken up. At noon, a luncheon is served, and, although there are many dishes, only a few are partaken of. In the afternoon, tea is again served. Dinner is usually served in the *anderoon.*

Several times each week His Majesty goes for a drive to one of his near-by palaces or gardens. The master of the escort arranges for this by sending his men along the road, where they are stationed at street corners and other points where there might be disturbances. The Shah usually rides in a closed carriage, drawn by six horses, if the automobile is not chosen. In any case, he is surrounded by a guard of a hundred horsemen, all heavily armed. This guard is considered one of honour as well as for protection. In Persia they have a curious habit of dyeing the tails of the horses a sort of light red. It seems a much less cruel method of marking the government animals than the older one of branding, as is still practised in some of our Western States.

The master of the chase has a very important post, as no pleasure of the Court is more highly prized than that of the hunt. All to the east of Teheran are the great preserves of the Court. The region is mountainous and is filled with big as well as little game. The bigger game consists of a kind of panther, called by the Persians *pulang,* wild boar, and mountain goats. There are a few elk, but of

small variety. There is an abundance of small game, such as foxes, hares, and pheasants. The Persian hare is even larger than the American jack-rabbit, and, to those fond of the chase, it is a splendid sight to see the hounds following one of these long-legged hares at full speed.

The great hunt of the Court is usually in mid-winter and is conducted from Jargé Rud. At this point, there is a shooting pavilion, where the Shah makes his headquarters, with not less than five thousand attendants. As these must remain in tents, it is a pretty severe test of loyalty on the part of the men. But they are always anxious to go, and are able to make themselves fairly comfortable in their double-lined tents with charcoal fires. They generally remain out for at least a fortnight, and sometimes longer, in which case the Prime Minister and other high officials accompany the party.

With this great number of people, it is evident that the medical department of the Court is not an unimportant one. Indeed, it is one of the most important. Soon after the Crimean War, Nâsr-ed-Din Shah requested the French Government to send one of their best men to Persia as the European doctor to the Court. The choice fell upon a young French surgeon who had been with the troops at the memorable fight at Sevastopol, and who was acquainted somewhat with Oriental character. For more than forty years Dr. Tholozon faithfully followed the fortunes of his royal master, dying at the age of

seventy-eight, a few years after the assassination of his chief, and lies buried in the Catholic cemetery at Teheran. Although he had been decorated by nearly every sovereign in Europe, great as these honours were, he valued more the love and esteem of the Persian people, and it is probable that no European was ever esteemed higher by any Oriental people than was Sir Joseph Tholozon.

Before Dr. Tholozon's death he requested an assistant, and Dr. Schneider of the French army was sent to Teheran. He remained for more than twelve years as one of the Court physicians, and, in addition to this, was instrumental in reorganizing the *Conseil Sanitaire,* the National Board of Health. This organisation, composed of the leading physicians of the country, succeeded in stamping out the plague, and has done excellent service in many ways. Dr. Schneider, upon his return to his post in the army, left Dr. Coppin as the French medical representative at the Court.

The Hon. Dr. Lennox Lindley is the representative of English medicine on the staff. During the reign of the late Shah, he was chief of the Staff. Sir Hugh Adcock, who succeeded the American physician, Dr. Holmes, while the late Shah was yet the Heir-Apparent, was the predecessor of Dr. Lindley, and rendered fifteen years of service to the Court.

At various times consulting staffs, from among the representatives of Western medicine at the Capi-

tal, have been deemed necessary by the physicians at Court. For instance, during the severe and prolonged illness of the late Shah, a consulting staff was instituted, consisting of Dr. Scott, Medical Superintendent of the Indo-European Telegraph Department; Dr. Sadowsky, surgeon to the Cossack Brigade in Teheran, and the present writer. This staff assisted the regular physicians for several months in attendance on the royal patient.

The Indo-European Telegraph Department of the Indian Government has a well-equipped dispensary in Teheran, which, under the direction of its medical superintendent, is proving a great blessing to many. But its greatest work to the Persian Government has been along the Gulf, in helping to keep back epidemics of cholera and plague that have threatened Persia. This work is all under the direction of Dr. Scott, of Teheran.

In this connection the writer would like to speak of the work of another English doctor, who, before his untimely death, had been frequently connected with the Court in an unofficial way. I refer to the late Dr. Odling, for many years physician to the British legation. During his nearly thirty-five years in Persia he rendered, daily, a splendid service to every class, from the king to the peasant. His grave in the Protestant cemetery at Teheran bears the appropriate inscription, "Where the tree grew there let it fall." Since Dr. Odling's death the British Government has continued this work under

the direction of Dr. Neligan, physician to the Legation.

It would seem that with this number, together with several medical professors in the Royal College, the public health, as well as that of the Court, would be well cared for. And yet the country, with nine and a half million population, has less than fifty regularly qualified doctors. The people have not been educated to pay adequately for medical treatment, except the very rich.

On two occasions celebrated specialists have been called to Persia. For this service an oculist is said to have been paid $35,000 and his expenses, while the German specialist called in to see the late Shah was paid about $26,000 and his expenses for one month's service. It is needless here to remark that the missionary doctors have not shared in these large fees.

In the Palace are an excellent laboratory and pharmacy, under the direction of a skilled French chemist. Here all sorts of examinations are made for the doctors, while the various public water and food supplies of the town may be investigated by those desiring to do so. This, like many other innovations in Persia, is of recent date.

The Ministry, consisting of the Sadr-Azam, or Prime Minister; the Sapar Salar, or Commander-in-Chief of the army; the Minister for Foreign Affairs; a Treasurer-General; and Ministers of Post, Telegraph, Science, and Public Construction are

nominated by the Crown and confirmed by the National Assembly. During the past two years, owing to the political changes that have swept over the country, the Ministry has changed frequently. It is evident that the reforms that have been inaugurated are going to make the work of the heads of the various departments of government much more difficult than in former years. Many of the offices of the public service offer good financial berths, in the way both of salaries and perquisites. To hold one of these offices naturally adds greatly to the *shan* or honour of the individual, and this feature appeals mightily to the Oriental. One of the abuses that the Reform Party, through the National Assembly, has been seeking to correct is the paying of salaries to a host of grandees who take no thought for raiment, toiling not, neither do they spin, and yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. This is not a literal quotation, but it seems to fit the case very well!

The paying of pensions to any and all sorts of people has been a crying evil, that will soon be corrected. It began in ages past by granting from the public treasury small stipends to the families of certain favourites. The recipient may be the son or daughter of some high official, who may have rendered some service for which he was at the time paid, or it may be the son or daughter of some servant of a grandee whose service was to him a personal one. Dozens of families in every large Persian town have

some sort of salary from the government. Some of these are small, but the aggregate amounts to an enormous sum, that must be borne by the taxpayer. A great many native doctors have a small salary from the government. Some years ago, a doctor that was employed in our hospital applied to me to help him to secure a pension. I asked him upon what ground he proposed to apply for this grant. He replied, "I am getting to be an old man and my family is not provided for, and the kindness of the Shah is great." I signed his petition thinking nothing would come of it, but after some months he came to see me, and, with a beaming face, he said that a grant of one hundred dollars per year had been made to him and his family. Since his death, this pension has been paid with more or less regularity.

When Nâsr-ed-Din Shah, some years ago, visited the American Mission school in Teheran, he signalised it by a grant from the Public Treasury, to be paid annually at the Persian New Year. For some years the collection of this grant was not difficult, but, as time went on, it cost more than it was worth to collect it, and it was dropped. Not a few of these pensioners spend most of their time collecting their stipend. The man whose duty it is to pay them often is without funds, and the holders of these warrants must frequently wait a year for a single partial payment. A Persian sage once remarked, that a pensioner who had to collect his stipend was

like unto a man who married a woman for her money—he earned it!

The most important office in the Persian Ministry is that of Sadr-Azam, or Prime Minister. He must represent the Crown in many ways, and is in daily conference with him. Not a few of these men have been exceedingly clever officers. Their work is always very heavy, and the social duties in a land like Persia are overwhelming. He is consulted on all sorts of questions, from the destruction of the grain-fields, in some remote province by grasshoppers, to the negotiation of the Anglo-Russian agreement concerning Persia. He must live in state and entertain lavishly, and, while surrounded by much ceremony and etiquette, he cannot be exclusive. It is easier for the poor man to reach the Prime Minister in Persia than for the lower classes, in many western lands that claim to be democratic, to secure an audience with their head of the Department of State. On the other hand, the dinners and entertainments given by him in grand European style must be as brilliant as they can be made.

The writer has had the pleasure and honour to attend these functions from time to time. I remember one, probably the most brilliant ever given in the Persian capital, at which the whole European colony was invited to assist in celebrating the Shah's birthday. The Prime Minister seemed to be at his best, and, as he moved from one room to another among his guests, very few understood that his resignation

had already been accepted by his sovereign, whose birthday was being celebrated, and that horses were already provided to carry him into exile. The next day his downfall was announced, and he left for Kum, where he was detained for nearly two years. It has been an unwritten law that those who have held this high office must leave the Capital, and often the country, when there is a change of Ministry. He later made a tour of the world, crossing the United States from San Francisco to New York. At New York, when he was leaving, he had the steamer held a half-hour while he took breakfast on shore. He explained his delay by saying that his appetite was never good on shipboard.

The Ministry for Foreign Affairs is the one with which foreigners sojourning in Persia have the most to do. All private matters intended for the Foreign Office must come through a legation. It is only in extreme cases that a foreign minister deals directly with the Shah. All matters touching upon questions of ordinary importance are settled through the Foreign Office. There are a number of under-secretaries, who have charge of the affairs of one or more countries. The affairs of Great Britain, and also those of Russia, are of such magnitude in Persia as to require one or more men each, while the affairs of those countries that have fewer subjects are usually grouped until one under-secretary can care for the business of two or even more legations. The social duties devolving upon the Foreign Minister

are but little less than those of the Prime Minister.

The present postal system in Persia was inaugurated in 1875, when the country was admitted into the Postal Union. Now nearly every town big enough to have a bazaar is reached by the postal department. In most of the towns and villages letters are brought to the house by carriers. The postage on all letters from the United States to any place in Persia is five cents, but the amount allowed is of course only that permitted by international agreement. Not a few of the letters that came to us were overweight, in which case we had not only to pay the extra postage but pay a fine of a few cents as well. But as all mail in Persia must be carried overland, usually on horseback, the government declines to deliver books and articles of merchandise throughout the country without extra postage. This seems only fair, for a dozen heavy volumes that might be carried on a postal car at home from New York to the Pacific for less than two dollars, would cost five times that amount to carry them across Persia on the backs of post-horses. The postal system in Persia is fairly satisfactory, considering the difficulties under which they labour. There are few roads, and many of the highways are infested with robbers and lawless people. When the Americans first went to Persia, in 1835, letters came every three months, and then through the kindness of the British diplomatic officers. The English Consul-General

in Tabriz allowed them to forward their letters to London by the British courier, and from London they were re-sent to America. This courier still makes trips to Persia bearing the despatches of the British Legation and her Consulates throughout the country.

Every important town in Persia is reached by telegraph. These messages are often slow and unsatisfactory in their despatch, but of late there has been a great improvement. On several occasions upon starting home I have sent messages from towns two hundred miles from Teheran, informing my friends of the time of my arrival there, and then have reached the Capital, on horseback, before the message had been delivered. Since the general introduction of the French language in these governmental posts, which permit the sending of messages in either English or French, we have found less difficulty in getting them through. Of course, the Persian language is the one generally used, but French or English is known by nearly all the clerks and operators. The splendid management of the English telegraph has been a great example as well as a useful help in this department.

The departments of science, education, and justice ought to be thoroughly reorganised, and they will doubtless be in time. It is obvious that without a better system of education there can be little hope for the country, and at the same time the need of an honest judiciary goes without saying.

As yet no great work of public construction has been undertaken by the Persian Government. Until the administrative department is better organised it has been wisely given over to foreigners. These improvements have been confined to the construction of trade routes, bridges, and the improvement of harbours.

Passing now to the army, we find this one of the greatest items of expense. It is hard to discover the exact number of men in the Persian service, because so many are on paper and cannot be found. The length of service is often for twenty years. In times of peace, the soldier is expected to spend every third year in the army. There are usually ten thousand troops in Teheran, and it is safe to say that there are ten times this number throughout the country. They are obtained by requiring a certain district or village to furnish its quota of men for the army. Lots are cast, and those who are chosen must be supported by those who remain at home. In times of peace, the soldiers in the larger places are hired out as guards and gate-keepers. For this service they are paid one dollar per month, and they must board themselves. In addition to this, they receive a small stipend from the Department of War, together with two suits of cheap clothing per year. Little as their pay is, they must divide it with their superior officers. It is easy to see that their lot is not an enviable one, nor is it calculated to foster loyalty and beget deeds of bravery.

Enough has been said to show that although the administration of government in Persia is simple, and still along patriarchal and paternal lines, it must cost a considerable sum to conduct it, and hence the collection and disbursement of the revenues constitute obviously important features of the national administration. The government gets its revenues from two sources, the customs and levies through the local governors. The former is not unlike our own system of taxation, and yields a great part of the public revenue. The latter is very unlike anything known in America. The government appoints a governor for one of the well-known provinces, with the understanding that a certain revenue will be forthcoming from the various districts under him. Sometimes these expectations are large enough to cause a governor to refuse an appointment. This is not always easy, as in the case of one of the writer's patients, who, being named governor of Urumia some years ago, resigned the appointment several times without his resignation being accepted. His refusal to leave the Capital for the post brought some of the guards from the government, with the warning that the sooner he went the better. He then went immediately. The same thing happened with the Prince Yamin-e-Sultan, for some time governor of Hamadan. He did not want the place at any price, but he was kept there regardless of his wishes. It is needless to say that such a policy will not commend itself to the people's business sense.

There is, of course, a reason for such action, although the motives that prompt it are not always in evidence.

These governors-general are responsible for the control of vast territories of land. In all the large towns are sub-governors, who, in turn, are over the *katkhodas,* or village masters. The latter are really the tax-gatherers of the country, sending their men to every land-owner and tax-payer. The rate of taxation varies in different regions, depending somewhat upon the avariciousness of those in authority. In a general way, the rightful tax or assessment is not exorbitantly high; the *sair,* or what we would call a poll-tax, is about one dollar a year, while the land tax is but one or two per cent. of the value. A small tax is levied on all personal property, such as domestic animals, household goods, and grain that is stored. There is no income tax as far as money is concerned, but a part of the products of the field must always be turned over. Such a system encourages graft, oppression, and dishonesty, and must give way to the better and more modern plan of collecting the taxes of the country.

This system of administration carries with it the right to imprison for debt, while the delinquents may be publicly whipped. To escape this, the peasants often take refuge in the mosques and other sacred places. This idea of refuge is more fully taken up in a subsequent chapter, touching upon the establishment of the Constitution. It is the most

effective weapon the Persian people have with which to meet oppression.

It is too soon now to say what changes in this ancient and historic government will be wrought, if any, by another National Assembly. It is a matter, obviously, of great interest to everybody, but we must not expect too much from such a legislative body, in view of recent happenings. There are strong men in Persia in full sympathy with this parliament idea and there are strong men who are not. But the step has been taken, and the nation is committed to it, and it is hard to see how the reaction that is bound to come can carry them back to the former régime. Strong men will be found in the future to deal with these new problems, just as they have been dealt with in the past. Changes and reforms are needed, but they must be inaugurated slowly and carefully by the friends of Persia, and this seems to be what is taking place at the present time.

XVII

THE ASSASSINATION OF NÂSR-ED-DIN SHAH

MAY-DAY, 1896, in the Persian capital, was bright and warm. The city was preparing for the celebration of the golden jubilee of the Shah, which was to have begun five days later. The caravansaries and bazaars were filled with strangers, who had come from every part of the empire to join in the coming festivities; and the magnificent parks and gardens of the city, as if to give them a more hearty welcome, had put on their richest and brightest colours. On every hand were evidences of the coming celebration, and the heartiness with which all entered into the joy of the event was cordial enough to warm the heart of any ruler. The day being fine, the king, with the prime minister and other high officials, had driven out to the shrine of the Shah-Abdul-Azim, and at noon entered the mosque for prayer. In order to get into the inner, or more sacred part, of the mosque, it was necessary to pass through a narrow hallway or passage, some ten or twelve feet long. As the Shah came out of this passage, he was met by an assassin,

NASR-ED-DIN SHAH. 1896

Grandfather of present ruler. Assassinated May 1, 1906, after a reign of fifty years.

dressed in the attire of a Persian woman, with a large revolver hidden beneath what appeared to be a letter of communication, which the king evidently thought he desired to present. Drawing near, the man suddenly threw aside the paper covering the weapon, and fired one shot, when he was caught by the guard, who prevented further bloodshed. The Shah made an attempt to walk away, but had taken only a step or two when he fell unconscious, gasping for breath.

His Highness, the Sadr-Azam, was soon at his side, and never did a man display cooler judgment under trying circumstances than did this Prime Minister. Not knowing who was in the plot, or whether he would or would not be the next victim, he quietly gave out that the Shah had only received a flesh-wound, and sent for surgical aid.

At his direction, the wounded king was seated in a closed carriage, with a man at his side to keep him from falling; and orders were given to drive as quickly as possible to the Palace in the city. One of the messengers sent for medical aid came over to the mission hospital and hurriedly told us what had happened. Entering a carriage with him, we started for the scene of the tragedy, but had not gone far when we met the royal cavalcade returning to the city. As the king's carriage passed us, we saw the Shah, pale and evidently dangerously wounded, propped up in the seat of the carriage, while the Prime Minister was sitting in front of him fanning

him, and seemingly in conversation with him. It was a clever deception, intended to deceive the populace, and the effect was all that would have been desired.

The cavalcade consisted of a number of carriages, and perhaps one thousand mounted police, and they were driving furiously. Quickly turning our team about, we joined the company, and hurried to the Palace. Here we found His Majesty's able and faithful physician, who, like us, turned and joined in the cavalcade. The king was lifted into a chair and carried into one of the rooms, just off the Grand Audience-Chamber. As we lifted him from the chair to the lounge, we saw that it was too late for medical aid to be of any avail. An examination of the wound showed, as stated in the official announcement of his death to the public, that the ball had pierced the heart, and consequently his death must have followed quickly.

Coming just before the jubilee celebration, the visit to the shrine had been a semi-official one, and the Shah had on many of his jewels. The room in which he lay was built by some of the former rulers, the ceiling and walls being covered with mirrors set in plaster-of-Paris. The bright afternoon sun poured into the room, and the thousand mirrors seemed to reflect their bright rays down upon the body of the dead king. All about us were the costly, luxurious furnishings of the palace. It was a picture for an artist, a theme for the philosopher; but

to us who stood there that afternoon it was an awful reality, for we realised what Persia had lost.

For reasons of state it was not given out until the next day that the king was dead, although it was generally known that he had been shot. In the meantime, the Crown Prince was notified, and His Highness the Sadr-Azam was appointed regent until the new king arrived in Teheran from Tabriz. The day following the assassination, in all the mosques and from all the housetops the Crown Prince Muzaffar-ed-Din Mirza was proclaimed Shah of Shahs, and the people were urged by the mollahs to assist in keeping order.

The assassin was at once arrested, the guards thinking the deed had been done by a woman, and their surprise and astonishment can well be imagined when the removal of the veil and chuddar showed their prisoner to be a man. He was a well-known person about town, and had always been considered a crank. He had been arrested some two years before and thrown into prison for some petty crime, but, being considered of unsound mind, was liberated. Since then he had been in Constantinople, and claimed to have been a follower of one Jamel-ed-Din, a notorious political agitator. At least, something further disturbed his already unbalanced mind until he was led to commit this crime. It may be that he was simply a tool in the hands of others. He was thrown into prison to remain until the arrival of the new Shah, who had him executed. He said

that he was glad that he committed the deed, and that his only regret was that the guard had prevented him from taking his own life. By the superstitious, it has been noted, that according to the Persian calendar it was the year 1313.

The reign of Nâsr-ed-Din Shah was a long and beneficent one. Assuming the duties of his high office when a mere lad, he displayed unusual ability, which increased with years. He thoroughly understood his subjects, and the profound sorrow expressed by all at his tragic death gave a touching manifestation of the esteem in which he was held by all. To the foreigner sojourning in Persia, he offered every possible protection, and it is only justice to say that, while so-called newspaper enterprise in America was circulating for the amusement of the public all sorts of silly stories about him personally, he was treating the American in Persia as his guest. It would have been easy for him to have retaliated, but, instead, this generous treatment continued until his death.

Although he had been three times in Europe, spoke and read French fairly well, had written several books on his travels and experiences, and could draw and paint some, he was thoroughly an Oriental. He loved the chase, and his character seemed to partake of the ruggedness of his surroundings. He soon tired of the town and his palaces, and was never happier than when tenting in the fastness of the mountain, or in the forest of Mazanderan. Often

in midwinter, when the snow was at its deepest, and the weather was as bad as it could well be, he would leave his comfortable fireside for a week's shooting in the valley of the Jargé Rud River. Though his manner was blunt and gruff, there was a kindness that shone through it. If any of his numerous household were ill, he took a personal interest in seeing that they had every possible attention.

But it was as a ruler and diplomatist that he displayed the greatest ability. While Turkey on the west, and Afghanistan on the east, were often the scene of political disturbances, Persia moved peacefully forward. With Russia encroaching on the north, and England not unmindful of her own interests on the south, it took a clear head to steer the ship of state off the shoals. In the Provinces he kept order, and while in Asiatic Turkey a traveller was never safe without a guard, the banks of Persia were constantly sending by pack-mules to the provinces thousands of tomans of coin, without a single guard. He extended the same protection to his Christian subjects that was given to the Mohammedans, and it may well be remarked that while in the Sultan's empire the Armenians were being massacred by the thousands, the Kurds of Persian Kurdistan were compelled to keep order.

It was during his reign that diplomatic relations were established between the United States and Persia. The first Minister arrived in Teheran in June, 1883, bearing the title of Minister-Resident and

Consul-General. This has since been changed to Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary. From 1835 to 1883 the interests of American citizens were cared for by France, Russia, and Great Britain. It is to the latter power that American citizens, next to their own government, owe most. Whenever needed, English diplomatic and consular officers have offered to American citizens the same aid and protection that were given to their own subjects.

The establishment of an American Legation in Teheran naturally directed the attention of the Court to the United States. The first Minister, Mr. S. G. W. Benjamin, was able to secure for American citizens some valuable concessions, which, if the concessionaries had been able financially to carry forward, might have resulted profitably. There have been sent to Persia during the past twenty-five years eleven American Ministers, Messrs. Benjamin, Pratt, Hardy, Bowen, Griscom, and Jackson all having rendered especially valuable and acceptable service to American interests.

XVIII

MUZAFFAR-ED-DIN SHAH, AND THE CONSTITUTION

MUZAFFAR-ED-DIN, the new Shah, was born March 20, 1853, his mother being the "Royal wife." His father, using his prescriptive right to appoint a successor, nominated him his heir, although the Zil-e-Sultan, later governor of Ispahan, was the eldest son of the late king. His mother, however, was not the so-called "Royal wife," and so the throne went to his half-brother, who was given the title of Muzaffar-ed-Din. For many years there was a dangerous rivalry between these two brothers, but, as years passed by, it disappeared in a large measure, although probably not entirely.

The Crown Prince is never allowed to remain in Teheran, but is made governor of the province of Azerbaijan, with residence at Tabriz. Here the new Shah had been sent when a lad and put under the care of a Minister of Court, who was practically the governor. For thirty years this arrangement continued, the Minister of Court changing, but the young governor not being allowed to leave the post, except by consent of his royal

father. Tabriz, while being next to Teheran the largest and most important city in the kingdom, can hardly be said to be a place for the education of a future sovereign. And yet the new king was not without a certain dignity, and had many liberal and broad ideas for his people. While he was governor at Tabriz, he had for some years an American physician, in Dr. George W. Holmes, a man peculiarly fitted as a doctor and adviser to the Prince. Dr. Holmes declined the post of one of the Court physicians when Muzaffar-ed-Din ascended the throne, preferring to return to his medical missionary labours. The influence of those years upon the Heir-Apparent, exercised by the good American physician, engendered a love for the New World in the heart of the Prince that remained until his dying day. The writer remembers on more than one occasion when Muzaffar-ed-Din was on his deathbed, long after Dr. Holmes had withdrawn from Persia on account of ill health, how the mention of Dr. Holmes's name brought cheer and stimulus to the invalid.

The new Shah was declared king in Tabriz immediately after the death of his father was confirmed. But as Tabriz lies many miles to the west of Teheran, he did not arrive at the Capital until Sunday, June the seventh. The following day he was formally inaugurated into his high office, and immediately afterward he received the diplomatic corps. Although the ordeal was a trying one for one who

MUZAFFER-ED-DIN.

The late Shah, born March 25, 1853, succeeded May 1, 1896, upon the assassination of his father, Nasr-ed-Din. Died January 9, 1907.

had never been beyond the boundaries of his own country, yet I remember as a spectator with what dignity and ease he received the various Ministers accredited to his country.

Immediately after the inauguration of His Majesty, the Court withdrew to the country seat of Neaveran, remaining out of the city until autumn. The assassin of the late Shah was held in prison until late in August, when he was publicly hanged in the drill-grounds in the centre of the town.

It seemed inconceivable, indeed it is not likely that any in authority even thought of it, that the act of this half-crazy man was the match by which a fire was set burning that was destined to sweep over the whole country and end only when a constitution had been given to the people. If time were measured by change and events, the ten years of Muzaffar-ed-Din's administration would be longer than the hundred preceding years. The Court party grew more and more corrupt and avaricious, with the logical result that the treasury was soon depleted. Even the gold plate was taken from the chairs and other articles in the Royal Museum and sold. The system of graft that was established was without parallel, and men who were a few years before working for fifty dollars per month now lived in palaces. A noted example of this was one of the Court doctors. He came to Teheran with the king penniless, and when he died, seven years later, his estate was worth over half a million.

After the country had been thoroughly drained by the Court party, they succeeded in getting a loan from Russia, mortgaging the receipts of the custom-house for a period of years. A considerable number of Europeans were employed in the posts and customs, and, had it not been for them, the country would have gone into absolute bankruptcy, although many of these unquestionably drew salaries that no Western government would think of paying for a similar service.

In the meantime, the king had developed a serious illness and had to go to Europe to consult specialists. It would have been far cheaper and better had the specialists been brought to Teheran and His Majesty saved the long and hard journey to Europe. As the time approached for these European tours, the number of illnesses that had developed in the Court requiring European specialists was appalling, since it had been given out that those accompanying His Majesty were to have all their expenses paid and salaries continued. One young prince told me this story:

"I was very anxious to see something of the colossal mechanism of life in Europe, and so I applied for permission to accompany His Majesty as a member of his suite, but was told that the party was already too large, and I could not go. After the king had gone, this longing for travel became intolerable and prevented me from sleeping. I then informed my mother, who furnished me with funds.

When I arrived in Paris, I found my friends there and some enemies, too, for some one informed the Shah of my presence in the retinue. His Majesty at once sent for me and demanded why I had come, after being refused permission to accompany the royal party. What could I do but tell him that I, too, was ill? At this his face softened with a bland smile of incredulity and he inquired the nature of my malady. I told him that I had been advised to undergo a serious surgical operation that could only be performed in Paris! At which, with much graciousness, he insisted upon paying the bill. Again what could I do, for I had no thought of going to a surgeon, and, as for hospitals, the very smell of them always made me sick. The cold sweat stood out on my forehead when he told his scribe to write a line in French to a leading surgeon in Paris, and, turning to me with the note, said sternly, 'Bring me the doctor's reply.' I did have a little trouble, but which my doctor here thought required no treatment, much less surgical interference, yet I feared to see the surgeon lest he might advise an operation. Now that the Shah had asked him to examine me, I felt sure as to the result. Nor was I mistaken in my surmise, for the next day at ten o'clock I awoke from the ether suffering terribly, a Sister of Charity was speaking to me in French, which I did not understand, and my head ached almost to bursting from the horrid smells. I had been operated upon! As soon as I was able to travel I was bundled up

and sent back to Persia. Since then, my sleeping hours have never been disturbed by the desire for travel."

Muzaffar-ed-Din, during the first year of his reign, appointed Emin-ed-Dovleh, in many ways the ablest man in Persia, to the post of prime minister. This gentleman was the best educated and most cultivated of any of the gentry, and what is even better—a true patriot. Had it not been for his foresight in reorganising the customs and posts, and thus saving the revenues of the country, disaster would have soon overtaken the administration. But his methods, intended for the country's good, naturally did not suit the Court party, who were anxious for their own interests; hence, in less than a year, he was deposed from office and spent the remaining days of his life away from the Capital. The writer knew him personally, having lived for several years in an adjoining compound, and, in recalling many conversations with him, I can hardly remember one in which he did not express the wish for the advancement of his country. Every sort of interest, having for a purpose the betterment of the country and its people, could depend upon him as a staunch supporter. In his death, caused by disappointment and exile, Persia lost a wise statesman and a true patriot, and at an hour when her stock was rapidly declining and when she needed such as he the most.

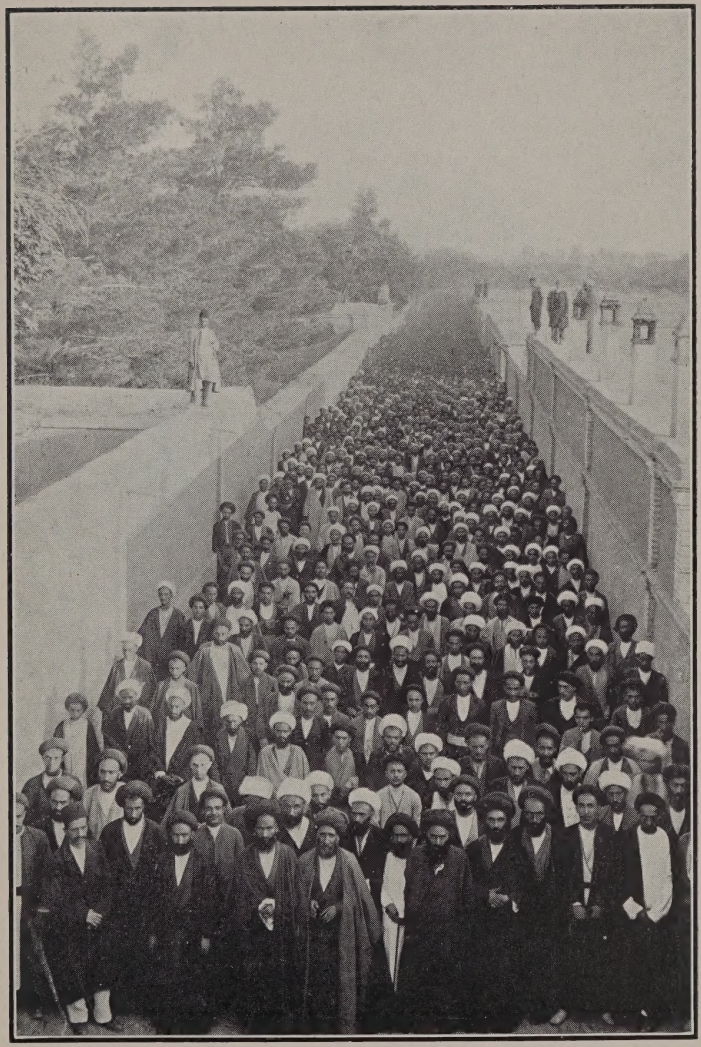
The king's health continued to grow worse, and

the political horizon was darkened with many clouds. Secret societies were being formed, where political questions were said to be discussed, and which the arm of the central government seemed impotent to put down. The situation was not improved by changes in the Ministry, while the unrest was made worse by the shortness of grain and the high price of bread. Cholera also appeared and carried off thousands of victims. At this psychological moment, in the summer of 1906, the officials undertook to arrest a Mohammedan priest, who did not hesitate to proclaim his political views, but who, very unwisely, in his public remarks attacked certain high officials, instead of the system that made misgovernment possible. When the officers came to arrest him, his followers resisted the police and rescued him from them. The soldiers were then called in, and in the riot that followed a number of citizens were killed, among them a sayid. This greatly aroused the people, and the bloody shirt of the sayid was carried through the streets, but the government, now having matters well in hand, prevented further bloodshed.

The bazaars were then closed, and the people adopted the plan of taking *bast* in the British Legation, a sort of passive resistance. The word *bast* is from *bastan,* which means *to tie,* but in this sense is used to designate a custom wherein any one having a grievance, by taking refuge on the premises of a nobleman, may demand that the nobleman shall

take up his cause, as though the *bastee* were one of his own household. If the police want him, they must starve him out. There was a man who sat for eight years in one of the legations in Teheran patiently awaiting the settlement of a small claim that he had against the Persian Government. Ministers came and went, but he stayed on. At last his claim was paid, and he died celebrating his victory! Few of the legations there would have the courage to put a man out, as it would bring down no small amount of opprobrium upon them.

At the period of this political crisis, every shop in the great bazaar in Teheran was closed, and between fifteen and twenty thousand men, merchants, artisans, and some priests, went into the English Legation and informed the acting Minister, who at the time was away at his country seat, that they were there to remain until the English Government took up their case with the Persian Government. Every line of business in Teheran was tied up by the strike, only the mails and the butcher and the baker were not interfered with. A half-ton of bread was required daily to feed the crowds, and all day long thousands read the Koran and appealed to Allah for help. A long-suffering and down-trodden people had surprised the world by suddenly awakening. At first, their demands were confined to reforms, looking to the lowering of the price of bread and meat, and the lessening of graft in public office. For some time the Shah knew nothing of the true



FIVE THOUSAND PRIESTS, MERCHANTS, AND ARTISANS MARCHING TO THE BRITISH LEGATION, TEHERAN, FOR REFUGE AT THE BEGINNING OF PERSIA'S POLITICAL TROUBLES, IN 1906.

situation, being ill at one of his country seats. When the facts were made known to him, he at once dismissed Emin-ed-Dovleh, the Prime Minister, and with that sincere desire to please his constituency which was marked by almost every act, even to the point of weakness, he sent for the leaders of the Revolution for consultation. But Japan's victories in the far East had been felt throughout Asia, and during the weeks spent in bast by the revolutionists it had been decided that no permanent benefit could result from their efforts, unless they were given a voice in governmental affairs. At first, it was proposed to organise an advisory council, but later they determined to strike for a constitutional form of government, with a Parliament or National Assembly. The day for a half-loaf had passed, and the Shah and his advisers were glad to accede to the demands of the people. A committee was appointed to prepare a temporary constitution, the Shah having promised that he would officially declare it, which he did later. The people who had taken refuge in the British Legation returned to their homes, and business moved quietly on as before. It is worthy of remark here that all had been accomplished without the firing of a gun or the loss of a single life, except in the riots on the first day of the disturbances. Similar scenes have taken place at all the larger towns throughout the country without great bloodshed.

At noon, on October seventh, at Teheran, the

National Assembly was inaugurated. The week before, throughout the various provinces of the kingdom, the first election in Persia had been held, but, in a land where railroads are unknown, only those delegates chosen from the districts in and about Teheran were present. The diplomatic corps were invited, and most of them were present. There was not a little complaint, however, because they were placed in a room overlooking the garden, where there was little to see, and where there was not much in evidence. It was Persia's day, and the Reform party wanted it understood that the *Iranee,* and not the *Frangee,* was in charge of affairs. The ceremonies took place in the Palace grounds amid the roar of the artillery, the noise of a half-dozen brass bands, and the usual amount of display. Every one seemed happy, save one—the Shah. The latter seemed to care little what happened, as he sat at an upper window of the Palace in a large arm-chair. As he looked out on the crowd below, his anxious, anæmic face told of the physical suffering he had endured from the disease that was slowly taking his life. His hands, more like wax than flesh, had signed the decree that was to change the whole system of government. Doubtless he shared the feeling of the Court, as expressed to the writer by one of the leading generals in the Guards, when he said: "The glory of the empire founded by Cyrus, son of Cambyses, is departed." On the Friday before there had been a consultation of physicians to deter-

mine whether the Shah had strength to endure the strain of the opening day of the Assembly.

No one could find fault with the Speech from the Throne. Afterwards, the speech was photographed (no one is trusted in Persia), and later it was lithographed and sold in the streets. The speech was in part as follows: "Praise be to the Almighty. That which we have had in mind for years has, by the aid of God, come to pass, and we rejoice that our efforts are about to bear fruition by the inauguration of this National Assembly. To-day, it is indeed an auspicious occasion, for this event will unite more closely the Government with the people (Millett). The inauguration of this Assembly is a public necessity, its purposes being to assist in executing the duties which until now have had to be carried on by the King. The various Ministers of State, heads of departments, gentry and nobility, tradesmen and the general public are united by the events of to-day in the responsibilities of the execution of righteous laws and the introduction of reforms. With these purposes in view, it is evident that there will be no place for selfish interest, especially covetousness. . . . It is evident that none of you were elected except for your talents and good characters, which are supposed to exceed those of the general public, and so let me admonish you to add to these qualities wisdom and disinterestedness. Put your feet into the path of duty, and continue therein to the end, remembering that, as the conduct of the child reflects

the training given by the parent, so our Nation's prosperity or adversity will reflect your prudence and wisdom. Until now your interests were personal, but to-day they are those of the Nation. So labour that you will not be answerable for wrong-doing unto God, or be ashamed in our presence. God is the keen observer of our efforts and ever-ready to defend you in well-doing. . . . God be with you. Go and perform faithfully your duties, for which you will be answerable."

Since the preceding spring, when His Majesty had suffered from a stroke of paralysis, he had been confined most of the time to his room, and really knew little of what was going on outside of the Palace grounds, the Mochir-ed-Dovleh, a most excellent man, being in a large measure responsible for governmental affairs. As the winter advanced, the Shah grew steadily worse; a consulting staff of local physicians was organised to assist the attending doctors. Later, the well-known specialist, Professor Damsch, of Göttingen, was called. While the life of the royal patient was prolonged several months by these efforts, the cause of the trouble, Bright's disease, could not be cured, and the end came slowly and peacefully in the early days of the new year.

XIX

MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA, SHAH, AND POLITICAL REFORMS IN PERSIA

JANUARY ninth dawned bright and warm in Teheran, and as men hurried to their places of business, they hardly stopped when told that during the night their king had died. "The King is dead, long live the King!" seemed to be the sentiment of nearly all classes, the scene presenting on every hand that of quiet relief. For many weeks the Shah had been known to be hopelessly ill, and precautions had wisely been taken to preserve order. This foresight discounted the danger. About the only thing unusual to be observed on that memorable morning, was the presence of a few companies of gendarmes patrolling the streets, and an unusual number of carriages of grandees in the Avenue of the Ambassadors, hastening early in the morning to the palace. The official announcement merely stated: "The King of Kings now rests with his fathers." At the Palace everything was quiet. The curtain had simply been drawn. Everything possible for human hands to do had been done by His Majesty's untiring physicians and faithful attendants.

Owing to the disturbed condition of the country, many expected the lawless element to create serious disturbances, and this feeling was shared at not a few of the legations. The *New York Herald* and some of the London papers had special correspondents on the spot, but they had little to write. No official bulletins were issued during the Shah's illness, but for those seeking news this difficulty was easily overcome.

The general order that prevailed in Teheran and throughout the country during the change in administration spoke well for the peace-loving qualities of the Persian people, as well as for the cleverness of those in authority. The Crown Prince had come on from Tabriz and was ready to take over the affairs of state. This was in striking contrast to conditions prevalent in 1896, at the time of his father's succession. His call to the throne came to him like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, while he was three hundred miles away, with no preparation for the long overland journey, and with really little desire for power.

Mohammed Ali Mirza, Shâhinshâh, was born June 21, 1872, and was crowned King of Iran at noon on Saturday, January 19, 1907. The ceremonies, attended by the diplomatic corps and witnessed by a number from the foreign colony, were in the afternoon.

The ceremonies connected with the coronation of a Shah, while elaborate, are much simpler than in

many countries far more democratic. The ceremony began by the high court dignitaries and the foreign diplomatic officers assembling at the Palace. Their place of rendezvous, for these officials at the Palace, is a small room in an outer court. From there they are conducted to the throne-room or the museum. The brilliancy of an Oriental Court consists in the quaintness and richness of the costumes worn. Some of these are very heavy and lined with fur. I remember once being present at one of these functions late in June. By ancient custom they are always held an hour after mid-day, and a June afternoon in Teheran is hot. There was one officer who was heavily dressed in these furs, and with the stoicism born of greatness he stood the costume without complaint, although the perspiration streamed down his face. The day of the coronation of Mohammed Ali Shah was fine overhead, and the streets of the citadel were crowded with thousands of people seeking to get a glimpse of the brilliant assembly.

In the throne-room there was a striking picture, all the leading powers of the Western world being represented by ministers and other officers. As the royal procession entered the room, it was led by a brother of the new Shah, followed by a procession of high court officials, mollahs or Mohammedan priests, and the specially invited guests. The Prime Minister then advanced and placed on the head of the Prince the jewelled crown, while he was declared the sole and rightful heir to the Persian throne. At this

moment, the chief mollah began to quote from the Koran. Later, a poem was recited which had been written for the occasion by the poet-laureate. All these exercises were conducted with the greatest dignity and decorum. The Shah then descended from the throne, and, with great self-possession and tact, he spoke to each foreign delegate in an informal and pleasant manner. As he retired from the room, the band played the national anthem, and the brilliant function came to an end. The city was illuminated, and there were popular rejoicings throughout.

The Shah resembles his illustrious grandfather, Nâsr-ed-Din, more than his father. He is short and stout, wearing glasses for short-sightedness, walks with a quick, firm step, and has the general bearing of a man that is quite sure of himself. He entered at once seriously upon his duties, being at his desk at nine o'clock in the morning. The writer had the honour to be received by him in the most informal and pleasant manner. He spoke of his admiration for America, and the great future for our country. He was also kind enough to refer to the work of the American missionary doctors whom he had known, especially those in west Persia, Drs. Vanneman and Cochran. To all who meet him, His Majesty is gracious, dignified, and tactful.

Soon after the coronation, the Shah was bombarded with complaints against M. Naus, a Belgian, who, as Minister of Customs and Posts, had gained a marvellous control over the whole country through

the paying of salaries and distribution of revenues. The complaints against him seemed to rest on the charge that he had let his ambitions lead him too far, while, on the other hand, it was not denied that the country financially was in a bad way, that the government must have money, and that M. Naus was, probably, the best man to find it. The question of his retention in office hung fire for some months, until the Minister was attacked by a band of infuriated men in the street. The attack was resented by the European colony, led by the various heads of legations. This protest was not made in order to keep him in office, but it was against making a European the object of an attack by irresponsible parties in the street. The opposition became so great that he was forced to leave the country.

One of the charges used to stir up the people against M. Naus was that he attended a masquerade ball in the dress of a Mohammedan ecclesiastic, and had allowed himself to become photographed with this garb on. This picture was copied and freely circulated in the bazaars until the worst passions of the people were aroused. It was represented that the picture was taken to bring odium upon the Mohammedan faith. Of course, there was no such intent, but it clearly shows how prudently a European must walk in Persia.

This incident had scarcely closed when a rebellion broke out in the region of Hamadan and Kermanshah, headed by the Prince Salar-ed-Dovleh, half-

brother of the Shah. He had organised a strong but undisciplined force, largely from the hill-tribes in Kurdistan, with which he threatened Hamadan. It was claimed that after taking Hamadan he proposed to proceed to Teheran and contest the Throne. It was not evident who had encouraged him to think that a parliament would support such a venture, for the latter stood loyally by the Shah, and the rebellion, after a month, failed completely.

The burdens resting upon the shoulders of the new Shah naturally made him wish for an experienced man to share with him these responsibilities. Four years before, Ali Askair, Emin-e-Sultan, had been sent into exile, or, in other words, had been allowed to leave the country, after having been twice Prime Minister. He was an exceedingly clever man, and had been popular with the people until he was charged with negotiating a needless loan of twenty million dollars, connected with which there was no small graft. His recall to Persia from Europe was urged upon the new king by various influential leaders. In May, he arrived in Teheran, and took the title of Attabeg, the highest possible Persian honour. But four years had changed the whole political situation, and this fact he did not seem to realise. Men in Persia are old at fifty, and old men find it hard to readjust their views, prejudices, and general attitude toward questions.

One evening in September, as he was leaving the Parliament, he was fatally shot, the assassin at once

THE LATE PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA, ATTABEG EMIN-E-SULTAN.

Assassinated at door of Parliament Building, September, 1907.

committing suicide. The Minister's body was quietly taken without special honours to Kum for burial. Strange as it may seem, the grave of the assassin was at once honoured as a place of pilgrimage, on one day as many as twenty thousand people going with flowers to pay homage to his memory. In the minds of many, he at once became a national hero, and poets made him the subject of their verse. Such a situation naturally struck terror to the hearts of many leading citizens and called for the wisest and most prudent action on the part of all in authority.

It was just at this time that the terms of the Anglo-Russian agreement concerning Persia were made public and caused some feeling on the part of many of the leaders. They were naturally sensitive about anything that touched the commercial as well as the political independence of the country. As a matter of fact, the Agreement did not prejudice those interests, nor did it in any way encroach upon the interests of third parties; it was confined to reciprocal stipulations on the part of Great Britain and Russia. The recognition of the principle of the open door by the Agreement was a manifest acknowledgment that the rights of other Powers could not be disposed of without consulting the latter. So the Agreement would seem to assure the independence of Persia and the perpetuation of the different foreign interests represented there. While some of the leading members of the Assembly saw

good in this new order of things, the majority were very suspicious about it, and these conflicting views led to much debate and some friction.

The fact that Turkish troops had crossed the frontier and had laid claims to territory about Urumia and Salmas added not a little to the difficulties of the situation. An army, under the leadership of Prince Firma Firman, sent to the region, had been defeated by the Turks and forced back into the region about the lake. The question at this writing is still under consideration by a commission.

In November (1906), the Shah paid his first visit to the Assembly. He was received with great honour and the pomp befitting his high office. Unfortunately for the country, this era of good-fellowship between the executive and legislative branches of the government was of short duration. A few weeks after this royal visit to the Assembly keen friction arose between them. This happily was settled without serious results.

Some months later, as His Majesty was driving out for his usual Friday excursion to the country, a bomb was thrown that killed several outriders and demolished the automobile. The Shah had left the motor-car and was riding in a closed carriage at the time of the throwing of the bomb. In this he showed great bravery, getting out of the closed carriage, giving directions about aid for the wounded, and going on foot from the place of the tragedy to the Palace. The wounded outriders were sent to the

American Mission Hospital, where they were cared for.

With the political horizon darkened by clouds driven in divers directions by many cross winds, great questions yet unsettled, and much unrest and expectancy throughout the country, the first year of the reign of His Imperial Majesty, Mohammed Ali Mirza, Shâhinshâh, closed. It had been strenuous enough to suit a Roosevelt, but much had been accomplished, notwithstanding the fact that the friction between the legislative and executive departments of the government had steadily become more and more acute, and threatened open warfare.

In June, 1908, the political storm cloud burst, bringing destruction to the Parliament building, death to a number of the liberal leaders and many others, banishment and exile to some, and great loss of property to many. It seems that the Shah sent his soldiers to the Parliament House to arrest certain persons charged with conspiracy who were seeking protection there. When the demand for them was made it was refused by the Parliament. This was followed by some firing upon the Cossacks and the throwing of a bomb. Then the Cossacks attacked the Parliament House itself, and when resisted cannonaded it, not only destroying it, but doing much damage to the great mosque, Sapar Salar, that joined it on the south. Naturally, panic at once prevailed throughout the city, and continued until order was restored by martial law. There was more

or less looting of private estates during the riots. Among the liberal leaders executed was Malik Mutakalamin, the great Nationalist preacher, upon whose eyes we had operated for cataract six months before. He was sent to the hospital by the Parliament for treatment, quite blind, and we never saw him again after he returned home seeing.

The disturbances were more severe in Tabriz than in Teheran, and at this writing the result is not known. Throughout the whole country the contest was waged, but in most places the victory was to the strong. The Shah, by his extraordinary methods, had struck terror to the hearts of the revolutionists, and established his authority. His failure to gain control in the previous December emboldened the revolutionists, and in view of subsequent events was unfortunate, for had he then taken more active measures many lives might have been saved. At that time, he seemed reluctant to use force. To properly judge His Majesty's policy in this crisis, it must not be forgotten that he had very explicit reasons for fearing that his throne was in danger. It cannot be denied that the capital was honeycombed with revolutionary societies, often led by unwise heads, that these organisations were so mixed and intermixed with the mighty potential forces for good that first prompted the inauguration of the Parliament and Constitution, that they could not be eliminated without injury to the innocent. In the eyes of the Shah, the offence of the Parliament lay deeper than

mere meddling and the habit of much oratory. It was a situation involving the future of the dynasty, and, when a throne is at stake, the game is not played with soft hands even in the Occident, much less in the Orient.

Another election will be called this autumn, after which the second Parliament will convene. It will, doubtless, be more in accord with the Shah's interpretation of the Constitution than the latter appears to have been. It is now too soon to predict what the ultimate end will be, but it is well for all parties to bear in mind the oft proven fact that the tree of liberty is hardy and thrives best when watered by storms and cloudbursts.

XX

THE REFORM MOVEMENT

THE whole world knows that Persia is in a state of political, economic, and social change. The people are in a condition of expectancy, and everywhere there is unrest. They seem to have cast to the winds as worthless their former boast, that the laws of the Medes and Persians never change. But this movement in Persia is only a part of the general change now found in many places throughout Asia. It is worse than useless, if not absolutely silly, to try to conceal the true conditions in the Orient to-day. The triumphs of Japan, the power of Europe and America, and the great need apparent on every hand in Asia, have combined to create what may well be called an Oriental unrest.

There is a new Persia, and the conditions throughout the country are of such a character as to call for the best efforts of the most experienced. These conditions had their origin away back in the early days of Nâsr-ed-Din Shah, when Mirza Taghe Khan was the Prime Minister, now fifty years ago. This man paid the penalty of death for holding certain political views that were then thought to be too lib-

eral. For the next forty years, if any one held to these same liberal notions concerning governmental affairs, he did not express them. It would seem, however, in the light of subsequent history, that notwithstanding the fact that they were not expressed, they were filling the minds of the people. In 1891, when the same hand that sent away the doomed vazier tried to inaugurate a new system of revenues, by means of the now celebrated Tobacco Corporation, he met worse than failure. This was an English corporation, which, in short, proposed to pay an enormous sum into the public treasury for a monopoly on the tobacco grown and used in, as well as exported from, Persia.

The charter was most liberal, and if the concessionaries had been wise and tactful, recognising the prejudices of the people from a religious standpoint, the scheme might have gone through without opposition strong enough to have seriously interfered with its workings. Another thing that militated against the success of the corporation was the thought that seemed to fill the mind of the head of the concern, that by reaching a few grandees the situation could be controlled. If, instead of using so much money, they had exercised less authority and used a little more tact, it would have been far better not only for themselves, but also for the country, and for foreigners subsequently residing there.

They failed utterly in keeping their finger on the pulse of the people. We have found that this often

happens on the part of the Westerner in dealing with the Oriental. Too many undertake gigantic schemes without a knowledge of the language, character of the people, the national spirit and purposes, to say nothing of the prejudices, religious and otherwise, that do more than anything else to move the national body.

This attempt to inaugurate a new system of taxation met everywhere with most serious opposition. The Persians are a nation given over to the use of tobacco, both men and women using large quantities of it; but when the Mujtihid of Kerbela, the leader of the Shiah Mohammedans, issued his now famous decree forbidding the use of tobacco throughout Persia so long as the tax was imposed, every pipe was put away. Men, and women, too, for that matter, accustomed to the soothing effects of the weed, became more and more irritable, and at the same time more determined to gain their freedom by the expulsion of the company from the country.

Early in January, 1892, a mob surrounded the Palace, in Teheran, and demanded the cancelling of the company's charter and the withdrawal of all its agents. It was evident to all thinking minds that the foundations of the government had been shaken, and that the lives of all foreigners were in danger. Nâsr-ed-Din Shah was evidently of this judgment, as well as the entire foreign colony. After a riot, in which several of the disturbers were killed, the

demands of the people were granted, and the concern left the country.

The heavy indemnity of two and a half million dollars, less the assets and expenses of the company, of a little more than half this sum, left the promoters with a well-filled pocket, but hurt frightfully the prestige of all foreigners throughout the country. This was regretted most by the leaders in the English colony in Teheran, who, knowing the country well, saw only failure for the company from the beginning. To those at home who would compare the tact and wisdom of commercial enterprises operating in the Orient to the lack of these qualities in missionary endeavour, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter, the history of this commercial venture, as well as others, under American and European management, might prove helpful to them.

It cannot be charged that all Persia's subsequent troubles were due to the failure of this company, but it did leave Persia with its first national debt. Although the sum was small for a nation to pay, it was the beginning that continued to increase by foreign loans throughout successive administrations, and had multiplied nearly ten-fold when the present ruler came to the throne.

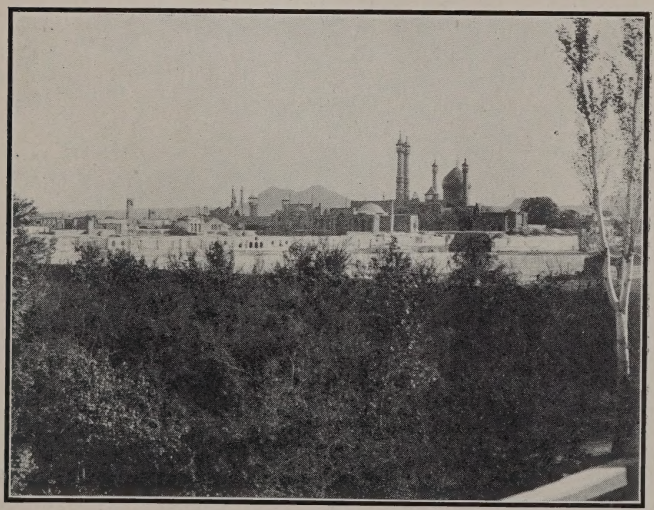
Another contributory factor to the subsequent happenings in Persia, due to the failure of the Imperial Tobacco Corporation, was the influence the victory brought the religious leaders. With the passing of this company the power of the ecclesias-

tical leaders became more pronounced each year, and ended in the establishment of a National Assembly and a constitutional form of government, as related in previous chapters. It was only natural after all that had gone before, that the priesthood should have a strong influence in moulding subsequent events. Besides, they are the leaders in intellectual as well as in religious thought, and without them it is difficult to see how the reform movement could have succeeded. If history repeats itself, as it has done in other countries, the influence of the priest in politics will decrease as the Liberal movement gains strength.

For the past ten years and more, the country, while advancing intellectually, has been going backward in material affairs. The rich are finding it harder to meet their obligations, and the peasants, in many localities, are banding themselves together to resist the tax-gatherer. It seems strange to those of us who have known Persia under the old régime, to hear the merchant, artisan, and sometimes the labouring mechanic, discussing schemes for the betterment of the people. Many of these, of course, are wild and childish, but they, nevertheless, indicate that a new era of thought has dawned upon the people, and that they are living in a period between the dawn and the full daylight in their political history.

The crop of newspapers which recently sprang up in the Capital is suggestive of the transformation be-

MEMBERS OF FIRST PARLIAMENT FROM PROVINCE OF TEHERAN.



THE GREAT SHRINE AT KŪM.

Here the Reform Leaders have sought refuge from persecution at different times. It is one of the most sacred shrines in Persia.

ing wrought in the land. "The Assembly," "The Civilisation," "The Cry of the Country," "Justice," "Progress," "Knowledge," are some of these periodicals. Another bore the striking title of "Gabriel's Trumpet." Under the title was a picture of an angel flying over a thickly-populated cemetery, from which the dead are coming forth to life. Attached to the trumpet was a scroll with the motto: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." The government has now stopped the publication of this journal. A year before, there was not a single political paper published, although there were several devoted to science, education, and general news. One of the articles of the Constitution provides that so long as newspapers print nothing inimical to the fundamental interests of the State, they have full liberty to print what they choose. The whole of the discussions in the National Assembly may be printed, but owing to their length and verbosity no one has yet done so.

Nor is the discussion of Persia's interests confined to these local journals. Less than a year ago, the Minister of the Interior, who was at that time also President of the Council of State, said on the floor of the National Assembly, when referring to the interest now taken in Oriental affairs, that formerly not a paragraph was printed about Persia, while to-day one sees something concerning it almost every day.

In the Teheran papers may be seen, daily, articles

discussing old laws to be revised or new ones to be enacted, negotiations for concessions, treaties, loans, all financial measures, including even the royal expenditures, the levying of taxes, the construction of railways, waggon roads, and other needed internal improvements.

The first National Assembly consisted of two bodies, a lower and an upper house, corresponding to our Congress. Both houses are elective, except that fifteen members of the senate or upper house may be appointed by the Crown, and all bills must pass them both before becoming law, besides receiving the royal seal. At present, the limit of the lower house is fixed at two hundred members, while the upper house is limited to fifty.

It remains to be seen whether representative institutions are workable in a country like Persia, where probably nine out of ten voters are without education or training in self-government. Some are looking for a foreign protectorate, and not a few of the property-owners would welcome such a solution of this vexed question. The Christians, such as the Nestorians and Armenians, are not directly represented in the Assembly. Neither are the Jews. There were a good many Babees, probably, in both houses of the Parliament or Assembly, but they were known as Mohammedans.

In the meantime, business is frightfully depressed, and in many localities an accident, such as the failure of the crops, would put whole communities on the

verge of starvation. Worse even than this is the dangerous condition of many of the overland trade routes that prevent the usual transfer of products. Public confidence everywhere has been badly shaken, and people who have money are hoarding it up, awaiting the result of these attempted reformations.

Were it not for the Anglo-Russian agreement to respect the independence of Persia, we might expect some radical changes in Teheran. The gradual extension of Russian influence about the Caspian, and in the western provinces, would seem to point to the eventual absorption of at least that part of Persia. Evidently Russia prefers commercial control over the north of Persia, rather than political influence, which would bring with it the cost and responsibility of complete control. It would seem that Great Britain takes the same view, as she is not anxious to undertake the government of more than just enough to protect her Indian frontier. German interests in Persia are increasing some, while the interests of France are well looked after by her Foreign Office. It is hard to see how any of these Powers can extend a helping hand to Persia. It would seem that it was " up to her " to work out her own reformation.

Can the country be regenerated under these conditions? is a question one hears very often in America. Can new wine be put into old bottles? is but another way of stating it. The regeneration of every country that has reached the goal of honest government has been slow and full of discourage-

ments. The sowing to the winds of graft, and reaping the whirlwinds of defeat, has been the experience of not a few Occidental as well as Oriental countries. That there is true patriotism in many of the Persian hearts cannot be denied; while, on the other hand, it is equally true that the taking of bribes is the greatest menace to honest and successful government. It is conceded on every hand that there are not a few able, wise, and strong heads directing the affairs of the Liberal movement. But there must be wholesale education throughout the country, along moral as well as educational lines, before the present unrest will find a permanent solution. There is always hope when a saving remnant among the people are honest, and that is just the condition in Persia to-day. The difficulty rests in the fact that so large a per cent. even of the better classes are not prepared by education to take part in the reforms.

A limited system of railroads in Persia would do more than anything else to benefit the country and bring material progress to the people. Anything that will do this will have the hearty support of the masses. No doubt, as Persia's finances are put upon a better footing, foreign capital will be available for these much-needed improvements. When this is done, her exports will increase, and her trade will be greatly stimulated; but, better than this, it will make famine almost impossible, for, owing to the different climatic conditions throughout the country, there is always a good crop in some districts. The

difficulty has been that because of lack of transportation, there is not infrequently an abundant harvest in one district, while in others, too far away to be reached by caravan, there is at times absolute famine. Any scheme that will reduce the price of bread, and keep the people well fed, will go a long way toward solving many of Persia's present troubles.

A beginning in the way of road-making has already been effected, the road mentioned in another chapter, between the Caspian and Teheran, being the first one constructed. There is also a fair extent of waggon roads about Teheran and Tabriz, but the hope of the country is in a railway from Meshed on the east, to Tabriz on the west, *via* Teheran, with another line to the Gulf *via* Kum, Ispahan, and Shiraz. These and similar improvements will be inaugurated, doubtless, during the beneficent reign of the present ruler. One of the most hopeful signs is that among the Persian people the opinion prevails that most of the foreigners represent principles for which the nation is contending, and are consequently entitled to esteem and consideration. The National Assembly, in the autumn of 1907, had notices posted in public places that foreigners were to be considered guests of the nation, and their persons must be held sacred and free from insult and molestation.

If the revenues of the country are properly cared for, it is quite possible for Persia to raise an army that could defend its borders. The present condi-

tion of the military should not lead any one to think that the Persian soldiers are not capable of being trained. At least this is the opinion of those who are in a position to know best. If the troops were well-paid, officered by Europeans who would enforce righteous discipline, it would not be long until the world would sit up and take notice. They are capable of enduring the greatest privations and often make long marches on rations that a Western soldier would not eat. Many of them are brave and ready for any conflict. Their clothing may be of the cheapest cotton, and their pay annually less than what an American soldier costs per month, but so long as they are paid and well-disciplined, they will fight. Cavalry drawn from the Bakhtiaris, Kurds, and other hill-tribes could defend their country against almost any sort of an invasion. No mountain pass is too high, and no road too rough, for them to travel. The possible reorganisation of the Persian army may be remote, but, nevertheless, it is deemed a possibility. More unexpected things than this have happened in Iran during the last two years.

I think any one who will read the preceding chapters, touching upon the social life of the people, will see that while just laws are greatly needed, they alone cannot bring about the desired results. All want to see a government that will plant a hope in the hearts of the people, and give them something to live for—anything less than this cannot be called government. But this is quite impossible so long as

the people remain in ignorance and error. With such a people the volume of business must be small until economic reforms are instituted. There ought never to be any conflict between the administrator, merchant, and missionary in Asia, for their interests should all point to one thing, *viz.*, the raising of the people to the place where they can help themselves. True, there will be little fires of criticism sometimes, started by little matches, that will do much harm to all interests in the Orient; but these things are always unfortunate, yet at the same time unavoidable.

Thus the struggle in Persia is along the three lines indicated above, and must be met by the enactment of just laws, the inauguration of better business methods, and the establishment of schools, where the value of honesty and truth is taught. If any one of these three things is done, though the other two are left undone, it will help materially; but the remedy will not be complete.

GLOSSARY

Agha: a feudal lord, master
Akhd: betrothal
Anderoon: harem
Arusee: wedding

Bast: refuge
Beroon: an office or reception room for men
Benafchees: violets
Bismallah: in the name of God
Bodgee: a maid-servant

Chavador: muleteer
Chinar: a sycamore tree
Chuddar: an outer garment for women

Ducan: a shop in a bazaar

Fairdeh: to-morrow
Farsakh (parsang): about four miles
Feruz: a turquoise
Frangee (Frank): a Westerner

Ganj: treasure

Hakim: a doctor
Hakim Sahib: a qualified doctor

Iran: Persia
Iranee: a Persian
Inshallah: if God wills
Istakharreh: casting the die

Jujeh: a chicken

Kabob: roast meat
Kanats: underground aqueducts
Kajavehs: large panniers used for carrying travellers
Kalyan: a water-pipe used by smokers
Kersi (Kursi): a household arrangement for heating
Kolah: a Persian hat
Kurban: a sacrifice

Madrasseh: a native school
Madokhal: graft
Mirza: if placed before the name, a scribe
Mirza: if placed after the name, a prince
Mollah: a Mohammedan priest
Mord-ob: a bay or dead-water
Mûndji: a private secretary

Naib: an assistant or representative
Nazeer: a steward

Pairdeh: curtain
Penadooz: a shoemaker
Pilau: a sort of cooked rice
Pollon: a pack-saddle

Sahib: an Oriental term meaning master or Mr.
Sag: a street-dog
Salak: a disease known as Bagdad or Delhi button
Savob: merit
Seegahs: concubines
Shahinshah: King of Kings
Shan: a general term for reputation
Sheik: chief
Sheik-ul-Islam: a high priest of Islam
Shireen: sweet

Tacktravan: a litter used in travelling
Tamashah: a spectacle
Taziyeh: a theatre
Tuly: a hunting-dog

MAP OF
KURDISTAN, ASIATIC TURKEY
AND
PERSIA
To Illustrate the Journeys of Dr. Wishard
SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100 150 200
Railroads
Journeys of Author
BLACK SEA
CASPIAN SEA
RUSSIA
TURKEY
PERSIA
ARABIA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
RED SEA
PERSIAN GULF
MESOPOTAMIA
KURDISTAN
LURISTAN
BAHKTIARY
MOUNTAINS
AFGHANISTAN
BELUCHISTAN
Salt Desert
Suez Canal
To Constantinople
To Odessa
To Kertch and Crimea
R.R. Route to Europe
Russian R.R. to Bokhara
Batoum
Samsoun
Trebizond
Tiflis
Baku
Erivan
Mt. Ararat
Julfa
Astara
Linkeran
Uzunada
Askabad
Khartpur
Mush
Van
Khoi
Salmas
Tabriz
Diarbekir
Urfa
Mardin
Nisibis
Ravandooz
Enzeli
Meshed-e-sair
Barfurush
Sarec
Amol
Sharood
Meshed
Mersina
Alexandretta
Antioch
Aleppo
Ladikiyeh
Mosul
Erbil
Kerkuk
Kasvin
Teheran
Rhages
Demavend
Semnon
Feruzkuh
Beirut
Hamadan
Saveh
Kum
Mt. Elwend
Kermanshah
Sultanabad
Kashan
Jaffa
Jericho
Jerusalem
Bagdad
Ruins of Babylon
Ispahan
Yezd
Ahwaz
Busrah
Mohamerah
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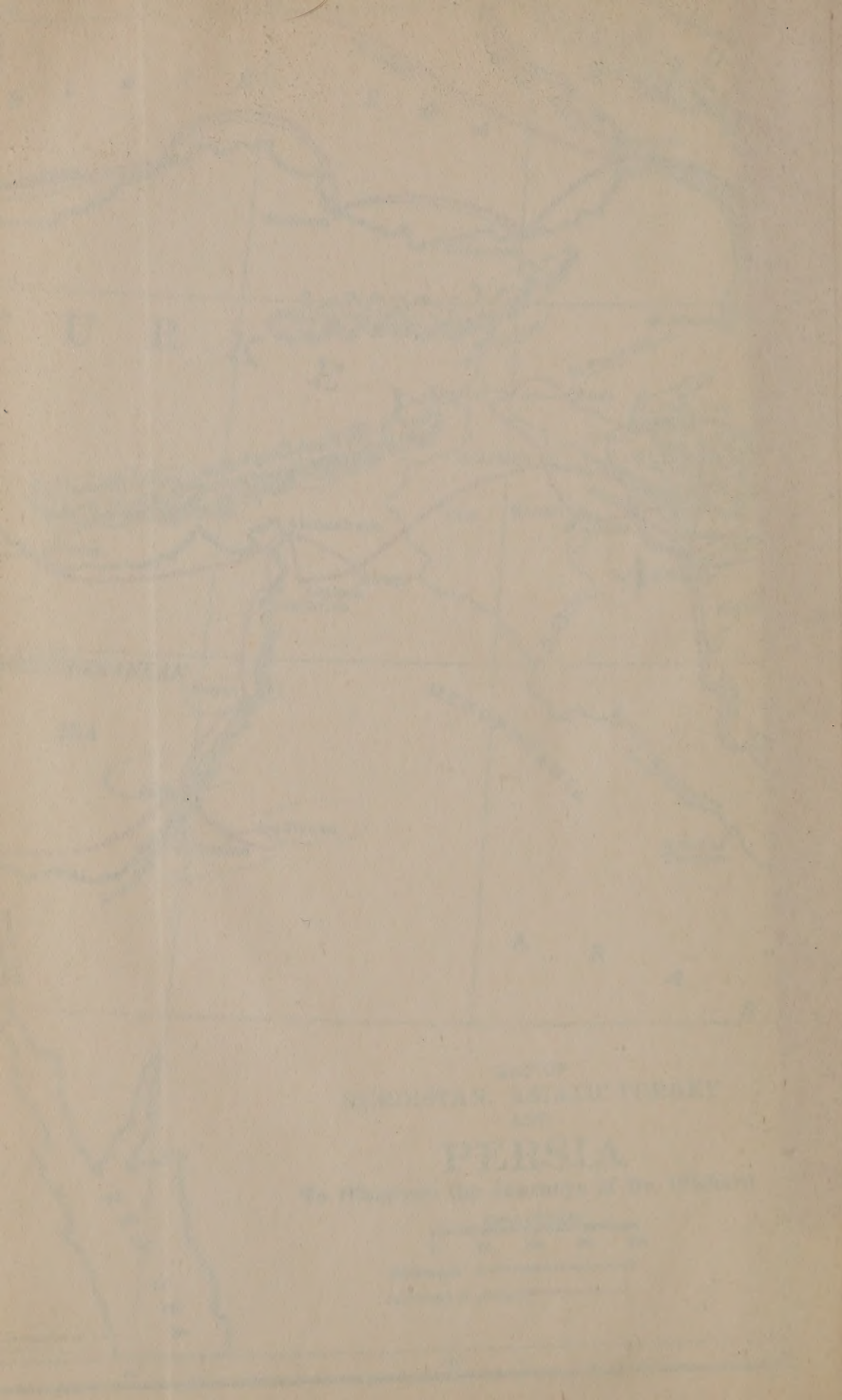

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